# *Now* an even greater ESSEX *Super-Six*

Here is an unprecedented thing to do.

Essex Super-Six is the outstanding success of the year. Its sales have topped all records. Its popularity with thousands and tens of thousands of owners has made it the most brilliant accomplishment the industry has known.

But Essex engineers have now created an even greater and finer Essex Super-Six. So startling are its advantages that at the height of the selling season, with the market stripped of Essex cars and thousands of unfilled orders on hand, we interrupted production to give buyers a greater and finer value.

Dealers are now showing the finest Essex value of all time. Though factory production is the largest in our history and has recently been greatly increased, your promptness in ordering alone can insure delivery ahead of the multiplying thousands who want this new Essex.

## Riding is like flying

# Banking, Railway and Manufacturing Developments

*Sir Frederick Williams-Taylor*
*General Manager Bank of Montreal*

## Banking in Western Canada

*By Sir Frederick Williams-Taylor, General Manager, Bank of Montreal*

THE Canadian banking system has often been criticised in Western Canada. On the other hand, it has been highly praised by those who give it dispassionate consideration. Personally, I believe that this system has been of inestimable benefit to the West.

This half of our Dominion, owing to its abnormally rapid transformation from a wilderness to a homeland of millions, had most exceptional problems to face. Our banking system was particularly well fitted to help in solving these problems and it has given the West a degree of stability and order in its progress that could not otherwise have been secured.

The first great impetus in the forward march of Western Canada was given by the construction of our pioneer transcontinental railway. That truly national enterprise was made possible by the wholehearted financial and moral support it received from the Bank of Montreal, with which I have the honor to be associated.

At that critical time grave doubts were felt, not only as to the feasibility of the railway itself but as to the agricultural prospects of the country it had to traverse from the Great Lakes to the mountains. Had there not been in the Dominion a financial institution of recognized stability and strength, both able and willing to aid with its resources in the building of that railway, Western Canada would not have reached the fortunate position in which it stands today.

Then again, as soon as the country was opened up for settlement, the stabilizing influence of branch banks, backed by the resources of large parent institutions, was extended to the West.

The first branch bank in Western Canada was opened in 1872 at Winnipeg by the Merchants Bank of Canada, now merged with the Bank of Montreal. In 1877 the Bank of Montreal itself followed with a branch that preceded the opening of railway communication between Montreal and Winnipeg by eight years. Thus the Diamond Jubilee year of Confederation marks the jubilee of the establishment of the Bank of Montreal in Western Canada.

From that day till now it cannot be said that the West has ever lacked adequate banking facilities. In every part of the country, settlement has been followed by the establishment of branch banks at convenient centres. Indeed, the opening of a branch bank has often preceded any development commensurate with the banking facilities thus made available. There have always been, and are now, many branches which are not self-sustaining. These have been opened and operated at an annual loss in order that settlers in the newer or more remote districts may have the advantages offered by banks in large centres. Banks of a merely local character could never have provided such a service.

Another advantage of the Canadian branch bank system to the West is that local crop conditions do not imperil the funds of the depositors, for each branch is backed by the entire resources of the parent institution. Depositors in Western Canada have never suffered by bank failures such as have occurred again and again in similar areas of the republic to the south, when adverse local conditions have caused the closing up of banks entirely dependent on local business.

With the growing importance of the West, the banks have given it more and more attention, and a development of recent years has been a decentralization of authority. Leading banks, while preserving all the advantages of their nation-wide system, have been organized on a provincial basis, giving them local autonomy for all practical purposes. Bankers who have grown up with the West have the management of the Western branches. In our own Bank, an Assistant General Manager, with all the authority that this implies, is permanently located in Winnipeg; and in each province there resides a Superintendent in constant touch with every branch in his district.

Recent figures as to the number of branch banks west of the Great Lakes indicate how well this portion of the Dominion is served by the branch bank system. The figures show the following branches.

| | |
|---|---|
| Manitoba | 226 |
| Saskatchewan | 432 |
| Alberta | 269 |
| British Columbia | 188 |
| Yukon Territory | 3 |
| Total | 1118 |

Today our banks are sound, progressive institutions, backed by large resources. They give stability to the whole economic structure of the West, and place at the service of all classes of the public facilities which are unexcelled in any part of the world.

*John M Taylor.*
*President of the Canadian Manufacturers' Association*

*Who states that the increase in production in agriculture, mining, pulp and paper, and other basic industries and the disposal of this production at good prices has enlarged the domestic market for Canadian manufactured goods*

*E. W. Beatty, K.C.*
*President Canadian Pacific Railway*

## Canada's Economic Situation

*By E. W. Beatty, K.C.*
*President Canadian Pacific Railway*

THE sixtieth anniversary of Confederation finds Canada facing what may easily prove to be a turning point in the country's economic history, and being invited by the Editor of The Western Home Monthly to give utterance to such thoughts as I may have in connection therewith, it is probably most advisable that I deal more especially with the economic situation and its significance at this time.

Canada has had in the past her alternating periods of rapid development and of arrested progress, the whole making up an economic history that moved along lines largely inescapable in so young a country and in one in which the ratio of population to habitable area was so extremely meagre. The periods of prosperity which we have enjoyed at various times since Confederation, on all occasions but that in which the Great War was a factor, have been the direct results of special efforts made by the Canadian people along the line of providing facilities for national expansion. They have been accompanied by the expenditure of vast sums of money and characterized by outbursts of optimism which in nearly all cases have brought about "boom" conditions foreordained to be followed by periods of deflation during which the country apparently made little or no progress.

The building of the Canadian Pacific Railway was the first and most important of these constructive incidents. Devised and carried through as the necessary and logical accompaniment of political federation and expenditure entailed therein had a higher justification than its possibilities as a profitable economic proposition. Its purpose was to unite the scattered provinces in fact as well as in theory and to preserve for the rest of Canada and for the Empire the central western prairie areas toward which was threatened a railroad invasion from the United States with the strong possibility that it would be followed by annexation. Almost any expenditure that was economically possible was justified in such a cause as this. Canadian statesmen of Confederation days recognized that fact and undoubtedly it had a large place in the vision of the men who undertook the building of the road and carried it to a successful conclusion in the face of difficulty and oft-threatened personal ruin. Despite this justification for the building of the railroad that was to be the backbone of Canada's great West, the country did not escape the inflation and the resultant period of apparent stagnation that should have been accepted as an object

*Continued on page 89*

PROVINCIAL LIBRARY MANITOBA

# 1867 · DIAMOND JUBILEE SERIES · 1927

*The poem in the book reproduced above is from "Flint and Feather," by E. Pauline Johnson. Published by the Mussen Book Company Limited, Toronto.*

TIME was, when Home was East, and Adventure lay West. Civilization had a Frontier in those days, sometimes not far behind the great centres of population. The railroad has changed all that. Whether heading towards the Atlantic or the Pacific, today's trains are always carrying the Outward Pilgrim as well as the Homeward Bound.

The Canadian Pacific has fostered travel, not only for business, but for pleasure and education. Its elaborate passenger service has often included special trains for those who desire to know more about their own country.

Personal contacts and first-hand information promote that wide sympathy and appreciation, that breadth of thought, which must underlie national harmony.

Travel aids towards a better understanding between the people of our widely separated areas.

What sagacity it was that built spacious hotels in the just-reclaimed wilderness, and what energy it was that promptly filled them!

Moreover, the Canadian Pacific, by thus providing comfortable transportation and attractive resting-places, and by acquainting the world with the wonders of the Dominion, has induced thousands annually to visit this country, carrying back to their own lands a personal knowledge of Canada; investors and settlers have been created; and, thus, a deeper sympathy has been established between Canada and other nations.

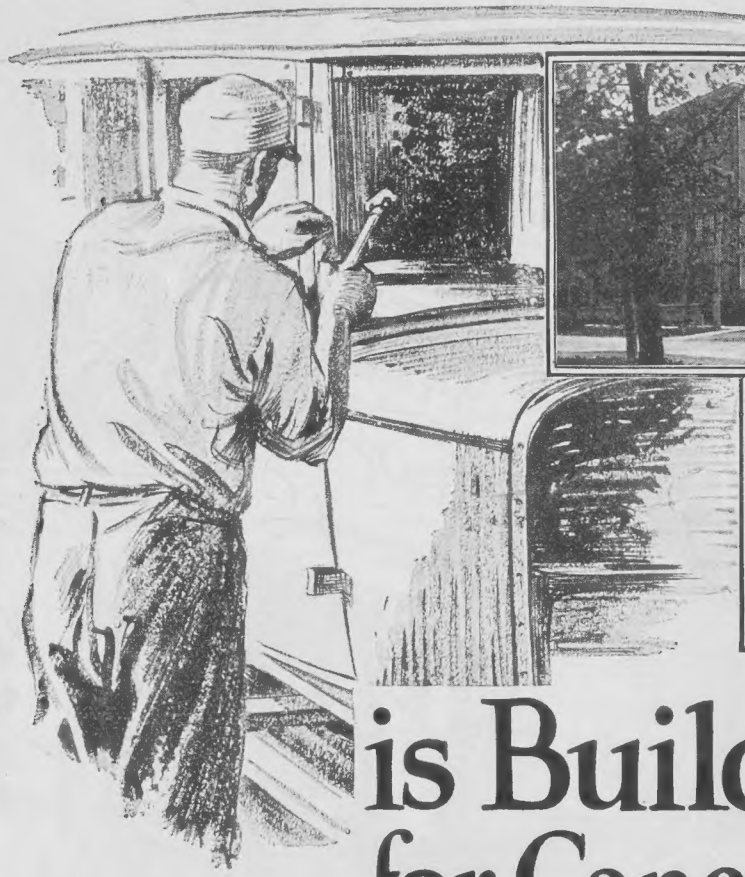
And the Canadian Pacific has stimulated Canadians to travel in foreign lands, and has provided Canadian ships to convey them to the ports of the world, and to carry the Canadian flag over the seas.

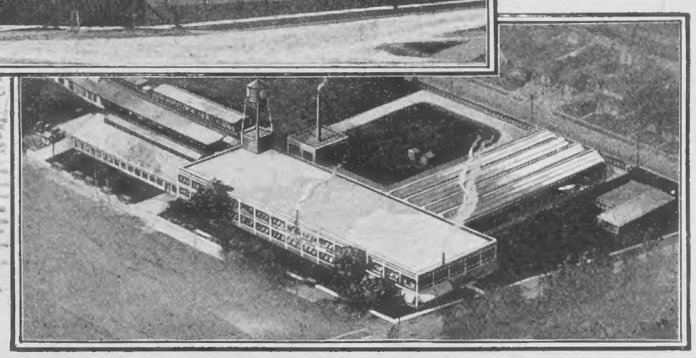
CANADIAN PACIFIC

IT SPANS THE WORLD

Copyright, Canada, 1927

# This Rousing Success of the Canadian-built Chrysler





*Today the Chrysler Corporation of Canada, Limited, operates two plants at Windsor, Ont.— (1) the chassis manufacturing plant shown below and (2) the body building plant at left.*

# is Building Prosperity for Canada and Canadians

**Chrysler "50"**
SIX BODY STYLES
*$1045 to $1220*
*50 miles and more per hour*

**Chrysler "60"**
SIX BODY STYLES
*$1470 to $1770*
*60 miles plus—with ease*

**Chrysler "70"**
NINE BODY STYLES
*$2010 to $2590*
*70 miles plus*

**Chrysler Imperial "80"**
ELEVEN BODY STYLES
*$3635 to $5225*
*80 miles plus—92 horsepower*

*All prices f. o. b. Windsor, Ontario (freight only to be added), including all taxes and complete equipment*

CANADIANS have shown such emphatic preference for Canadian-built Chryslers that production each year has increased 100% or more, *resulting in the record total increase of 491% in three years.*

Keeping step with this ever-rising demand, the Chrysler Corporation of Canada, Limited, in January, 1927, took over a second plant giving 300% increased facilities—and finally making it possible for Chryslers to be built largely of Canadian materials in Canadian factories by Canadian operatives.

This expansion is directly due to the Canadian people's recognition of outstanding merit and value in Chrysler cars. The Chrysler management therefore doubly welcomes the opportunity to show its appreciation by helping to create a greater and more prosperous Canada.

It is a source of deep pride and satisfaction for Chrysler thus to have a hand in the expansion of Canada's many and varied industries which develop materials for automobile manufacture—a source of inspiration to build so soundly that present success shall increase and multiply to the permanent benefit of Canada and Canadians.

CHRYSLER CORPORATION OF CANADA, LIMITED, WINDSOR, ONTARIO
WALTER P. CHRYSLER, *Chairman of the Board*

# CHRYSLER

THE CANADIAN-BUILT CHRYSLER FOR CANADIANS

PROVINCIAL LIBRARY MANITOBA

# EDITORIAL

## *Canada's Jubilee*

ON THE occasion of the celebration of a Jubilee, it is natural to review the past, to rejoice in the present and to anticipate the future. This is what Canadians are asked to do on the First Day of July, as they complete sixty years of Confederation.

There is a long and glorious past previous to 1867. It is great because of its men and because of its achievements. The roll of heroes opens with Columbus, that man of faith and courage who dared mutinous and superstitious seamen in order to find a new world. Next is Cartier, the dauntless Frenchman, who, sailing past Gaspé, planted the Cross on the banks of the St. Lawrence. Then there is Champlain, the father of Canada, intrepid explorer and manager of men—a giant in ambition and in resolution. And as for men of later days, there are Wolfe and Brock and Durham; McKenzie and Papineau, McDonald, Brown, Cartier and Tupper—each strong in their own way, and that not always the best way. Yet, through their struggles for advantage or power or liberty there came at length the shaping of a national policy—a policy headed up in the single word Confederation, a word that in itself guarantees the rights of the provinces in matters peculiarly their own, and that assures Federal direction in matters of common concern.

NOW after sixty years we are able to estimate the wisdom of those who sank political differences in order that there might be unity and understanding, and though there are clauses in the contract then entered into, that are open to misunderstanding and that are unsuited to newer conditions, the verdict of all Canadians will be that the Fathers builded better than they knew.

To the original four provinces there have been added the great territory west of the lakes, and the country extending from sea to sea is worthy of the name bestowed upon it in London—"the *Dominion* shall extend from sea to sea, and from the river to the end of the earth." In the sixty years we have grown from two and a half millions to nine millions three hundred and eighty thousand, and judging by the inrush of settlers at the present time we are on the eve of great expansion.

But increase in numbers is not our greatest pride and boast. We have found out our wealth in material possessions—a wealth undreamed of in the history of nations—tillable land, pasturage, mountains covered with timber and rich in minerals, rivers and lakes furnishing power and food for millions.

This is not yet our chief dependence. In the end progress and prosperity rest in the character of the people. We are proud, therefore, that we are cosmopolitan. Full strength is not in any single strain. Forty nationalities are joining to give the world a new type. If we are only careful to exclude the baser elements that each group might bring and encourage the nobler qualities for which each is noted, what a fine nationality we can present to the world. The time was when our national pride was kindled when we heard the Old World names, nor is it necessary or desirable that this glory in the prowess of our ancestors should be diminished, yet we are growing more and more to believe that the proudest boast of all for any man is that he can call himself Canadian.

So we can look to the future with growing confidence Our land is right. Our people, if they maintain their virtues and do not imbibe too freely the ideals of other nations, are destined to become a mighty force in directing the destinies of the world. We are the granary not only of the Empire but of the globe. We have wealth in gold, in oil, in minerals, in timber and in wild game and fur-bearing animals that is inexhaustible. And yet not quite so, for it is easy to squander and to give away. Nations as well as individuals can sell their birthright for a mess of pottage.

Looking ahead, then, we see not only fields of grain, with gravelled roads between, lakes and rivers ever full from snows held in well-guarded forests, factories busy in producing enough for home consumption and much to send abroad, but above all the happy voices of children who speak the same tongue, sing the same songs, play the same games, forgetting differences of racial, religious and lingual in the thought that they are children of the Empire and Canadians all. So that "God who made us mighty may make us mightier yet."

1867 1927

## CANADA

*By Robert Watson*

*Not in the cannon's roar, the trumpet blast,*
*Or rattling sabre we recall the past;*
*Nor yet with braggart tongue seek to acclaim*
*Our rightful sonship in an honoured name;*
*But, with a grateful heart and rev'rent mien,*
*We bridge the years 'tween now and what has been,*
*And, in solemn silence, pledge a toast*
*To that great dead yet ever-living host*
*Of statesmen, soldiers, loyal pioneers,*
*By whose brave deeds our fair Dominion rears.*

*Ah, Canada! none but Canadians know*
*The aching love we bear though seldom show;*
*The confidence and calm, the joy, the rest,*
*Which we have drawn abundant from thy breast*
*Till now we stand, to man's estate full-grown,*
*—The spreading maple from a seedling blown—*
*Wide as the seas, reaching from Line to Pole,*
*With brotherhood of all mankind the goal.*

*Thus, with a flow'ring sense of nationhood,*
*We hail the future as Canadians should,*
*Setting our shoulders to the daily load,*
*Fitting this land we love for man's abode;*
*Fearless in right, contesting what is wrong,*
*Speeding that Dawn which man has waited long,*
*—With malice, hate, and greed forever hurled*
*From Canada, the Empire, and the world.*

*Thus, in our pride of manhood, as we scan*
*The coming years that hold this vaster plan,*
*—Sons of a union born of peace within—*
*Salute thee, Canada, our parent kin,*
*And this our prayer, as to the daily task*
*Our duty calls us; this alone we ask,*
*May "reason, truth, and justice" ever stand*
*The triune symbol of our native land,*
*Binding with love our country strong and free*
*In benediction of our Jubilee.*

## *In Remembrance*

ON THE aniversary of a man's wedding it is cutomary for him to make a gift of remembrance to his wife. At our Jubilee it is fitting that we should make a gift to the nation that has mothered us. What should be the nature of the gift?

The first suggestion, which is quite fitting, is that we should erect a memorial to those who have sacrificed most. A memorial building in every town in honor of the heroic dead is the best that can be offered. Forever let there be something that will recall the courage, fidelity and noble sacrifice of those who took part in the War.

There is a second suggestion that has equal value. It is that any special gift at this time should look to conditions in the future rather than to what has happened in the past. Our men died for the young people who are now enjoying life. Cannot those who were spared the necessity of going to war do something to show a like interest in growing manhood and womanhood? A gift to children—a school, a public playground, a sports park, a recreation hall, a library or a museum dedicated in the name of the fallen heroes, would surely be a gracious acknowledgment of the debt we owe the dead, and it would keep their memory fresh in the minds of the growing generation.

## *Expansion*

MEN in the West are so busy with personal affairs that they rarely take time to view things in a large way, and here they are most unwise, for often the surest way to further private interests is to build up public enterprises.

An illustration will make this clear: It has been calculated that the power available on the Nelson River and now going to waste, is greater than the combined power of the Winnipeg River and Niagara. Think what it would mean were that power harnessed and employed in manufacture and in supplying what is needed on the farms! It would be followed by a trebling of our population and a direct increase in trade in every department. The smallest store and factory as well as transportation agencies, would feel the effect, and of course a new country would be opened for settlement. Nor is this all in the air. Somebody some day is going to utilize that power, and then people will wonder why we allowed ourselves to go to sleep for so long.

Of course, this thing cannot be accomplished until people foresee what use would be made of power were it available. All that is necessary is for business men to get their heads together and give the matter consideration. There has been no serious contemplation of the question yet. Perhaps the development of the Nelson is the key to the development of the West.

# Before and After the Union

## By J. E. B. McCready

EDITOR'S NOTE:—*It is with very especial pleasure that we submit the following contribution to the readers of The Western Home Monthly. It is from the pen of the only journalist now living who participated in the proceedings of Confederation sixty years ago. At that time he was the special parliamentary press representative of a number of the leading newspapers of that period. Today, at the age of eighty-four, ripe in experience and proud of the development of his country, he is enjoying the evening of life in the beautiful city of Charlottetown, P.E.I.*

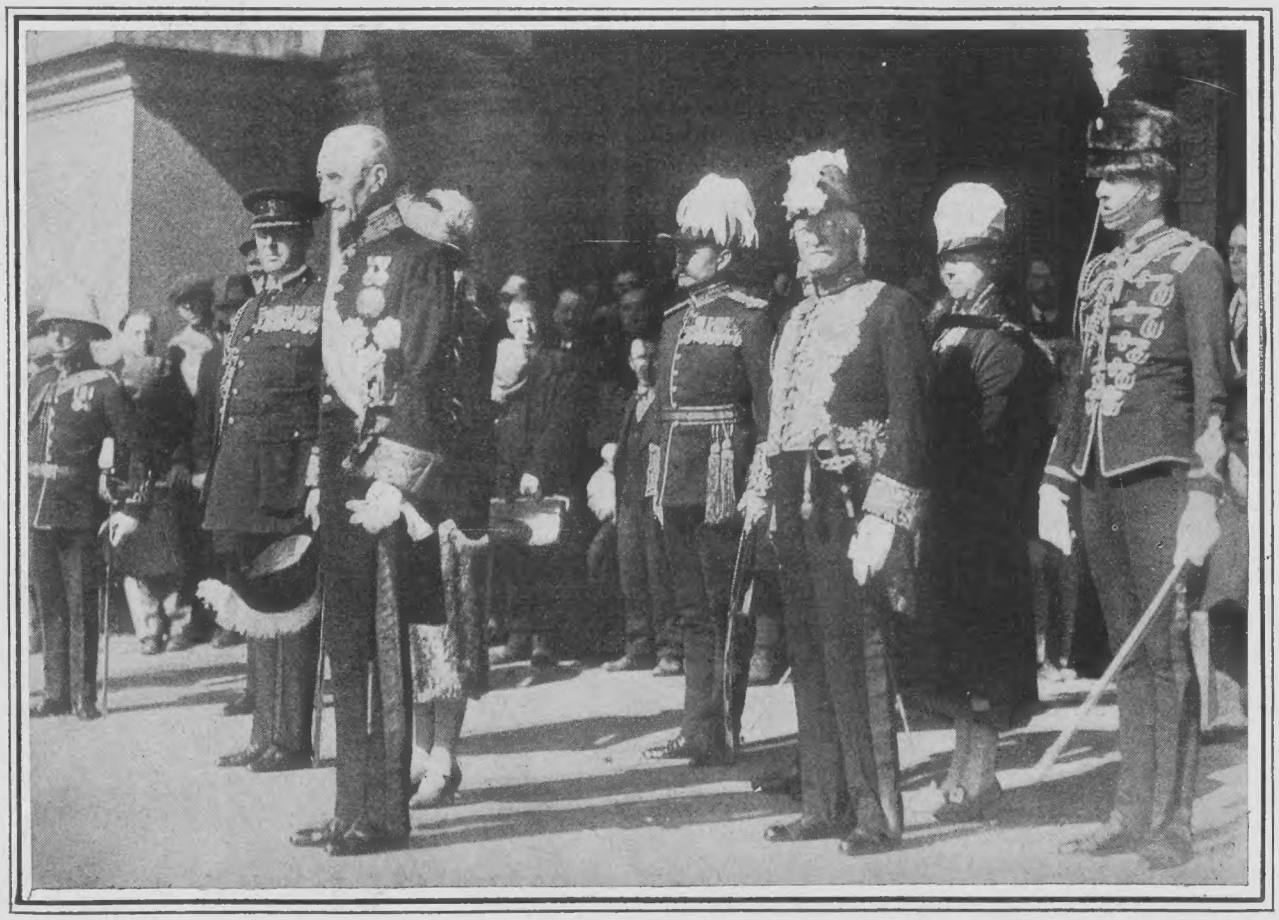
NINE million Canadians this year are joyfully celebrating the sixtieth anniversary of the Union established in 1867. At first it was really but three provinces were joined together, namely, Canada, New Brunswick and Nova Scotia, but at the date of the Union the former province of Canada was divided into two respectively named Ontario and Quebec, so making the number of federated provinces four. They contained about three millions of people, with less than three quarters of a million in the Maritimes. Of the four provinces only Ontario and Quebec had any railway communication with one another or with the United States. Canada and the Maritimes were widely separated by what was then a forest wilderness, the two divisions were almost total strangers to each other, trading but little with each other and caring as little about each other.

Afar off on the Pacific coast was British Columbia, containing fewer than ten thousand white people. The Prairie country had but few settlers and belonged to the Hudson Bay Company. There were several tribes of Indians and millions of buffalo on the plains.

The grand idea of the union of all British North America had been conceived long before in the minds of both British and Colonial statesmen, but the first practical steps to bring it about were taken in 1864. Upper Canada and Lower Canada, tied together by a Legislative union, not well adapted to their circumstances in 1840, had quarreled and come to a deadlock so that it had become practically impossible to carry on the government. Seeking a way out of their difficulties the statesmen of Old Canada had formed an intention to unite with the Maritimes, dissolve their legislative union and form a larger one that would extend from the head of the Great Lakes almost to the mid Atlantic, for at that time they included Newfoundland in their vision.

But the three Provinces of Nova Scotia, New Brunswick and Prince Edward Island had other views. Their governments had agreed to hold a conference in Charlottetown in September, 1864, at which five delegates from each province would work out the details of their plan. The Conference met, organized and were at work when eight members of the Government of Canada arrived, asked for admission and were given an opportunity to present their scheme of a larger union. As the result proved they came, saw and conquered the Maritimes, and it was well that they did, for I doubt not that the hand of Providence was in this great movement although there was a-plenty of blundering and no end of a row before the work was completed.

Maritime Union was dropped. The 23 delegates adjourned the Conference and after a round of banquets in Halifax and Saint John, sailed away to Quebec where Newfoundland delegates also attended. After lengthy deliberation they formed the famous Quebec Scheme of Union. It contained the principal features afterward embodied in the British North America Act, but the latter contained important amendations.



*Viscount Willingdon, Governor General, on his first official visit to the west. His Excellency is accompanied by His Honor, T. A. Burrows the new Lieutent Governor of Manitoba.*

IN 1865 the Tilley Government in New Brunswick submitted the Union question to the people at a general election and both the Government and the measure were crushingly defeated. Newfoundland and Prince Edward Island declined to accept the terms offered. The Legislative Assembly and Legislative Council of Nova Scotia were in favor of Union, but the people there, who had not been consulted as they had been in New Brunswick, were notoriously hostile. For the time it appeared that the Union movement had failed. With Prince Edward Island, New Brunswick and Newfoundland refusing to come in and Nova Scotia recalcitrant, union prospects were down to zero.

But in 1866 there was a British Governor in New Brunswick and he was, of course, in favor of Confederation. He refused to accept the advice of his Anti-Confederate ministers, then led by Hon. A. J. Smith (later Sir Albert), and they resigned. A new Government, or rather the former Confederation Government recalled, assumed office, dissolved the Legislature, and in the election which followed were triumphantly sustained. The province had reversed its vote of the year before, perhaps not fully realizing that it had held and turned the key by which the locked door was re-opened, and the Union was again made possible. And so it turned out that the delegates who went to London to frame the British North America Act represented the four provinces of Ontario, Quebec, Nova Scotia and New Brunswick. They completed their task and the bill was enacted by Parliament.

There were great principles embodied in the Act which they framed. First of all they reaffirmed their adherence to the monarchical system of government under the British Crown. This was greatly significant at a date ninety years after the Declaration of Independence in the United States and at a time when all the people of North and South America from the Great Lakes to Cape Horn had cast off their sovereign and become republican.

At the same time they brought into the British Empire for the first time the federal plan of government organization. Previously, this plan—a central government and parliament for the nation, buttressed by local governments and legislatures in each of the constituent provinces—had never been applied under the British Flag. Sixty years of its operation in our Dominion has proved it to be admirably adapted to our needs and requirements in all matters of legislation and administration. Thirty years after we had adopted it here, Australia had approved of the Federal principle and adopted it, following the great example set by Canada. South Africa followed later and more recently the ancient kingdom of Ireland, after centuries of discontent and bitterness, has been pacified and is resting content and prosperous as a Free State with the constitution of a Dominion.

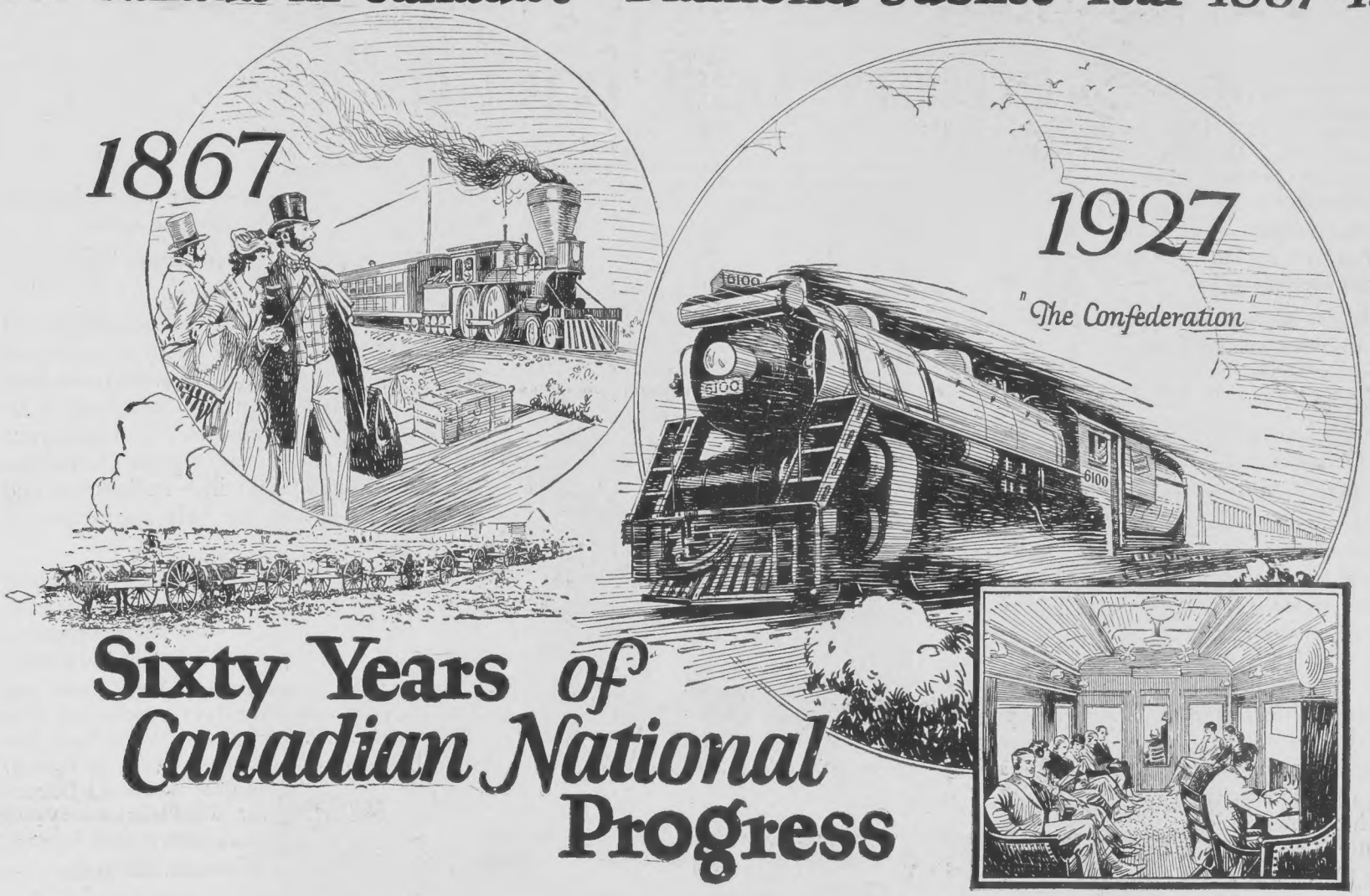
At the union of 1867 the western boundary of Canada was at the head of the Lakes. The Hudson Bay possessions were purchased in 1869. The new Province of Manitoba was created in 1870 and the Dominion then extended from the Atlantic Ocean to the Rocky Mountains. A year later, in 1871 British Columbia was brought in and the Union was complete from ocean to ocean. Prince Edward Island came in in 1873 and since then in 1905 the new provinces of Alberta and Saskatchewan were set up, rounding out the Dominion structure to its present full stature.

It was my privilege as a newspaper man to be present at the opening session of the First Parliament and to attend in all twenty sessions during the days when the Dominion was young. And I remember well when I first met the members from Manitoba and British Columbia in Ottawa. Every one of the four seats in Manitoba had been contested at the first election and although the majorities were relatively large, the four successful candidates, Dr. J. E. Schultz, Donald A. Smith, A. McKay and P. Delorme, polled collectively 1,008 votes. In British Columbia, although there were three of the six members returned by acclamation, the three who went to the polls and were elected only received 342 votes. Thus 1350 votes elected ten members west of the Lakes in 1871. It takes something more than that now, women included, although they are rather too few in the West to elect the representative of the two-and-a-half millions of people who now inhabit that vast and fertile region of mountain and prpairie!

In several important respects the First Parliament differed from any that succeeded it. The new elements were not at first very readily assimilated. Then there was dual representation. From the beginning Nova Scotia and New Brunswick had declared against it. No member of their

*Continued on page 73*

# See Canada in Canada's Diamond Jubilee Year 1867-1927




# Sixty Years of Canadian National Progress

IN 1860, the Grand Trunk Railway, now a part of the Canadian National Railways, comprised 872 miles of track. Today, Canadian National embraces 22,548 miles of line, the largest railway system in America, touching every important Canadian City; fleets of steamships that carry Canada's ensign and products to every quarter of the globe; Dominion-wide express and telegraph services; a chain of distinguished city hotels; resort hotels and bungalow camps, and an Industrial Department to foster the location and development of new industry.

The development of Canada and the Canadian National Railways is interwoven closely. As one grew, so did the other, mutually dependent.

Before even the memorable year of Confederation, portions of the present day Canadian National had attracted world-wide attention to themselves and to the then-struggling young country. The construction of the original Victoria Bridge for the Grand Trunk Railway and its opening by the Prince of Wales in 1860, focussed the eyes of Nations on Canada as perhaps no preceding event had ever done.

Canada, being a land of vast distances, the railway was seen to be the key to her future expansion and prosperity. Indeed, the Grand Trunk Railway had long been the dominating factor in Canada's growth to date. It had opened up the then known parts of Ontario and Quebec to settlement and had tapped the country's resources from the International Boundary at Sarnia to Riviere du Loup.

In Confederation year, the dependence of national growth upon rail communication became even more strikingly evident, the construction of the Intercolonial Railway being insisted upon by the Maritime Provinces as a condition of entry into the Dominion.

Thus, within a single decade, Canadian National was linked with two of the greatest events in Canada's history, and helped make Confederation an accomplished fact.

Since then Canada and the Canadian National have developed hand in hand. Mile upon mile of new track was laid in Quebec and Ontario; new towns and industries sprang into being, new lands were opened to cultivation. The sister country to our South was brought into intimate communication with us, commerce was stimulated, capital attracted, immigration fostered.

Then the west called and the Canadian Northern and Grand Trunk Pacific Railways opened up vast areas of fertile prairie to the settler; rich Pacific timber and mineral lands were made to yield their wealth; scenic wonderlands were made accessible and a new route afforded to Canada's Pacific Coast. The Transcontinental Railway, from Winnipeg to Quebec, connected this great west with the eastern provinces.

Wherever it was needed, the railway appeared, a typical modern instance being that of the Rouyn Mining District, the development of which is made possible by Canadian National Service.

## CANADA'S FINEST RESORTS

Whatever your vacation preference, you will find it served by Canadian National, whose lines reach Canada's finest mountain, seaside and lakeland resorts. Among them are — Jasper National Park, 5,300 square miles of rugged Canadian Rocky Mountain splendour; the flower-decked Pacific Coast; Minaki the beautiful, on the Winnipeg River; the Highlands of Ontario; the Laurentian Mountains and the Lower St. Lawrence in quaint old French-Quebec; and the seaside and woodland havens of the Maritime Provinces.

## HOTELS OF DISTINCTION

Seasoned travellers are enthusiastic over Canadian National hotel service. Whether at a resort or camp, or at one of the all-year hotels, they find their every need anticipated and efficiently catered to in an environment of gratifying, yet unostentatious comfort and luxury.

### RESORT HOTELS

| | |
|---|---|
| Jasper Park Lodge | Jasper National Park |
| Minaki Lodge | Minaki, Ont. |
| Pictou Lodge | Pictou, N.S. |
| Nipigon Lodge | Orient Bay, Ont. |
| Highland Inn | Algonquin Park, Ont. |
| Nominigan Camp | Algonquin Park, Ont. |
| Camp Minnesing | Algonquin Park, Ont. |

### ALL-YEAR HOTELS

| | |
|---|---|
| Chateau Laurier | Ottawa, Ont. |
| Prince Arthur | Port Arthur, Ont. |
| The Fort Garry | Winnipeg, Man. |
| Prince Edward | Brandon, Man. |
| The Macdonald | Edmonton, Alta. |

## INDUSTRIAL OPPORTUNITIES

The Canadian National Industrial Department has taken a leading part in placing the facts as to industrial opportunities in Canada before prospective entrants and in inducing and helping them to locate and prosper here. Canada, with its cheap and plentiful power, desirable sites and stable labour conditions, affords unique opportunities for industrial location and growth. The expanding domestic market is supplemented by tariff preferences which throw the whole of the British Empire open to Canadian-made merchandise.

*The Fort Garry, Winnipeg*

*Chateau Laurier, Ottawa.*

*Minaki Lodge, Minaki, Ont.*

*Jasper Park Lodge Jasper, Alta.*

## CANADIAN NATIONAL STEAMSHIPS

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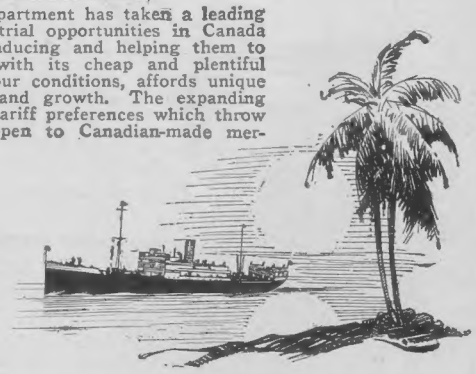

# CANADIAN NATIONAL

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"MY INTEREST *in social activities, in life generally, had simply evaporated. I wanted only to shut myself up at home, away from everybody and everything.*

*"This was about a year ago. Up to then my health had been fine. But gradually it began to fail. I grew nervous, 'touchy,' run down. I was always tired. Food lost all its old appeal.*

*"Finally, persuaded by a friend, I started eating Fleischmann's Yeast. But I ate only a cake a day. I failed to get appreciably better.*

*"Deciding that a cake a day wasn't enough, I increased the amount. In only a short while the longed-for improvement set in. My nervousness and irritability disappeared. Today I once more really enjoy life."*

JEAN LAWSON, London, Ont.

(*Above*) MISS JEAN LAWSON *of London, Ont.*

TO enjoy life you must clear your system of the poisons that are slowly but surely sapping your strength. You must banish forever the constipation from which these poisons generally come. Fleischmann's Yeast enables you to do just that. It keeps your whole digestive and intestinal system *clean* and *active*.

Medicines give only temporary relief from constipation.

Fleischmann's Yeast is not a medicine. It is a pure, fresh food, grown in a nutritious extract of malt and grain. It softens the contents of your intestines, strengthens your weakened intestinal muscles. Gradually your elimination becomes easy, regular. Constipation, and its attendant ills—indigestion and skin disorders—soon are only nightmares of the past!

Fleischmann's Yeast also stimulates the flow of gastric juice, aiding the stomach to digest its food. It increases the number of white blood corpuscles, strengthening your resistance to fatigue and disease.

You can get Fleischmann's Yeast from any grocer. Buy two or three days' supply at a time and keep in a cool dry place. Write for a free copy of the latest booklet on Yeast for Health.

Health Research Dept.
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RIGHT

"THE REALIZATION suddenly forced itself on me—I must take immediate steps to recover my health. I was in a badly run down condition and suffered from indigestion. I had read a number of articles on Fleischmann's Yeast as a health food, and various friends had told me of its beneficial qualities. So I ordered a supply from our grocer and started to take it regularly. After a short while I noticed a decided improvement in the way I felt. Now I find I can eat anything without fear of suffering. As a means of precaution I still take Fleischmann's Yeast daily. It certainly keeps me in good condition."

CORNELIA EDWARDS, Montreal, P. Q.

LEFT

"DURING THE LAST FEW YEARS I have been travelling quite a bit, and the changes of climate and water have caused me to be troubled with constipation. A year ago a golf professional from Boston told me about Fleischmann's Yeast. By eating it regularly every day I have overcome my old trouble. I now can enjoy foods which heretofore I was not able to digest. I have been eating Yeast conscientiously now for several months."

ALEXANDER MCDOUGALL, St. John, N. B.

*Fleischmann's Yeast for Health is sold only in the tin-foil wrapper with the yellow label*

## *This simple easy road to health*

Eat three cakes of Fleischmann's Yeast regularly every day, one cake before each meal. Eat it plain in small pieces, or on crackers, in fruit juice, milk or water. For constipation physicians say to dissolve one cake in hot water (not scalding) before meals and before going to bed. (Be sure that a regular time for evacuation is made habitual.) Dangerous cathartics will gradually become unnecessary.

"I PUT IN four years' active service with a Highland regiment in the War. On my return I started suffering from stomach disorders. That weary feeling was ever upon me. My face was covered with blackheads. I was so troubled with sleeplessness that often I would wander around the streets all night. A good friend told me what Fleischmann's Yeast had done for her, advising me strongly to take it myself. I did so, and now, two months later, I feel well, look well and sleep well. I am up in the mornings like the proverbial lark. When I think of the immense quantities of patent medicines I once consumed, I truly have reason to bless Fleischmann's Yeast."

WILLIAM SINCLAIR, Vancouver, B. C.

*"Catherine froze in her chair. From the white halo of her beautiful hair to the tips of her little feet, she was the image of cold passionless dignity."*

*Complete in two installments. This fascinating story of how a certain trinket wrought miracles for a young man in search of adventure in the Orient.*

# The Golden Anklet

*Part 1*

## By Laura Goodman Salverson

*Illustrated by J. Clymer*

IT WAS the Twelfth of July. Catherine knew that no matter how gossip raged, or how humiliated Gerhard might be, she would see him at eight o'clock in the West Wing library. It was now something after seven and she had just finished a solitary meal in the cathedral quiet of the formal dining-room. She was accustomed to dining alone these days, but not in this vast, gloomy chamber freighted with poignant memories. Since the death of her brother (Gerhard's father) she had preferred the seclusion of her own suite of rooms. But of course on this night dedicated to deathless heroism the Amuers had always dined here.

Catherine glanced about her uneasily, never before so conscious of the sinister aspect of the sombre mediæval hall—all that remained of ancient Amuer Stad—and it seemed to her lively fancy that the shades of long-dead ancestors mocked her from each shadowy crypt and black-browed alcove. But this would never do! Not by so much as one cowardly shiver would she betray the honor of the Amuers!

Nonetheless, she watched the clock impatiently chiding herself the while for unbecoming anxiety. Of course he would come! Despite that new jargon of democracy Gerhard was an Amuer still. And, never an Amuer had remained indifferent to the voice of tradition on the Twelfth of July! Yes, he would come. He would come to join her in the King's Toast, no matter how obsolete the custom, or how his Bohemian friends might chafe him on his "class stupidities."

She rang for Gosta and ordered the ceremonial wine. "At eight, as usual," she told the old butler. "Glasses for two—from the Emperor's cabinet."

"Spiced wine?" suggested the solemn Gosta as he had done a score of times before

"From Andalusia," added Catherine, the faintest shadow of amusement in her gray-green eyes. They had played this game so often.

"Twelve tapers for the west wing, Madam?"

"Eleven white and one red, Gosta." When he had glided out, soft-footed as ever in spite of years, she fell into a brown study. Was it age alone, she wondered, that rendered things so extraordinarily difficult—alienated sympathy, clouded the understanding? Of course times were changing rapidly, but times have always changed, would always change—all things were in a stage of eternal transition.

That was as it should be—but never before had a woman of the people dared to make light of an Amuer! That, she felt certain, heralded the end of decency; was a death blow to the few survivors of the Old Regime. Staggering impertinence! No wonder all Stockholm, from the meanest hut in the shipping quarter to the oldest mansion encroaching upon the Royal Parks, rocked with gossip. And yet, down in her heart of hearts Catherine deprecated the whole thing. Let gossip rage—the Amuers were Amuers still!

What qualms she had were occasioned by her nephew's ridiculous behavior. The boy was actually hurt! As if it mattered in the least how a public entertainer deported herself. Gerhard was young indeed, to expect gratitude much less fidelity from such a quarter. That an Amuer should have purchased fame for a pretty woman was, of course, nothing new . . . but to propose marriage to a music-hall favorite—that was little short of rank heresy! Thank heaven the girl had jilted him!

Yes, when all was said and done it was Gerhard's behavior that puzzled her. Gerhard, the last of the great Hansa Amuers, purporting to believe in the equality of man and demonstrating the fact by courting a draper's daughter! Malicious slander, covert ridicule, spiteful gossip, were nothing in comparison. Indeed, the Amuers had thriven on such fame-impelling stuff.

Even the peerless Valdimar, whose heroism hallowed this day, owed not a little to it. Loved by many ladies, lover of the queen—so had the tale run. But, whispered above his beautiful, dead body, gallantly sacrificed to intercept an assassin's knife intended for his monarch, it retracted nothing from the glory of his deed.

A melodious gong reclaimed her to the hour. She smiled and, lifting her fine head high, hurriedly left the room. She had not heard him arrive, but he was come. No one but Gerhard struck the gong that way: sharply, impatiently, cutting short its deep reverberations.

She was right. In the dim sanctuary of the spacious library he stood to meet her. "You are prompt, my gallant," she assured him lightly. "The tapers are lit, I see."

He shrugged, his young face hard and inscrutable. "I'm in something of a hurry, Empress—and Gosta seems a bit slow these days."

With a quick nod she accepted the chair he offered, pointing to another—"Sit down, nephew. A moment or two of repose won't prove deadly. Gosta has never been late on the Twelfth of July."

Like a materialized wish, Gosta, full liveried, and solemn as a Puritan, appeared in the doorway. With easy efficiency the old butler proceeded with his ritual. On a teakwood table beneath the portrait of Valdimar Amuer burned the twelve tapers in a semicircle. In the midst of these Gosta placed

a gem-crusted tray holding the tiny glasses of Andalusian wine for the King's Toast. Then, like a priest moving about the shrines of his saints, he glided from canvas to canvas lining the walls, lifting a veil here, lighting a candle there, until, from every possible angle Amuers, old and young, fair and ugly, smiled out of the gloom of the centuries in deference to the Laughing Adventurer whose carefree life had ended in such a blaze of glory. This done, old Gosta stood at attention like a soldier before a cenotaph.

But Catherine had been studying the rebellious face of her nephew. It would not do, she thought, to let even Gosta catch the scorn of Gerhard's attitude toward the old traditions. With a quiet smile and a flash of graceful hands, she acknowledged the old man's devoted service. "You need not wait tonight, Gosta, thank you. Not wait—that is all."

A bomb exploding at his feet would have confounded Gosta less. In forty years such a command had never been issued. Always he had waited with reverent heart to hear the gallant pledge to the gallant Amuer. But now he was to go! Now he was no longer to share the Amuer glory! Dismay and confusion momentarily robbed the impeccable butler of a life-time dignity. He so far forgot himself as to gasp: "Madam—!"

Catherine frowned. "I said—that will do for tonight, Gosta, thank you."

Poor Gosta fled, covered with shame and mortification. Gerhard laughed cynically. "There's an example for you; proof, as it were, of how much it takes to upset the equilibrium of the virtuous."

She let that pass, brushing it aside as so much mental cobweb. Poised over, she moved now with quiet grace to the teakwood table; courtesied to the long-dead Valdimar and proceeded with the ceremony.

This done she unbent a little, smiling a wisp of a smile that clung like a caress to the firm curve of her lips. She might not understand him, this nephew of hers, but her hopes were bound up in him. He might be more a Kalmac than an Amuer—more a romanticist than a practical world approved—yet she loved him none the less. And, after all, on his young shoulders lay the burden of a great tradition. Strong or weak, he was the last of the Hansa Amuers.

Gerhard, perched unceremoniously on the arm of an ebony chair that once had graced an emperor's palace, caught her speculative eyes upon him and shrugged disdainful shoulders. Catherine laughed; a little rainbow of sound in that freighted silence.

"Queries are an abomination, I grant you," she began in her crisp, clear way. "But under the circumstances some concession must be made to poor vulgar curiosity. What, I now presume to ask, is the next move, my brave Lochinvar?" Again those eloquent shoulders of his answered her more effectively than words.

"But, why any move, Empress?" he drawled, as if in lazy afterthought.

"Was an Amuer ever checkmated?" she countered quickly, the slender thread of a fine eyebrow lifted ever so little.

"A matter of opinion," he matched her coldly, "and much debatable. That the Amuers were vindictive devils, one and all, I must, of course, agree . . . Scarcely more."

"So? You enlighten me, truly!"

"Unscrupulous, too; if you will have it. Despotic, tyrannical. . . ." He broke off impatiently; laughed; lit a cigarette and shrugged. Never so much an Amuer as now when, with flashing eyes and scornful lips he made light of their greatness, shrewdly won, dearly defended. Merciless and cynical he measured with hard eyes the little lady before him as if she were a curio of some forgotten age. She bore the conceit very well. "Despotic, tyrannical. . . ." She prompted him with dangerous softness. "True, my Gerhard, but never rude. Graceful sinners, we Amuers."

"Oh, quite. Quite that—and more! None the less, bad taste or no, be honest. What was the Hanseatic league but a tyrannical monopoly of public rights? Who the benefactors but a few merchant princes, self-styled, and risen from the people they oppressed? Geniuses in craft and cruelty! And the fleckless Amuers, how came they by their noble blood? A pretty tale! Ah, you will tell me the valiant Amuers rose in prestige as the league soared in power. True; and equally with the league, the hatred of the poor from the Mediterranean to the Baltic testified to their charity."

"Charity? Were ever people more lavish with their wealth?"

"To gratify vanity and purchase power, no—but not charitable. Again I challenge honesty: who were the Hansa geniuses? Shrewd bourgeois all. Even that prince of schemers, Gottfried Amuer, to whom the league owed so much and we still more. And how came they by the leaven that changed their prudent, plodding, plebian blood? There I grant you the Amuers were generous—they paid well for their women!"

Catherine lowered her eyes lest their impatience betray her. This was heresy and dangerous. Much more dangerous to the Amuer integrity than the battering ram of vulgar gossip. Sedition within the ranks . . . where might it not lead? A true Amuer she; with an air of patient boredom she adjusted a black lace fichu, smiling the while enigmatically. "Well, it's gratifying you should admit their business genius. As you say, they know how to buy . . . and they were not cheated."

Gerhard flushed, and darting a suspicious look at his aunt, found her quite herself. Poised and politely interested she appeared to await his pleasure. His retort was none the less sharp and cutting: "Not cheated perhaps—but outwitted. Infidelities are not limited to any class."

She smiled. "That is true. But honor seems to be. Doubtless you have the cavalier, Gillebrand, in mind, though his weakness was not an Amuer failing, according to you. He loved—too fondly. So the annuals tell us."

"Much too fondly! No, do not interrupt me. Let me be frank for once, who have been nursed on fabrications and vanities. I know what you would say—that Gillebrand acted within his rights as a gentleman when he locked his palace on that poor foolish wife and departed for the Orient with his company of gay supporters. A departure theatrically timed to coincide with the tolling of a bell and the bursting of flames from the turreted roofs of Amuer Stad. Unfaithful she may have been; yet it was murder no less. Ah, yes, the genius of the Amuers had changed by then—as it has so often changed to suit the temper of the times—and the rapier had taken the place of the money-bag and the merchant's chamber. Honor! Honor! That was the cry. And no blood was too sacred to spill for its upholstering!"

"Half truths are despicable. Have you forgotten nothing?"

*Continued on page 50*

*In the shadowy darkness he espied a solitary figure, little and slight, despite the shapeless bag that served to clothe her*

*A spark of feeling shone in the young redskins sullen eyes. "Mahk-So," he muttered, "don't go. I want to talk to you. I can't talk. I am froze inside. My head is full of ice."*

# The Transactions of Mahk-So

## By Hulbert Footner, Author of "The Fur Bringers" Etc.

*Illustrated by J. Proster*

THERE was no York boat at the head of the lake when Mahk-so was ready to continue his journey, so he bought a little skiff and embarked alone. It was of primitive construction, merely a few rough-sawn planks nailed together, the result about as seaworthy as the bowl in which the wise men of Gotham put to sea. Mahk-so christened it the Acorn, from its shape. For three days he paddled down the lake in a "dish-calm," on the fourth becoming impatient with his slow means of locomotion he contrived mast and sail out of a poplar pole and tarpaulin. He had no sooner put out under this gear than a whole gale bore out of the West upon him. He could not take a reef or let his sail down, he could not run ashore; there was nothing for it but to let her drive before it like a leaf on the bald-headed prairie.

It was a roaring ride. How the crazy little craft managed to hang together and to keep on top of the waves Mahk-so never could have explained. But at least he covered the rest of the way in surprising time. The distant shore rose up out of the water like magic. Then there developed the problem of how to stop his flying machine. The breakers were piling up on the sand in ugly lines of white, and there was no sign of the opening of the river. But the gods were always good to Mahk-so. While he was still looking for the river, the low points of sand flew by on either hand, he pounded over the bar and found himself inside. Sweeping around a point he floated in quiet water, and drawing a long breath, looked about to see if there were any of his friends in sight.

There are none but redskins at this end of the lake. The tepees were hidden from him by the willows that lined the banks, but he saw a single figure squatting on the shore, arms around knees and head sunk on breast. Mahk-so was surprised, for solitary brooding is not characteristic of the redskin, at least not of the modern kind. He was still more surprised on coming closer to recognize Sammattoo McKenzie, who belonged at Ostachegan Creek, nearly four hundred miles northwest. Mahk-so was unable to understand how Sammattoo had got down here without his having heard of it at Fort Goussard.

Sammattoo displayed little joy in his greeting. Mahk-so let that go for the present. Knowing the people he did not blurt out his questions upon landing, but was careful to make all the polite inquiries that custom ordains in the North. He and Sammattoo were tried friends. They were of the same age. Mahk-so respected Sammattoo, because, for one thing, he was the only redskin he knew who washed himself regularly. A lot is implied in that. Sammattoo, as the possession of a surname warranted, boasted a white ancestor a good way back. He had retained other characteristics of white blood.

"I had *some* sail, Sammattoo," said Mahk-so cheerfully. He swung his cramped arms vigorously.

"You moch fool to go on the lake by that yourself," said Sammattoo morosely.

"Mahk-so laughed. "Guess I was born to be hanged," he said.

Mahk-so sat down and deliberately filled his pipe, purposely keeping silent to force the other to speak. At last Sammattoo muttered: "Where you go?"

"To the landing to see the boys and hear the news. Come along with me. We'll have a time."

Sammattoo shook his head. "I go back," he said heavily.

"Where's your boat?" asked Mahk-so.

"I ride by the shore," said Sammattoo.

Once more Mahk-so kept silent hoping for confidences, but Sammattoo was inexorably sullen.

"You have forgotten," said Mahk-so meaningly.

"I forget nothing," said Sammattoo.

"You swore I was your brother," said Mahk-so. "And now you show me the face of an enemy. Very well. I'll be getting on." He made a feint of returning to his boat.

A spark of feeling shone in the young redskin's sullen eyes. "Mahk-so," he muttered, "don' go. I want to talk to you. I can't talk. I am froze inside. My head is full of ice."

Mahk-so came back and sat down. He offered his tobacco-pouch. "Fill up," he said brusquely.

Nothing more was said until their pipes were going in unison.

"How long have you been down here?" asked Mahk-so.

"Four sleeps."

*"Put him in the water, Summattoo," she cried, 'and I taka you!"*

miserably. "They say Sammattoo is crazy over a woman, jus' lak a white man. He mak' eight days' ride to see a woman, the fool! We have plenty women here, good workers, what does he want?"

Mahk-so nodded understandingly.

"Me, I not the same lak' those fellas," Sammattoo went on. "Not any woman that works good is all the same to me. I do not want a worker. I want only one woman.

"Amlan Toma?" suggested Mahk-so.

Sammattoo nodded. The bonds of his speech were loosened now. "She is not good worker they say. She want too moch dress up fine, and dance and sing. I don't care. If I am a fool I am a fool. I want Amlan. I see her always when she is not there; in the tepee fire, in the lake when I fish, in the stars when I lie out. I will have no woman but Amlan."

"Go and get her!" cried Mahk-so. "What for do you sit here like a bear in his winter sleep?"

Sammattoo relapsed into sullen silence.

"Won't she have you?" Mahk-so demanded to know.

"When I come here she is glad," said Sammattoo. "I say, 'Marry me, Amlan, and come live in my lodge.' She say. 'Yes all right, wait four days and the priest comes to baptize the babies this year, and we will be married.' Today the priest comes. She say 'No, I not want to marry you now. Go back home you.'"

"Just like a woman!" commented Mahk-so, sagely. "What's the matter with her?"

"There is a white man come," muttered Sammattoo scowling. "She think maybe she get him and be a lady."

"What white man?"

"He stranger from outside. He got horses, wagons, plenty big outfit. He is camp in the hay meadow by Musquasepi, half a mile. If it was one of my people I know what to do, me. I run him quick!" He looked away with scowling eyes full of pain and helplessness. "I can't fight a white man. Him think him better than me. Him get police. Him got the whole dam country now!"

"H'm," said Mahk-so with his most casual air. "I'll have to look into this for you."

Mahk-so dropped down-stream to the place indicated by Sammattoo as the camp of his rival. Landing and climbing the bank, he took a rapid mental inventory of what was before him; two wagons, eight horses, a tent, a dog, a breed boy, and finally a huge, blond, purple-cheeked man, sitting before the tent mending a boot. The man jumped up and hurried toward him.

"Why didn't I hear about you at the Settlement?"

"I leave my place at night," muttered Sammattoo. "I ride through the Settlement at night, and not spik to any of the boys."

"Why all this secrecy?"

"The people laugh at me," growled Sammattoo

"Hello, partner!" he bawled. "I sure am glad to see you! Ain't talked to a white man in a week. Come in and stop awhile."

Mahk-so detected noise, bluster and effusiveness. Up North they do not clap a man on the back until they have taken his measure. On the other hand the job he had undertaken promised to be easy with material as soft as this to work in. He swallowed his distaste with good grace.

"Looking about to locate?" he asked agreeably.

"Don't want to look for nothin' better than this right here," roared the settler.

They exchanged names. The newcomer was Ned Chancy. He was as burly, strong and thick-headed as a young ox, a handsome animal in his way, but with a dull eye and a loose jowl. "Born to be some woman's slave," Mahk-so reflected.

"You'll have something with me," he said with an elephantine leer.

WHILE he went in to get "something" Mahk-so took further stock of his outfit. The two wagons had not been unloaded. They were piled high with the useless things the average immigrant brings in, such as an iron bedstead, a parlor table, a harmonium, and innumerable boxes of "canned stuff." The horses were in good shape. Mahk-so considered the great wealth this must represent to an Indian, the possessions of whose entire family are contained in a dugout, and blamed Sammattoo's girl less.

Mahk-so sipped the fiery contraband spirit and covertly spilled most of it on the ground. His host became boastful and communicative. Mahk-so drew him out, watching him warily, and forming his own conclusions. These ox-like men are frequently as timorous as mice. Mahk-so decided that the way to work on this man was through his fears.

Chancy when he came to the end of his story immediately began it again . "Yes, sir," he roared, "the civilized parts is too narrer for a man like me! A man's got to have room, a man has. So I sells out down in Ioway and hits north. I'm one of these free, natural kind of fellas. I'll show 'em how to raise horses and stock, I says, and make my little pile doin' it. When I comes to this natural meadow by the river, all so level and clean, and wild grass enough to feed a thousand head, this is my mark, I says, and here I squats."

"A likely place all right," said Mahk-so, "but—" he paused suggestively.

"But what?" Chancy demanded to know.

"Of course, every place has some draw-backs," Mahk-so said with provoking evasiveness.

"What are you gittin' at?"

"Haven't you wondered why nobody else has taken this place, right here on the river with everybody going up and down!"

A look of anxiety appeared in Chancy's little blue eyes. "Can't say as I have. What's the matter with it?"

"Nothing to a man like you, of course."

"Onhealthy?"

"Yes," said Mahk-so promptly, with a meaning look that caused the other to pale a little.

"How onhealthy?" he demanded to know.

"Unhealthy for white men," said Mahk-so quietly.

Chancy exploded in a boisterous laugh, which however did not ring very merrily. "Huh! the niggers!" he cried scornfully. "They fall all over theirselves, if you holler at 'em."

"Sure, they'd never faze a man like you," said Mahk-so. "I only wanted to warn you in case you didn't know what you were up against."

Chancy could no longer conceal his growing agitation. "What am I up against?" he said. "Everybody told me they're as tame as sheep."

"So they are," said Mahk-so, "when there are enough white men together in a place to keep them down. But a white man alone among 'em—well, we don't like to talk about that up here. 'Specially the natives down at this end of the lake have a bad name. They say they watch the river for single travelers. Nothing was ever proved on 'em of course, but there's more than one fellow started up this way from the Landing and never heard of again. They say they have a couple of

mighty good-looking girls they send out for decoys."

Chancy's cheeks slowly turned gray under a network of little purple veins. "W-where's the mounted police?" he stammered.

"What can they do?" said Mahk-so. "If it was one of us, now, maybe they could prove something. But these redskins are too sly for that; they pick on strangers. Nobody knows you or where you are going or anything. If you were to wake up missing tomorrow who would know?"

Chancy looked about him with a ghastly attempt to seem unconcerned. " 'Tisn't much of a place nohow," he said.

Mahk-so chuckled inwardly. Aloud he said very off-hand: "Of course you can't believe all you hear, but a fellow up at the Settlement told me a breed told him he was at a tea-dance down here once where they showed a fresh scalp. Yes, sir, yellow hair."

Chancy shuddered, and little beads of sweat sprang out on his temples. "My God," he muttered.

Mahk-so filled his pipe in order to give this time to sink in. He was enjoying himself thoroughly. He could not but calculate what a rich story this would make to retail down the line.

Chancy was breathing stertorously. He unbuttoned his shirt-collar to give himself more air. "Is it—is it the same everywheres up here?" he wanted to know.

"No, indeed," said Mahk-so. "Up at the head of the lake there are plenty of white men settled together. They keep the natives in their place."

"Say, this is coarse grass anyway," said Chancy. "Bet the whole place is overflowed at high water. There ain't no redskins able to scare me off, but I've got to think of my stock."

"Sure," said Mahk-so. He rose lazily. "Well, I've got to be moving."

Chancy sprang up as if a spring inside had been released. "Don't go, don't go!" he said agitatedly. He forgot to conceal his fears. "My God! You wouldn't leave a white man alone among these cannibals."

"Sorry, but I have to be at the Landing day after tomorrow," said Mahk-so.

"Stay the night out with me," begged Chancy.

"Pull right out if you want to get shut of them," suggested Mahk-so. They'd never dare follow you up the lake. I'll help you get ready."

Chancy flung around on the breed boy. "Hey, you redskin whelp, hitch up!" he roared. He darted on the tent-ropes. One would never have believed that so great a bulk of flesh could have got in motion so quickly.

IN HALF an hour Chancy's outfit was ready to move on. The burly young settler stood by the wheel of the biggest wagon, preparatory to mounting.

"Will they likely come after me?" he asked for about the tenth time.

Mahk-so shook his head reassuringly. "You can make twenty-five miles before dark," he said.

"Say, I'm glad you happened along, said Chancy. "It certainly was square of you——"

He came to a sudden stop, the little eyes protruded and the florid cheeks paled. Mahk-so, turning quickly to discover the cause of his fresh agitation, saw Amlan Toma. He cursed his adverse fates.

She had just appeared around a willow bush. She carried a large whitefish hooked on a forked twig. She was the prettiest native girl Mahk-so had ever seen. Some old strain of white blood endowed her with a grace and delicacy rare among her sisters. A dusky rose glowed in her round cheeks, and her black eyes flashed with sentience and feeling. She was very young, not more than seventeen, but a girl to be reckoned with, red or white. Mahk-so stood back and waited to see what would happen.

She paid no attention to him, but held out the fish to Chancy. "For you," she said in a deep, caressing note.

Chancy went up over the wheel as if the devil were behind him. His voice scaled up shrilly: "Take it away! I do' want it! I do' want nothin' to do with you, nor none of you!" He cracked his whip; "G'lang there!" The heavy wagon lurched off over the meadow creaking horribly. The breed boy, perfectly indifferent to the whole scene, followed, guiding the other team.

The girl had drawn an inscrutable mask over her face. As long as they were in sight she followed the wagons with her eyes, neither moving nor easy. Finally she turned on him. A woman's anger broke through the mask; the comely brown face quivered. She had not enough English to express it adequately.

"You one devil!" she said between her teeth. "You tell bad on me. You speak lies! I good girl, me. You make him scare.' I hate you!"

When one feels sure of one's position there is always something ludicrous in the anger of the other party. Mahk-so began to laugh. The sound of it infuriated the girl beyond bearing. The laugh was cut short by the fish—full in Mahk-so's face.

It was then his turn to lose his temper. Striding forward he seized her wrist.

"Hit me! Hit me!" she taunted, knowing very well that a white man would not.

He flung her wrist from him. "You little fool!" he said, contemptuously. "You're all alike, you girls. You make a man tired! Just like you to chase after a human ox and his gear, and throw over one of the best fellows in the North. What do you want for a husband anyway, a couple of wagonloads of household stuff or a man? That's no man yonder, but a pot-bellied rabbit. Speak to him of danger and he falls off like snow-water under the spring sun!"

WHEN Mahk-so, having relieved his mind and used up his wind, finally came to a pause, she said very off-hand, "I not mad no more now, me. I'm glad him gone."

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*"Peeping through the branches he saw Amlan in Summattoo's arms, the latter looking extremely foolish"*

# How Should We Celebrate July 1st?

## By Nellie L. McClung

DOMINION DAY is just two months away as I write this and I know that many people are wondering about its celebration this year. Our Sixtieth Birthday, our Jubilee! We should do something this year: The baseball match; the Women's Institute supper, the Old Timers' picnic; a review of the Boy Scouts by someone, is not quite enough. We should step out this year if never before or again. This is no ordinary occasion.

So, with my pen freshly filled, and no responsibility for carrying out any of the suggestions I make—with a smooth road under my feet, a far horizon ahead, and a blue sky over me—I am off!

We should make this year's Dominion Day a time that will be recorded in history as the beginning of a new spirit; a new national consciousness.

It's a bromidic utterance to say that in Canada we have many nationalities, but I have to start with this—and with another one, too—that we do desire to weld our many races into one. We haven't been as successful as we should, and I would respectfully suggest that the reason is maybe that we have done too much for the people who come to us, and have not allowed them to do things for us. The human heart grows by its output, and human affection grows more by services rendered than by services received.

So wouldn't it be a great field day for us on July First 1927, if we mobilized the resources of our new people, and let them entertain us? Take the matter of public speaking. Why not have a contest among our new Canadians—"Impressions of Canada," or, "What I like best in my adopted country,"—open to anyone, man or woman, who was not born in Canada. I remember when Louis Kon made a wager that before he was two years in Canada he would write a series of articles on Canada and be paid for them—and he did write them, and he was paid for them!

Wouldn't such a contest in public speaking be a delightful change from our present practice of having one of our public men, in his dress suit, with the white pitcher of water beside him on the table laboring through the afternoon as he tells us of our great and noble heritage in this far-flung Dominion; and asks us to look with him down the vista of the years, as he mops his shining brow with a crisp white handkerchief, which soon begins to lose both its crispness and whiteness.

We cannot always thrill and glow when told about our glorious past—and our intrepid forefathers, who "carved a home out of the wilderness, subduing forest and flood."

It's good stuff, but we've heard it. We know we have a big country. We know it's new. We know it's rich. We know we're heroic, and smart, and patriotic. Let us leave it at that, and for one day lay aside our foolish boast and idle word and listen to what other people can tell us.

We have, in this community, a man from Middle Europe who has been here three years, during which time he has learned English and speaks now very well. He, in conversation with a friend of mine the other day, spoke of his joy in being free, in feeling that he was not being watched as he went about; that, to him, was the supreme charm of Canada—freedom.

Wouldn't it be interesting to hear this man and others tell their impressions of Canada? rather than the "far-flung" stuff. . . . I think it would.

ANOTHER proper exercise for Dominion Day would be to have a public ceremony of naturalization. The people who come from older countries are much impressed by a ceremony, and this one of becoming a citizen of another country is a solemn obligation that may well be carried out with dignity. As it is now it is a dull proceeding which attracts no notice; awakens no emotion but a desire to get it over. A public ceremony performed in a park if the weather permitted, with plenty of music and singing of patriotic songs and followed by a reception for the new citizens, when they would be formally welcomed into the citizenship of our country, would be both impressive and heart-warming.

We are very slack in this matter naturalization. We utterly ignore it except at election time. I spoke to a friend of mine last summer in regard to her citizenship; telling her I thought she and her husband should become Canadians, and her reply was: "No one has ever asked us before. I think we have been waiting to be invited."

Let us admit it. We are a pretty self-centred race, we Canadians. We recognize this characteristic when we find it across the line; and are scornful of the Americans' lack of knowledge of countries other than their own—but we are not much better.

And the cause is similar. The American does not feel the urge to learn of other countries. His own is sufficient. Old Glory measures his canvas. So it is with us. We know we have a great country. We have heard that we are rather a fine people and admit it all without argument; and there the matter rests.

We have the most varied population in the world: from the blue-eyed Viking with the blood of brave adventurers in his veins, to the olive-skinned Italian with his soft voice and love of

*Nellie L. McClung*

color and beauty. We have the melancholy Russian with his fine qualities of heroism; the imaginative Finn, fond of work or fighting or argument, or anything that promises an outlet for his boundless energy; the methodical German and Hollander, with their love of order and symmetry; the level-headed Dane, a convert to the idea of co-operation, and a believer in new methods of agriculture; the shrewd and versatile Ukrainian, in addition to our own English, Scotch, Irish, Welsh and French—and if we can draw from each their best, and blend it in good-fellowship, what a people we will have! What industry, imagination, and grace! This Anniversary seems to be a time, the psychological time to draw all our population together, forgetting race, color, creed, or political affiliation.

It should not be difficult to find a common denominator so that all these factions may be added together, and three of these come to mind. The first is: they are all citizens or potential citizens of Canada? They have, for various reasons, chosen Canada for their home. They are here. The conditions in Canada have for each an equal interest, and this Anniversary day might well be spent in teaching our new people something about the land of their adoption, using men and women from among their numbers wherever possible. Herman Trelle, the German-American wheat king, who has done more than all the literature sent out from the West to make the world know that Western Canada is the best wheat-growing country in the world, might well go on the air with the story of how he captured the prizes at Chicago. Mr. Marker, the dairy expert of Alberta, who has been knighted by the King of Denmark for his service in agriculture in his own country, might speak to a radio audience on "The Prospects for Dairying in the West." The proprietor of the Rosary Greenhouses at Medicine Hat (the largest greenhouses west of the Great Lakes), who also came to us from across the sea, might speak on the subject: "How Flowers Can Be Grown With Profit."

The number of people who have come to Canada and made a great success of their work is a surprise and a gratification.

A Home Correspondence School which teaches short-story writing, publishes a little booklet each year which they use for advertising, called "Stories of Success," in which the people who have been benefited by the instruction given, tell in a page their story. It makes good reading and has enrolled many a student for the school, some such book might well be compiled here, and translated by the government into the language of the countries from which we desire settlers. And the stories could be given on Dominion Day as a feature of the celebration.

There is a man living in the colony north of Edmonton who came here with his wife thirty-five years ago, unable to speak a word of English. They took a homestead, working for other farmers to get their start. Now they are comfortably situated with a fine house, barn, radio, automobile, etc., and three of their children are receiving or have received a University education. Isn't that a story of success that might attract other people of the same type, and wouldn't we like to hear this man or his wife tell it? I would. I would enjoy it much more than seeing some battalion reviewed by a rotund gentleman in a too-tight uniform.

ANOTHER common denominator that all our people may be reduced to or better, led up to, is the thought of common welfare. We are here together in the same boat—and it is our boat. Our health depends on the health of the others. A case of smallpox, or diphtheria is a menace to all and so we can interest everyone in matters of public health. And because we learn more easily through the eye than the ear, demonstrations should be given wherever possible, of the means that are taken to prevent disease. The First of July is very near the time of our fairs when the Public Health Department of each province puts on exhibits of their work. These might well be sent out a couple of weeks earlier and be used as floats in a Dominion Day parade. Our free Schools, Baby Clinics, Free Hospitals, Red Cross Work, Women's Institute and I.O.D.E. activities, Sunday Schools, Boys' and Girls' Camps, Boy Scouts, Girl Guides, Service Clubs, can all be portrayed by floats that will tell the story of their achievements. It is singularly appropriate on our birthday that we should brag a little of what we have done.

AND the third common denominator, in which all races can enter equally and with great joy is music, which, like kindness and beauty, is the same in all languages. A Festival of Music for Dominion Day will give all nationalities a chance to participate—(with a cup for the best singing of "O Canada.") Another one for the best exhibition of folk-dancing, in native costume. It would do us good, we who are born Canadians, to let our new people entertain us just for once. Let us watch for awhile the graceful fandango or sequidilla or bolero or cachucca or even the German galop or Bohemian polka, with the Highland fling and the French bouree thrown in, and if some gyration or scallop or whirl or revolution or rhythm of these shall creep into our own dances there will be no harm done. We have some dances that cannot be hurt by a change. We will do well to foster the native dances and folk-songs. There is a psychological significance in dancing and singing, for people must express themselves some way, and those who can throw their cares aside and with freedom of soul engage in what Homer called "the sweetest and most perfect of human enjoyment," will be more likely to come smiling through life's hard places than those who have never learned to tread a measure.

In planning a programme for Dominion Day I believe it well to go slowly on military displays. Many people who have come to us have come away to escape from militarism. A man in uniform means to them trouble, oppression, tyranny. Military displays are easy to arrange. They are already arranged, in fact, and everyone enjoys the

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# An Office Romance

*A Short Story With a Business Slant*

## By Edith G. Bayne

*Illustrations by Kathleen Allen*

THE telephone rang suddenly and sharply. The stout blond young man who had been figuring on a pad of paper, a frown puckering his brow, leaned sideways with an impatient expression and picked up the receiver.

"Pendleton & Craik, Brokers," he barked.

"H'lo there. That you, Bill?" a hearty young voice greeted him.

"Craik speaking. Who's that?" returned the broker, with dignity.

"Don't you try to high-hat *me*, old horse!" said the voice at the other end. "This is Don Jerome, your old buddy."

The brow of the blond young man cleared as though by magic.

"Well, I'll be——" he was beginning in a tone of mingled joy and unbelief, when Jerome cut in.

"Didn't you get my wire?"

"Wire, you say? Nary a one."

"Never mind. It was only to warn you of my impending arrival. I must see you right away. Got a dilemma on my hands."

"A what?"

"Tell you when I see you. Steer all the clients and bores and things out. I'm coming over, pronto."

Less than ten minutes later, Bill Craik and Don Jerome were pumping arms and slapping backs in an excess of high spirits and the uproar of their mutual welcomes must have penetrated into all the neighboring offices. At length Craik pushed the newcomer into a swivel-chair, pulled up another chair for himself and proffered cigarettes.

It's great to see you again, old chap. But nobody expected you back till fall you know. How come?"

"Well, ask Uncle Walt. It's his idea. Nothing would do but I must come back for this Confederation rumpus. The patriotic old cuss. *Me*, I wanted to stay over there in dear old England, doncherknow. Oh, not for good, of course, but indefinitely. Was having a darn fine time. I was even getting on to the English accent.

"Getting any orders for jam?"

"Orders? Nothing *but*." declared Don. "Meet the brisk young sales-manager!" he added, puffing out his chest and blowing a spiral of smoke aloft.

"And now, the dilemma," suggested Craik. "Whasamatter? For the luva mud, *sit down!*"

For Don had sprung up with a loud cry.

"Ye gods! I forgot all about it," he said.

"The dilemma?"

"I—I left it in the outer office," he said in a low voice.

Left it in the outer office! What in Turkeystan is it? A bulldog? Don't tell me you've brought back one of those ferocious English bulldogs! I like dogs, but I like 'em pleasant."

"Dog? Who's talking about dogs? It's a girl," retorted Don, making for the door. He paused and a slight flush became apparent through the tan of his cheek. "She's the loveliest——"

"Great Allah!" moaned his pal, sinking back into his chair again and throwing both arms up in a gesture of complete surrender. "I might have known. A *girl!*"

"Yeh, I thought it'd give you a jolt." Don halted at the door, before turning the knob. "You're the first one I've told, Bill, old scout, he said in a low and confidential tone. Didn't even drop a line to the folks here at home. I—we—you see, it was like this——"

"Yes, yes, I know. It's June and it's just bound to happen! Lead me to her. I'm safe, sane, and married."

"Wait. She—she's English, you know."

"Well, that's nothing to be ashamed of."

"She has funny little ways of expressing herself. A bit of an accent, too. If you don't understand her, just pretend you do. She's a little sensitive, you see."

"She'll soon get that rubbed off out here," said Craik. Come on. Open the door and let this vision break on my view."

"You scoffer."

"You sheik."

With mutual recriminations Don flung open the door. He hadn't exaggerated the charms of his "dilemma." She swung around as the two young men appeared and gave them a dazzling smile from ruby lips that parted over a set of pearly teeth. She had been gazing out of the window and possibly feeling a little lonely for a shade of wistfulness clung to her smile. She had reddish-golden hair, brown eyes, the famed English skin, the figure of a goddess and withal a decided air of smartness and that indefinable thing known as style, a quality to be considered apart from clothes. Craik's mouth opened and closed like that of a landed fish. He had seen many of Don's flames but nothing like unto this. He had been secretly pitying poor little Eve Winslow in the moment before this apparition smote his eyes but now he gave no further thought to Don's boyhood sweetheart and supposed fiancée. Some women just naturally fade out all others.

"Very happy to meet you, Mrs. Jerome," he mumbled, taking the initiative as he saw that the English girl was a trifle hesitant.

Don had apparently been stricken suddenly dumb.

"Oh, thank you so much. But you see, I'm not —*we're* not——" the young woman paused, blushingly, glanced at Don and finished with: "The marriage hasn't yet taken place."

"My error," said Craik with a bow. "I had it all figured out that you were bride and groom—don't know why."

"No," Don said, finding his voice," "she isn't Mrs. Jerome as yet, old socks. You see, it's all on account of Uncle Walt."

"Come on into the office, the both of you," invited Craik. "Give me a chance. I'm a man of a strong but single-track mind and mysteries aren't in my line. Pendleton's out of town today and we'll have the place to ourselves. Now then, what's it all about? You take *this* chair, Mrs.—er—I mean Miss——"

"Name's Grosvenor, Miss Mabel Grosvenor," said Don. "Nifty, isn't it? Meet the junior partner of the firm, Mabel. He's a good egg but a little dumb at times."

"This is a brokerage office, not a detective agency," Craik announced. "Mind if we smoke, Miss Grosvenor?"

"Not at all. I'll smoke with you," she replied frankly.

"They all do it, over there, explained Don, giving his fiancee a light. "Well, it's like this, Bill: Now listen hard, for we need help and advice. When we became engaged I explained to Mabel that I was Uncle's heir and had to do pretty much as he told me."

*Actions speak louder than words" remarked Craig.*

"Yes, he kept nothing from me," agreed Mabel loyally.

"I told her that I hadn't either job or any immediate prospects of one; that Uncle Walt was only trying me out in the foreign sales department, and that prior to that all I had was a beggarly wage the old skinflint paid me as shipping-clerk in his moldy old jam works, and that I might have to descend to it again. I told her about his politics and his hatred of this imperialistic business, and that I didn't dare spring an English bride on the old boy till I had cinched a good steady salary and a respectable job."

"All clear so far," Craik nodded. To Miss Grosvenor he said in an aside: "Jerome senior's pet hatred is England and the English. I think it may be a trace of Irish or something in his ancestry. But he isn't a bad old fellow for all that and he's got hundreds of friends. He's a self-made man and a pretty tough nut to crack but I fancy that under his crust he's got a heart as soft as a three-minute egg. You mustn't let his irreverent nephew influence you against him."

"Mabel's a very sensible girl. She sees eye-to-eye with yours truly," said Don.

"I always prefer to form my own opinions," stated Mabel independently.

"Say, don't you two start quarreling here!"

"Well, to continue," Don proceeded, "Mabel said she just wouldn't dream of coming out to Canada as a bride with a hubby as uncertain of a job as I was. At first I was peeved, but soon I saw her point of view. It would have been giving her a very raw deal and myself a poor start. So we didn't rush into it like other idiots have done. We decided to wait. We thought perhaps that Uncle Walter could be—er—approached diplomatically."

"I hope you're not going to ask *me* to act in the capacity of approachee," he remarked.

"No, all we want is your valuable advice," Don hastened to say, adding: "Make it gratis, too, for I'm financially as flat as a punctured tire."

"We'll have to try and get round him some way," Mabel put in anxiously, "because here I am and I haven't got any money to go back to England. Besides, I don't want to," she added.

"Attagirl!" said Don. "Isn't she the brick, I ask you? I feel sure that even Uncle would approve of her if only he could meet her. Mabel isn't blue-blooded, but she comes of nice folks and she's part Scotch into the bargain. Maybe that accounts for her canniness."

"The more I hear of her the better I like her. My forebears were Scotch too," said Craik. "Let me tell you this: it's the Scotch who have made Canada what she is today and don't you forget it!"

"It is said of one of Bill's aunts that whenever she went shopping in the Jewish quarter she

came out of a store smiling and left the proprietor weeping! That's how Scotch *she* was." Don successfully dodged the book his friend hurled at him and helped himself to another of Craik's cigarettes.

"We've been digressing. Let's get back to the problem in hand," suggested Craik. "Just how do you propose to attack Jerome the Jam King? How and where will this young lady fill in the interim?"

"That's exactly what we want *you* to tell us," returned Don.

"H'm." Craik scratched his chin. "Has Miss Grosvenor had any business experience?"

"She calls herself a typist."

"*Call* myself a typist? I *am* a typist!"

"Yes, dear. Of course. You see, out here, we say stenographer. that's all. She's a corking business woman," he assured Bill. "She's held a number of good jobs in England."

"My last was at two pounds a week with the promise of a rise."

"She means a *raise*. And she'd get more than that here, just to start with. Of course, she wouldn't need to work long. I don't want any wife of mine to grub in an office." Don lifted his dark young head proudly and looked masterful as he aimed a cigarette-butt at the open window. "All she'll have to do is learn dollars and cents and to say hello instead of are-you-there over the 'phone and to pronounce the letter "r" more distinctly; sort of twirl it, you know. She could soon lick all-comers. When she got into her stride she'd show 'em some speed, eh, dear?"

"How strangely you talk, dear."

"Glass houses, darling," said Don, fondly.

"Say, omit the gooey stuff and let's get down to business," Craik urged. "I gather that the great idea is that Miss Grosvenor secure a position in the city here at once, since her funds are low. Then you can go ahead and work out whatever scheme you like for—er—working your uncle. I would suggest that Miss Grosvenor try to get into Mr. Jerome's firm so that——"

"Oh, mercy, I hadn't thought of getting so near the terrible old ogre as all that!" cried the girl.

"N-no, any good firm would do," said Don.

"But you want your uncle to meet her. How else——"

"By Jove, that's so! A ripe idea, eh, Mabel?"

Mabel thought it over.

"Would I be near you?" she asked, and at his nod of assent, "very well, dear. We could walk to and from business together and have our lunches at the same tea-shop, couldn't we?"

"Restaurant, darling. Yes, certainly. We must take the very quickest short-cut to winning over Uncle. What next, Bill? You'll have to recommend Mabel, you know. Thank heaven he admires you for what he is pleased to call a solid business man. He's always throwing your industry and acumen up to *me*, I know." Don assumed an injured air.

"What next? Why, your Uncle will soon hear of your arrival and I'd lose no time in going to see him. He cabled you to come home, didn't he?"

"Oh, I will—in due time," answered Don easily. "We just got in on the Limited. What do you think we are—a pair of speed skaters?"

"We had a glorious trip over," Mabel said enthusiastically. "Perfect weather, and at night music and dancing and even a cinema."

"She means movies," explained Don.

"And I wasn't a bit ill, was I dearest? I ate every meal with enjoyment, from the soup to the sweets."

"She means dessert."

"Dry up. Miss Grosvenor has the floor. Quit horning in. Has he been correcting you and explaining you this way all along?" asked Craik of the girl.

"Oh, I don't mind very much," she replied good-naturedly, "If my ways are odd to him, his are quite as peculiar to me."

*"Do you use tutti-frutti accompaniment with the typewriter?" he enquired.*

"Now it so happens," Craik went on in business-like tones, "that our firm is dickering with your esteemed relative right now over a knotty deal in the real estate market. I've got to see him some time this very afternoon. We're trying to get a passage for a client through a part of his Parkland Heights property and the old lad doesn't want to let us have it. I've been figuring estimates all morning. Tell you what I'll do: I'll put out a feeler about a job for this young lady here and 'phone you as soon as possible. How's that?"

"Fine. I'll be at the Maple Leaf Hotel. Mabel is at the Proctor House."

"I wonder if my boxes are there yet?"

"Boxes? What boxes? Oh, you mean *trunks!* Isn't she quaint, Bill? And she called the baggage car the luggage van, and the drug store the chemist's, while every bakeshop was a pastry-cook's. The section men along the railroad tracks were platelayers and the station agents were station masters. Think I'll have to compile a glossary to consult, with English words and phrases and in the opposite column our equivalent."

"Though your tone is playful, I'd advise you to cut out all these critical remarks, young fella-me-lad," Craik told Don sternly. "There isn't going to be as much bonne-entente round here if you keep this up. About your typing, Miss Grosvenor, let me have a sample of it, will you? Here's a machine. Have you used the Remingwood? Fine. If I'm to recommend you I'll have to see you in action first, you know.

The test proving satisfactory the callers prepared to go.

"Beat it over to the jam works as fast as you can, Bill, urged the impatient Don. "I can hardly wait. Wish you'd try and pry a raise out of the old crab for me at the same time but I suppose even you can't do the impossible." Sighing, he took up his hat.

The parting arrangement was that Craik should meet the others for lunch at two but it was half-past and Don and Mabel had already begun their meal before their emissary arrived, in a semi-breathless state.

"What luck?" inquired the English girl, and the hand that held her coffee-cup poised never so much as trembled, of such good stuff was she. Don, rather more nervous, merely said: "Spill it quick," meaning the news, not the coffee, of course.

"My children, I bear good tidings," Craik announced, without preamble, "but I'm famished. Tell the waiter to trundle in the soup. He sat down opposite them and grinned. "There's to be a position vacant in his own private office tomorrow, so he told me to send Miss Grosvenor on. You're to be there at nine and he'll explain about wages and everything else. I didn't tell him you were English," he added hastily.

The two young lovers sprang up, seized hands and did a little dance. When they had settled down again Don undertook to give Mabel some pointers:

"Now, dear," he said, "this master of strategy and guile has fixed things very prettily for you and it's up to you to get on the right side of Uncle, see? You can do it. Try and pronounce "R" properly and wear the clothes you bought in Montreal, not your English things. Everything depends on making a good first impression. The old boy's as sharp as a newly-honed razor and you've got to be slick to put anything across with him. I hardly need to tell you, I hope, that the bigger the salary you demand the more he'll think of you. Hold out for a good figure."

"Aren't you terribly fussy? You remind me of an old grandmother," said Miss Grosvenor, helping herself to another portion of meat. "But I shall do my best, never fear."

NEXT morning promptly at nine she was ushered into the terrifying presence of the Jam King. Don had accompanied her as far as the office entrance and had then gone on to the employees' door.

"G'morning," rapped out Jerome Senior, as the new typist entered. He regarded her sharply.

"Good morning. I am Miss Grosvenor, the applicant for——"

"Um-m" cut in Jerome, "you're prompt, anyway. Always as punctual as this?"

"I try to be."

"What's that?"

"It's a habit with me—being punctual," said Mabel calmly. "Is this my machine?"

"Chew gum?"

"I beg your pardon?" she raised her brows and sent him a chilling glance.

"Do you use the tutti-frutti accompaniment with the typewriter?" he inquired, leaning back in his chair, placing his thumbs in his vest-sleeves and eyeing her grimly under his thick dark brows. "And, furthermore, how much time per diem do you require for purposes of powdering your nose and primping?"

"Sir! I came here to be interviewed by the head of the firm, not to answer impertinent questions. I do not know who *you* are, but——" Miss Grosvenor's expression told him he was a boor.

"You are addressing the head of the firm, young woman."

"You!" she exclaimed, after a moment's surprise.

"Who else?"

"Oh, I'm sorry," she said sweetly, contritely.

"Sorry? That I'm the——"

"Oh, no," she hastened to assure him," only sorry I didnt' know. I—you see, I was given to understand that the president was an *old* man." (Mabel "knew her onions," as Don might have said).

"Um-m," grunted Jerome, a little nonplussed.

"You—surely you must be Mr. Jerome's *son*."

"Jerome has no son. Only a nephew—the laziest good-for-nothing young loafer that ever—ahem. Let's get down to business, Miss—Miss—what did you say your name was?"

*"You're coming on, dearie," smiled the spinster secretary.*

When they got round to the salary question Jerome intimated that he would pay her what her predecessor had been getting, which was eighteen dollars a week. Mabel swiftly calculated this in pounds and shillings and demurred.

"At home I was receiving more," she said, with a mental reservation to her conscience. All was fair in love!

"Well, well. Twenty, then," agreed Jerome testily.

"That's better. But if I prove suitable I shall expect twenty-five in my second pay-envelope," she said firmly.

The Jam King scratched his chin and looked at her thoughtfully from beneath his beetling brows.

"Um-m. I would have said you were English, when you first came in," he remarked, but now I see you are Scotch."

She sent him a captivating smile.

"Thanks," she murmured.

"What are you thanking me for?" he demanded.

"The compliment."

"I suppose you came out here, like all the rest, to get married," he suggested.

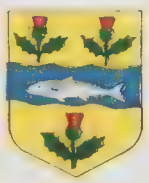
"I should say not!" She lifted her head, gave it a delicate toss and looked straight over *his* head to a fly on the wall. She then appeared to soften,

*Continued on page 41*

THE WESTERN HOME MONTHLY

# THE FATHERS OF CONFEDERATION

*Prince Edward Island*



*Nova Scotia*

*New Brunswick*

*Quebec*

*Ontario*

*Manitoba*

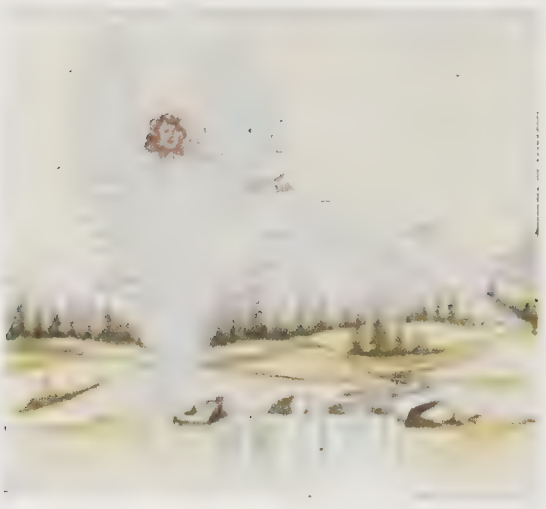
*Saskatchewan*

*Alberta*

*British Columbia*

# *Star of the North*

*Marjorie L. C. Pickthall*



*OUT of the dust God called new nations forth,*
*The land and sea made ready at His voice;*
*He broke the barriers of the North*
*And bade our plains rejoice;*
*He saw the untrodden prairie hold*
*Empire of early gold.*
*Star of the North,*
*He bade thee shine*
*And prove once more the dreams of men divine.*

*ASK of the seas what our white frontiers dare,*
*Ask of the skies where our young banners fly*
*Like stars unloosened from the hair*
*Of wild-winged victory.*
*God's thunder only wakening thrills*
*The ramparts of our hills.*
*Star of the North,*
*No foe shall stain*
*What France has loved, where Britain's dead have lain!*

*DARK is the watch-fire, sheathed the ancient sword,*
*But sons must follow where their sires have led,*
*To the anointed end, O Lord,*
*Where marched the mighty dead.*
*Firm stands the red flag battle-blown,*
*And we will guard our own,*
*Our Canada,*
*From snow to sea,*
*One hope, one home, one shining destiny!*

# An Excursion to the Future

## What Will Happen to Canada in Our Next Sixty Years

### By Howard A. Kennedy

ON THE First of July we begin our second sixty years, not merely end our first. "The future all unknown." So a hymn says, but it is not true.

"The brazen audacity of that man!" you exclaim. "Sets up for a prophet, does he?"

Surely! Just as you do, when you look at a bare brown field and predict a crop of oats from it. And how do you know? By magic? By the hocus-pocus of fortune-telling or star-gazing? No—you happen to know that oats have been sown there. That's all the secret.

To know the future, we must study the past. *Study* it, mind you, not just stare at it. Merely reading the story of the Dominion's first sixty years, with emotional pride in its achievements and a twinge of regret for its failures, is not enough. We must turn the story over in our mind, bit by bit, till we see how one thing led to another, and that to the next, and so on and so on, and on to the present moment—and then, turning to the future, we shall see the same chain of cause and effect stretching away before us. The future is illuminated by the past.

We can prophesy that the oats we have sown will come up oats, and not barley, as sure as the astronomers can tell that on a certain day a thousand years hence the moon will come between us and the sun and throw that same field into the shade of an eclipse.

You wisely shake your head. "That's all very well" you say, "but change does occur, and we see the most unexpected things happen."

"Yes, the future will have many surprises for us, but not so many as in the past, because we know more than we did, and we are constantly adding to our knowledge.

An event only takes us by surprise because we have failed to notice the cause leading up to it. An obnoxious yellow flower surprises us in a wheat field where no mustard ever grew before. We "could have sworn" we had not allowed a single mustard seed to slip through the fanning mill. But that mustard plant did not grow out of a wheat kernel.

We carry on the whole of our farming, the whole of our lives, in town and country alike, on the solid basis of faith in the unchanging law of cause and effect; on Nature's ingrained habit of consistency. We sowed wheat as the only "cause" which could produce the "effect" of a wheat harvest. But without knowing it, we introduced another cause, a mustard seed, which also produced its natural effect in a mustard plant.

A child who had never learned the difference between ball mustard and Marquis wheat might consider the yellow flower much more attractive than the modest grass-like stuff growing around it; might think the farmer ought to have taken care to fan out the wheat and sow the mustard seed alone.

Man, however, is an animal endowed with the capacity to learn and profit by experience; by other men's experience as well as his own. The farmer, therefore, knows that two causes are at work in that field, and he can prophesy the different effects that each will produce. Accordingly, he takes care next time to fan out all the mustard seed and sow the wheat alone.

YOU give me that wise look again, and say: "It's not an easy business, then, to study the past and trace every event to its cause, for many causes may have worked together to produce the effect we see."

You are right. It is not easy. All the more reason for sharpening our wits and studying the cause of our troubles and our triumphs as we have never studied them before, so we can weed out the troubles and raise a bigger crop of triumphs in the future.

If we shirk that elementary duty, we fail to qualify ourselves as citizens in a democratic country—and what right have we to vote?"

No, it is not easy. But it has got to be done. In proportion as we resolutely discover the causes of the past, and weed out those which have produced evil effects, we find it easier to predict the future, for we learn to make it what we wish it to be; as we become able to predict a clean crop of wheat when we have learned to ensure it by keeping out the weeds.

What I am doing now is not to paint a fancy picture of Canada in 1987—complete to the last shingle-nail—if people then roof their houses with slivers of wood, which I doubt—but to outline a few features of our national life as sixty years of intensified learning and weeding will have moulded them. Another time I may fill in the picture with certain interesting details, as I see them. Meanwhile I only ask you to take up this most fascinating study for yourselves. It will not lure you away to neglect the practical chores of daily life; it will spur you to attack the weeds with more energy than ever.

*Howard Angus Kennedy*

THE greatest disasters of history—wars, plague, famine, fire and flood—were not "thunderbolts from a blue sky," as men said who had not noticed the gathering clouds. They were the natural and inevitable effects of evil causes long at work which most men were too ignorant to see, and which the leaders of men were too indolent, too perverse, or themselves too ignorant to guard against by calling in other causes, beneficent causes, for the protection of mankind.

We have no such excuse as they had, if we allow what they allowed to happen.

Man, as I remarked just now, has the capacity to learn and profit by experience. If we could imagine him to lose that capacity, by some radical change in human nature, we might prophesy with certainty his descent through a future more and more disturbed and dismal to the final extinction of the race.

His old savage instinct of suspicion and aversion toward his fellow-men, especially toward men of different locality, of different customs, language and beliefs, would again become dominant. This, if we probe deep enough, we find at bottom the childish cause of all our petty jealousies and enmities, between countries, provinces and towns, between churches, even between different industries. It is an ugly hang-over, a survival from dark ages when the race was still split up in a multitude of warring families and tribes.

With that pagan instinct dominant, there was nothing to restrain a tribe, impelled by hunger—by "economic interest"—from raiding the cattle and crops, annexing the fields and pastures, of its more fortunate neighbors.

That powerful cause of fratricidal strife was overcome by a cause still more powerful, a growing sense of the value, first, of intertribal peace, then of alliance for co-operation, then union of small tribes to make larger, and "finally," as we say, closer union of these to form nations.

"FINALLY?" Not a bit of it! There is nothing final in Nature, not even death. The "independence" of nations is not only a recent development, but a temporary phase. It is dissolving before our eyes. Already it is only a name, a formula, a fetish of words that we worship by habit long after its reality has departed.

Not independence, but dependence on one another, is the state of the nations today. Isolation is now impossible. It is becoming more and more difficult for a country even to "govern itself" in what seem purely internal and domestic affairs without touching the interests, affecting the opinions, and possibly exciting, the action, of other nations.

Sixty years from now, as man continues to learn, perfecting himself in the essential art of living together, I believe we shall have far closer union—under what form, it matters little—between, for example, the association of communities which gave up their separate condition to form the "United States" and our own kindred association of communities which have happily never been separated but have grown up together as the "British Empire."

Those who are dazzled and blinded by a mere phantom word like "independence"; those who talk lightly of severing the tie between us and our fellow-citizens overseas—a tie so slender and free, yet so happily significant of brotherhood in freedom—are behind the time, not ahead of it. Unconsciously, instead of moving forward in harmony with Nature to greater union, they would have us turn around and move backwards. Such union as we already have, we shall take more and more care to hold. The force of separatism and disintegration is a force of reaction and destruction. By cutting the tie between Canada and the rest of our commonwealth of nations, for one thing, we should certainly destroy one of the most hopeful and powerful influences now drawing closer together the British Empire and the kindred Empire called the Republic of the United States.

Still more certainly will the various regions and provinces within our Dominion learn to live and work in far closer harmony together. As for any idea of separation, we shall come to that when a sane man thinks of cutting off his legs because they don't work like his arms, or his arms for not walking like legs.

As the art of living together aims at unity but not unnatural uniformity, we English-speaking Canadians will learn not only to tolerate but ungrudgingly to value the wealth of variety contributed to the national life by our French-speaking fellow-citizens. The lily will not scowl at the rose because it is red, nor the rose complain of the lily for staying white.

At the same time, we shall avert a babel of multitudinous tongues and petty nationalisms by more energetic steps to amalgamate in our Western communities those who come among us speaking neither English nor French. But we shall take care, for our own good as well as theirs, not to encourage their abandonment of all the customs and traditions with which they too can add a rich variety to our national life.

Sixty years hence Canada will probably have a population of fifty millions; but the proportions of its three main sections will not, I think, have radically altered. The French will continue their admirable natural increase, though not so fast as now. Great numbers of Slavs may be expected, and should be welcomed, with a considerable number of Scandinavians and others from Northern Europe. At the same time, the overflow of English-speaking folk from the British Isles and the United States will largely increase.

EVEN in 1987 we shall not be able to control the sun, which causes the winds, nor therefore the winds which cause the weather. But we shall have learned to accommodate ourselves to the weather, and make it serve us better.

We shall have developed more and better varieties of vegetable life, better breeds of live-stock, and better methods of cultivating and raising them.

*Continued on page 65*

# Prime Ministers are Optimistic

ON JULY 1, 1867, when Confederation became an accomplished fact, the people of Canada entertained fervent hopes that action had been taken which would result, not only in overcoming the many difficulties which had proven insurmountable between Upper and Lower Canada and the Maritimes, but would lead to a realization of that splendid future which the extent and resources of the new Dominion entitled it to enjoy.

On July 1, 1927, as we take a backward look over the intervening sixty years—a mere moment in time in the life of any nation—Canadians can justly take pride in their achievements and find deep satisfaction in the almost unprecedented growth and development of their country in all things which make for real strength and true national greatness.

When the Dominion came into being Western British North America was the Great Lone Land, known only to a few white men, given over to wandering tribes of Indians and roaming herds of buffalo. Today the three Prairie Provinces are the home of over two million happy, contented and prosperous people, who, through their labor, add more than a billion dollars of new wealth annually to the Dominion, and themselves enjoy all the comforts, conveniences ond advantages found elsewhere in the world.

On the Dominion's birthday in 1867 there was not one school in what is now the Province of Saskatchewan, but just thirty-one days later the first school was opened with an enrolment of fourteen Indian and half-breed children. That small beginning is now represented by 4,721 school districts, several colleges, and a Provincial University, with an enrolment in the primary and high schools of 206,560 students.

This is but one example of scores that might be mentioned revealing the marvellous progress of Canada. I refer to it, however, because it indicates the spirit, the character, the ideal of the Canadian people. Great as the Dominion may be in extent, bountifully endowed as it may be with beauty and natural resources, rich as its people may become in all material things, its only lasting asset, and the one which gives value and promise of permanence to all else, is to be found in the intelligence, the spiritual, moral and physical character of its people.

The young Dominion of 1867 was rich in these respects, however poor in other things, and the glory of Canada today, and the brightness of its future, rests in the fact that in all these important characteristics the Dominion of 1927 is richer than ever.

James G. Gardiner

*The Hon. Jas. G. Gardiner, Premier of Saskatchewan*

THE Fathers of Confederation saw visions and dreamed dreams, but none of them could have pictured the Canada of 1927—the mighty Dominion that reaches from sea to sea, the land of opportunity and the granary of the world. More particularly, must they have failed to picture the Great West with its inexhaustible wealth in plain and mountain, its riches in woodland and stream, its growing cities and its rapidly increasing population.

*The Rt. Hon. Mackenzie King Prime Minister of Canada*

Through the columns of *The Western Home Monthly,* I am pleased to congratulate the younger provinces upon their rapid growth and wonderful achievement, and to wish them the continued prosperity that their zeal and optimism deserve.

It is for all the provinces of our Dominion, at this time, to recognize that the secret of enduring national prosperity is genuine co-operation. We cannot forget that during the long discussion which preceded the passing of the British North America Act the leaders of the great historic parties, despite the bitterness of the time, sank their personal and political differences in order to achieve their great objective—the unifying of British interests in the New World. What they did in those days, the people of Canada will, I am convinced, continue as an unalterable policy. They will subordinate personal and provincial interests to the common good. The way to success is not isolation, but co-operation.

May the spirit of toleration which has made it possible for classes, races and creeds to live together in harmony, become more and more in evidence, so that in diversity there may be an enduring unity.

The West has made a splendid contribution to national greatness in men and material products, and during the next decade, it will be increasingly the centre of interest. May its progress and prosperity exceed the fondest expectations of its people.

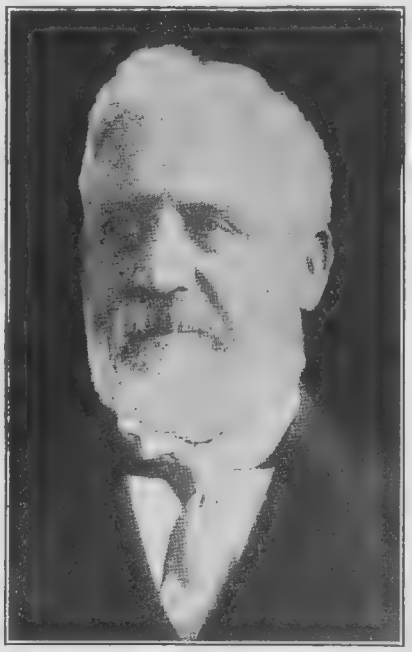
W. L. Mackenzie King

THE four Western Provinces of Canada stand in rather peculiar relation to the celebration of the sixtieth year of Confederation, since not one of them has actually been in existence that long. To all of them, however, these years have wrought more change than to any other part of Canada. Sixty years ago they were all largely in a condition of wilderness and government was little more than peaceful anarchy. Today there are over two million people between the Great Lakes and the Pacific Ocean. Government and civilization are well established, and we have cities with all the conveniences of the world's great metropolitan centres.

The growth of the Prairie Provinces has resulted from the cultivation of a soil that offered remarkably easy primitive tillage, but British Columbia's progress had to be hewed out of its rocks and forests. On the prairies the wagons of the pioneers found little difficulty in beating a smooth trail, but in British Columbia the road had often to be carved through giant timber or blasted out of the mountain-side. In face of these initial handicaps, we may well be proud of our achievements. In the years since Confederation, from a population of 10,000 whites and 30,000 Indians we have grown to a province of 600,000 people, largely of British strain. From production confined to the Cariboo goldfields and a few sawmills and salmon cannereis, we have risen to an output last year valued at $245,000,000 from the four primary industries of forestry, agriculture, mining and fisheries. This takes no account of our manufactures and shipping.

Having accomplished so much in the past, we may well look forward with confidence to the future. Situated as we are on the Pacific Ocean, around and within those waters dwell two-thirds of mankind, our opportunities are magnificent. Moreover, with properly adjusted freight rates, there is no reason why our trade with the Prairie Provinces should not increase far more rapidly than it has done in the past. British Columbia with its timber, fruit, fish and minerals, seems fitted by Nature to supply the Prairies with needed commodities, and the Prairie Provinces in their turn can send us back the breadstuffs and animal feed which they can produce to such advantage. So great are the resources of these Western provinces that it would seem safe to prophesy that before another sixty years have passed, they will be recognized as foremost in the Dominion, if not in the whole North American continent.

John Oliver



*The Hon. John Oliver, Premier of British Columbia*

THE celebration of the Sixtieth Anniversary of Confederation not only arouses interest in what has been accomplished in the past, but it inspires faith in the future of our country. Wherever the sons and daughters of Canada are located, they are showing evidence of patriotic pride in the unity of their country and in the advantages that have come out of the union of the various races to which the expansion of Canada is due.

When we look back we cannot fail to experience a sense of sincere gratitude to those who were instrumental under Divine guidance in laying broad and deep the foundations of this country, welding together the scattered and divided communities comprising British North America, and thus bringing into existence a strong and highly developed modern state possessing in a marked degree those fundamental characteristics of the British and French settlers that have been preserved and developed on Canadian soil.

The celebration is therefore in itself an important landmark in our history, and is of the highest value as a manifestation to all the world of that strong love of native land in which the noblest destiny of nations and peoples has ever been rooted. But a realization of what I may call its domestic significance is essential at this time to every Canadian who is sensible of the right impulse and true direction imparted by the authors of Canadian unity to this young Dominion. The attainment of the full development which their great labor foreshadowed was left to the generations that would follow them. Special progress towards this goal will be the privilege of the present generation, and each of us in our daily life and affairs can have a personal share in it.

Both the old world and the new are at this time beholding many wonders in the application of science to such problems as health, industry, agriculture, transport and domestic life. Much attention is being directed to Canada with its vast resources and opportunities for providing homes and comfort for millions in less fortunate and overcrowded lands.

The attractions of Canada exceed those of a material nature such as soil, resources and climate; our constitution offers to all alike the protection and freedom of British institutions. The Fathers of Confederation framed a wise and comprehensive scheme of Dominion organization, and in order that we may achieve their ideal we must hold to the faith by which they were inspired and rise to the heights of patriotism which they achieved.

A survey of the past makes it obvious that our development is destined to continue along fairly equalized lines of industrialism and agriculture. In both these fields of essential production, hazardous attempts will perhaps be made to accomplish some scheme by which one class may be enabled to benefit at the expense of another. We have our continuing balance of influence as between industrialism and agriculture, and we have also a native Canadian insight into the complex problems of self-government. But in maintaining the principles of British democracy, we have the clearest dictates of national interest laid down for our advantage in the Confederation compact, and all these factors should help us in satisfactorily solving every difficulty likely to arise in a new country founded upon mutual confidence and co-operation.

The provinces of the Dominion enjoy rights that are both well defined and understood; and it is in the direction of conserving our provincial interests that we are likely to promote general welfare and harmony. One duty remains to us as Canadians in every province from the Atlantic to the Pacific. This duty is to live on in the spirit of the Fathers of our great country who placed themselves above personal, party or sectional divisions that they might accomplish a great and patriotic purpose. They not only realized the highest ideals of statesmanship in their own sphere, but they accustomed men of different races and languages to labor with patience for the principle of just compromise.

Sixty years ago the people of Canada, as well as the authors of Confederation, came to a realization of the fact that the only way to give strength and stability to British North America was by means of a compact of union. We, their descendants, commemorate this great act of unity. We are able to value it more highly with the increase of population and with the influx of immigration. For the people of Great Britain and Ireland its importance constantly increases in proportion as the capacity of Canada for feeding the population of the homeland stands forth, and as the Imperial interests are served by the diversion to Canada of Britain's surplus population.

We are proud of the achievement of Confederation and of the fact that the great principles of our orderly progress are based on traditions of liberty and loyalty inherent in the blood of our common ancestry. The Fathers of Confederation spoke to two races; but the leaders of today will speak to many more, and their call to the spirit of unity and respect for our institutions, rooted in the Act of Confederation must be extended to men and women of many nations who have sought opportunity and security in Canada for themselves and their children. All who cherish Canadian citizenship by birth or by adoption can glory in our past and find inspiration in our future.

*The Hon. Vincent Massey*
*Canadian Ambassador to United States*

It affords me the very greatest pleasure to send a greeting from the newly established Canadian Legation at Washington to the readers of *The Western Home Monthly* all over the great Canadian West.

The occasion of the Dominion's Diamond Jubilee makes the year 1927 very significant to all Canadians, and the contemplation of our past and present, together with the promise of our future, should give each and all of us renewed and added pride in our country.

My sincere congratulations to you on the part your magazine is taking in making the celebration worthy of so memorable an occasion. With my earnest good wishes for the success of Western Canada and for all who, like yourselves, are busily engaged in its development.

Vincent Massey

*The Hon. G. H. Ferguson, Premier of Ontario*

IN LOOKING back to the history-making work of the Fathers of Confederation, we must not forget that we, too, are making history today. From the men and women of the earlier time in our country's history whom we speak of with honor as the makers of Canada before the Fathers of Confederation made the Dominion, we have inherited glorious traditions. Let us not forget that we have inherited also duties and responsibilities and that we, too, have work to carry on in our own time as makers of Canada. We must work not only for the present but for the future, so that the Canadians of the time to come may look back on us as having lived our lives faithfully. The true Canadian patriot does not wait for a supreme emergency to prove his spirit. He does his everyday duty of living and working for his country's good. The development of all the possibilities of Manitoba, of all the West, of all Canada can be limited only by the aspirations of the Canadian people themselves. We have been given a great heritage, and the Fathers of Confederation established our system of government on a firm and enduring foundation. It is for us to develop a strong spirit of united Canadianism, cherish the highest ideals for our country's future, work for the realization of these ideals, and so make Canada a great nation within the British Empire.

And in this new nation let us see that character persists; that it is inherited from generation to generation, and that on the human foundation laid by us now will depend the character of the human superstructure of the Canada of the future; that the home, the domestic ties, laudable ambition and indomitable enterprise are basic and supreme conditions, a generous loyalty which will ultimately lead to true greatness. The story of Manitoba, I believe, gives point to these reflections and it is well that our people should enter wholeheartedly into the Diamond Jubilee Celebration. Let us also bear in mind that as a rule only those who are conscientiously prepared to improve their condition by hard work in whatever sphere they may enter should be sought by us as settlers. This young country, with its own destiny before it, offers no refuge to the idler or to the man whose main object in life is to enjoy the advantages and pleasures which he has not earned by the labor of his hands and sweat of his brow .

John Bracken

*The Hon. John Bracken, Premier of Manitoba*

*"With a roar of rage Fallon at the head of the Crees again charged down on the Hudson Bay men s camp"*

# The Trail of the Telescope

## By Samuel A. White

### Illustrated by Kathleen Allen

GOVERNOR SAMUEL HEARNE beckoned his clerk, David Thompson, in through the open doorway of his council room at Fort Churchill.

"David," he told him, "I have news from Cumberland House that the Northwest Fur Company and the Little Company have united. From fighting each other they have turned to fight us."

"Then the Hudson's Bay Company faces a strong foe," observed Thompson.

Hearne nodded gravely. "They aim to shut us out of the Saskatchewan country altogether, to cut off entirely our supply of fur which comes down the river to Hudson's Bay.

"Who have they in charge up there?" David asked.

"A half-breed, Peter Fallon. He's in charge of the Northwest post of Fort à la Corne, and Fallon has established a great traffic among the Crees whose summer camping ground is on the Saskatchewan near where the Battle River runs in. Our secret agents inform me that the Northwest Company is sending Fallon out of Fort à la Corne to build a permanent post on this camp site. You must forestall him, David. You must rush in to Battle River with an expedition, locate this site before the Northwesters can claim it and erect Hudson's Bay Company post upon it. Fallon has not yet left Fort à la Corne on his mission. That is the latest word brought in by the post runners. But he is getting ready, and he may move any day. It will be a race under handicap, but you must win. Understand, Thompson? The expedition really rests on you. I am sending with you two tried Hudson's Bay Company agents, Thomison and Oman, but they will have charge of the routine only. You are the man to find the Battle River camp site and build the post. I know you will not fail."

Thompson, his eyes rapt, his face transfigured by the nearness of his dream, brought down his fist with a crash upon Hearne's council table. It alighted by chance on the copy of Hearne's "Journey," and David's face flamed as if it were an omen.

"By the company's blood-red star, I will not fail," he vowed. "Peter Fallon and his Northwesters shall not beat me there. I will build the first post at Battle River. Give me its name to clinch the matter."

"Manchester House," Hearne told him.

"Manchester House it is, then," nodded Thompson. "It will not be long before its palisades rise on the North Saskatchewan."

"The sooner the better," said Hearne, "and as soon as it is up it will need a Factor. That Factor is yourself, Thompson. It is the reward of the achievement."

A moisture dimmed Thompson's eyes. He leaned unsteadily against the council table, a trembling hand outstretched to the Governor.

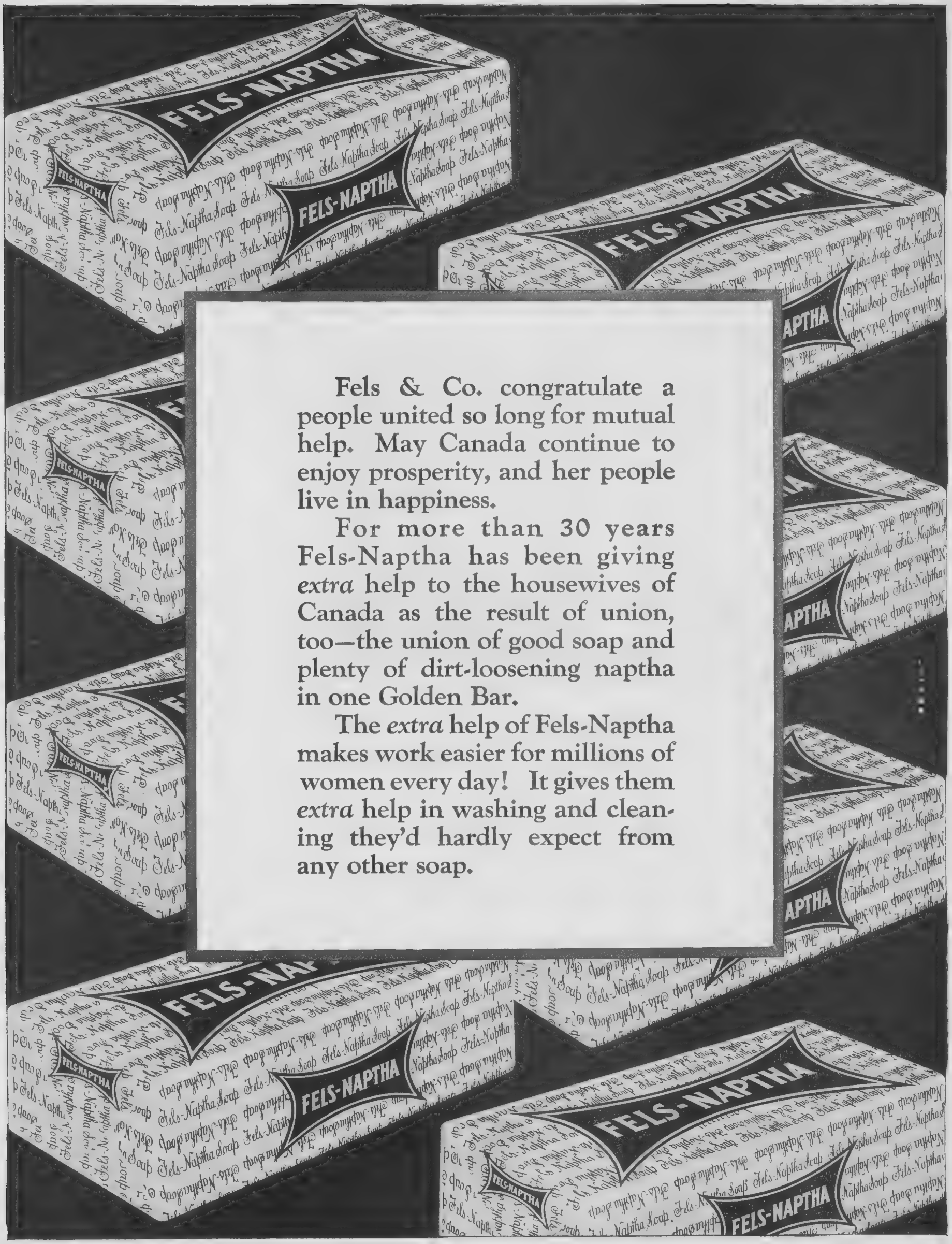
"Sir—Sir," he choked, "it is a very far cry from the Greycoat School to Manchester House. Pray God it be not too far, and pray God I may prove worthy if the honor be mine."

"Please God you may," murmured Hearne, giving his hand in a great grip of farewell. "You start at once. Thomison and Oman are assembling the outfit, canoes and paddlers, Look well to your instruments, for the future of the Hudson's Bay Company in the West may well depend upon their condition."

In a fever heat Thompson gathered his surveyor's and geographer's instruments, fondling them as a mother fondles her cherished babes, collected his maps and joined Thomison and Oman at the water's edge. Everything was ready. The brigade was all loaded with a full year's supplies as well as large quantities of trade goods, for there would be no return from the North Branch of the Saskatchewan this season. If their plans did not miscarry they would winter there, trading with the Indians in an endeavor to sever the allegiance of the Crees from Fort à la Corne. So, with a vociferous farewell, with a salute to flag and post the canoes sped inland up the Churchill River.

AFTER two weeks of strenuous travel they arrived at Cumberland House on Pine Island Lake, which connected the waters of the Churchill with those of the Saskatchewan. They had travelled swiftly, for Thomison and Oman were masters of the routine work of a brigade, but, swift as they came, Thompson's pen was equally swift to map their course. Some of the waters he had surveyed already, but these he surveyed again, checking up his old geography as well as adding on the new. Not a single lake expansion or river diversion escaped him. Prominent landmarks were all set down, and short as was his stop at Cumberland House he made shift to determine its latitude and longitude and thus place it definitely on his map before he left.

*Continued on page 80*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Fels & Co. congratulate a people united so long for mutual help. May Canada continue to enjoy prosperity, and her people live in happiness.
For more than 30 years Fels-Naptha has been giving *extra* help to the housewives of Canada as the result of union, too—the union of good soap and plenty of dirt-loosening naptha in one Golden Bar.
The *extra* help of Fels-Naptha makes work easier for millions of women every day! It gives them *extra* help in washing and cleaning they'd hardly expect from any other soap.

# Confederation and the Destiny of Canada

## By Emily F. Murphy

(Janey Canuck)

THERE are some who say that unless you are well versed in geography and history and have a fine imagination, it is rather difficult to love Canada. You may love a part, but not all. Canada is so big—so very big. Cradled by three oceans, it is a continent rather than a country. It is bigger even than Europe.

Europe is divided into twenty-two countries. Canada is one kingdom. "How could a Greek or a Serb love all Europe," you ask. How, indeed?

Even so, our kingdom has wider slopes, higher mountains, and greater rivers . . . pines and peaches and poplars they have in Europe, and so too, have we. There, they produce the rose, lily, shamrock and thistle—so do we.

In Canada, we have the assembled folk of all the world—swart-faced men from the Highlands of the Andes, Brazil and South-western Asia; men from the plains of Hungary and the fiords of Norway, Russians, Chinese, Africans and Japanese—sixty nation-folk in all, they tell.

Here and there, from sea to sea, these alien races have trekked their way across the land in long and lustful lines—gold-hungry, grain-hungry or just plain hungry—Protestants, Pagans, Roman Catholics, Greek Catholics, Mahommedans, Spiritualists, Scientists—these and others, each anxious for advantage to his particular "ist" or "ite" . . . Sometimes we call this the march of the consonants over the prairies.

Here, as in the rest of the world, we have the patrician, the peasant and the pauper. We repeat it, unless you are well-taught in geography and history and have a fine imagination, it may be rather difficult to love Canada.

Let us add some other conditions. To be able to love this land, you must have lived here for quite a while—lived here until you feel you *belong*.

The newly-come immigrant from the Balkans—those states so long the lodgement of unfusable races—has he any love for the *habitant* of Quebec? Not in the least. He may even thrust forth his tongue and say things about *Monsieur* and his little farms that are like shoe-strings.

What cares the Scandinavian of Alberta or British Columbia for the little provinces of Eastern Canada where there is not a mountain worth mentioning? Maybe, he has not even heard of Ontario, of Orangemen, or of Government Control at Ottawa?" "Who am he?"

"We are nine provinces in Canada," you tell abroad, "but we are one"—that is, if you can find an interpreter—"and Canada is sixty years of age today. This is what we call our Jubilee . . . 'Confederation,' you understand . . . The day we tied together all the little settlements of a big land, and called them 'Canada'."

"'Nine provinces,' did you say, Madam? Ach! we have heard tell in Austria how the number nine is a lucky one."

. . . Once, in the Great War, some Siberian soldiers were brought to Petrograd. Arrived there, they enquired if it were time to start killing.

Here in Canada, on our sixtieth birthday, we are wiser than that, but not so much wiser. To hear the provinces argue of tariffs, "outlets," combines, railway rates, "walk-outs," and the arrangement of the stripes on the flag, it would seem we might start killing any time.

"There are so many tongues." We may not talk together.

"Madam, we do not know each other, and the land is very broad. . . ."

Yes! Yes! It is a nice game fitting together the nine provincial blocks into the one picture called Canada, only you must give us time to learn the little adjustments.

True! True! That is why they find it hard to be a patriot—some newer ones, some slower ones—the land is so big, so diverse; God has given us too much of it.

On second thoughts, it may not be necessary to love it at all.

To be a patriot? . . . That land is yours which shapes your tongue. If you speak our language, or are learning to speak it, this country is yours. If you don't like our language, please book your passage at the earliest moment.

To be a patriot? . . . Listen, Lad! It is to know that you are a part of the land like the trees and the flowers. Your bone, sinew and flesh are of the soil. The redness in your cheek—this comes from the rivers that carry their loads of iron down to the sea.

Have you sensed the thought? . . . You are a patriot because the land is your *pater*—that is to say, your father. From this *pater* you sprang and, one day, you will return to mingle your dust with his.

*Emily F. Murphy*

Once a man said in the British Parliament that he hated this cant of patriotism. In replying, it was Lord John Russell who said that if there were anything more noxious than the cant of patriotism, it was the re-cant of patriotism.

On this our Diamond Jubilee, we must realize that if we do not know all Canada well enough to love it, we can at least love the part on which we stand. We do not know if this is what people mean by "the national spirit," but it is a good thing to have anyway. It is a good thing to love your locality too, and to "stand on guard" therefor. After all, the men who went out to fight for Canada had uppermost in their mind, a comparatively small area—maybe, nothing wider than their hearthstone. Who can tell why a man goes out to die for his land?

. . . Some of us love the prairies that seem entirely empty, but which are actually full of things.

We love the north because of its ruggedness, and even its desolation. "Dark and true and tender is the North. The Eskimos who come as far south as Alberta, wither and die for the winds of the Arctic.

The Britisher loves the sunny slopes of the western sea; the Frenchman is all for the timbers and hills; the American is a plainsman but who shall say that he is the less a patriot therefor?

Others, more material, love this land if the clouds "drop fatness" upon it. If they may skim its cream-pots several times a day. And truly, in this they have ample scope for affection.

We of Canada are often slow to express our love or loyalty for our land because, to say you love your mother, seems the act of a shabby-minded and unfilial person. We feel that our loyalty should be taken for granted—that it is not necessary to take an oath, or to cross our hearts. Kipling has said this thought for us, and told how it is best to speak of our kinsfolk with but "straight-flung words and few."

Still, it should be borne in mind that a man who fails in love an fealty—whether expressed or hidden—is a man who has no country. He has only a caste.

In this year of grace 1927 wherein we talk of Confederation, we are striving for the *bonne entente;* that is to say, for the abolition of racial and geographic antagonism. We have decided—for this year anyway—to try to get a new viewpoint concerning those thousand miles or more that separate the East from the West—that barren area of rocks and poplar scrub which is a "No-man's-Land." We are determined to say it does not divide, but that it connects us.

It was this spirit Napoleon had when his strategists told him his armies could not cross the Alps. Rising in his saddle he said: "There shall be no Alps!"

Even so, with this unity called Canada, the interests of all its parts are identical. We march to Fate abreast.

There are disconsolate people who say that because of the disabilities the West has been obliged to suffer—say in something like freight rates or tariffs which might seem to discriminate against us—that, accordingly, we should secede from Confederation.

Most of us will agree, however, that the Canadian Coat of Arms, while it may have many colors, must ever remain a seamless garment.

It is a poor line of talk for, after all, our patriotism cannot and does not rest on anything as variable as freight rates.

It is said of certain old masonry that the mortar was so hard it survived the stones. In the like manner, it is our patriotism—each man loving the land in whole or in part—which holds together the Provinces of Canada.

. . . A while ago, a Senator of Canada said, "You must first visualize the evil which is to be reformed." There is no evil in Confederation. The evil would be in isolation.

If it had not been for the confederacy that took place just sixty years ago, the probability of transcontinental railways had been very slight, indeed, and Winnipeg must have remained a small town on the Red River, while Edmonton would still have been a post of the Hudson's Bay Company. The British and other nationalities on our Western plains, for the most part, would be still at home or in other countries more accessible than ours. We ought to remember this when we swagger and talk of secession. Wisely, it has been pointed out that nations do not advance to their doom. They retreat to it.

I repeat myself, there are no evils in Confederation. There are only difficulties.

These difficulties, at the present stage, are not so largely geographical as we have been allowing ourselves to believe. A closer examination shows them to be chiefly occupational—that is to say the difference as between the production of material and the manufacture of material. This is being rapidly rectified and will soon be past. . . . That is to say, it will, unless we permit Messrs. the sectional leaders to play upon our passions with their propaganda. It was said of the poet Burns that he laid his genius at the feet of his country. In the West we deplore—nay, we abjure, those politicians who would lay their country at the feet of their genius.

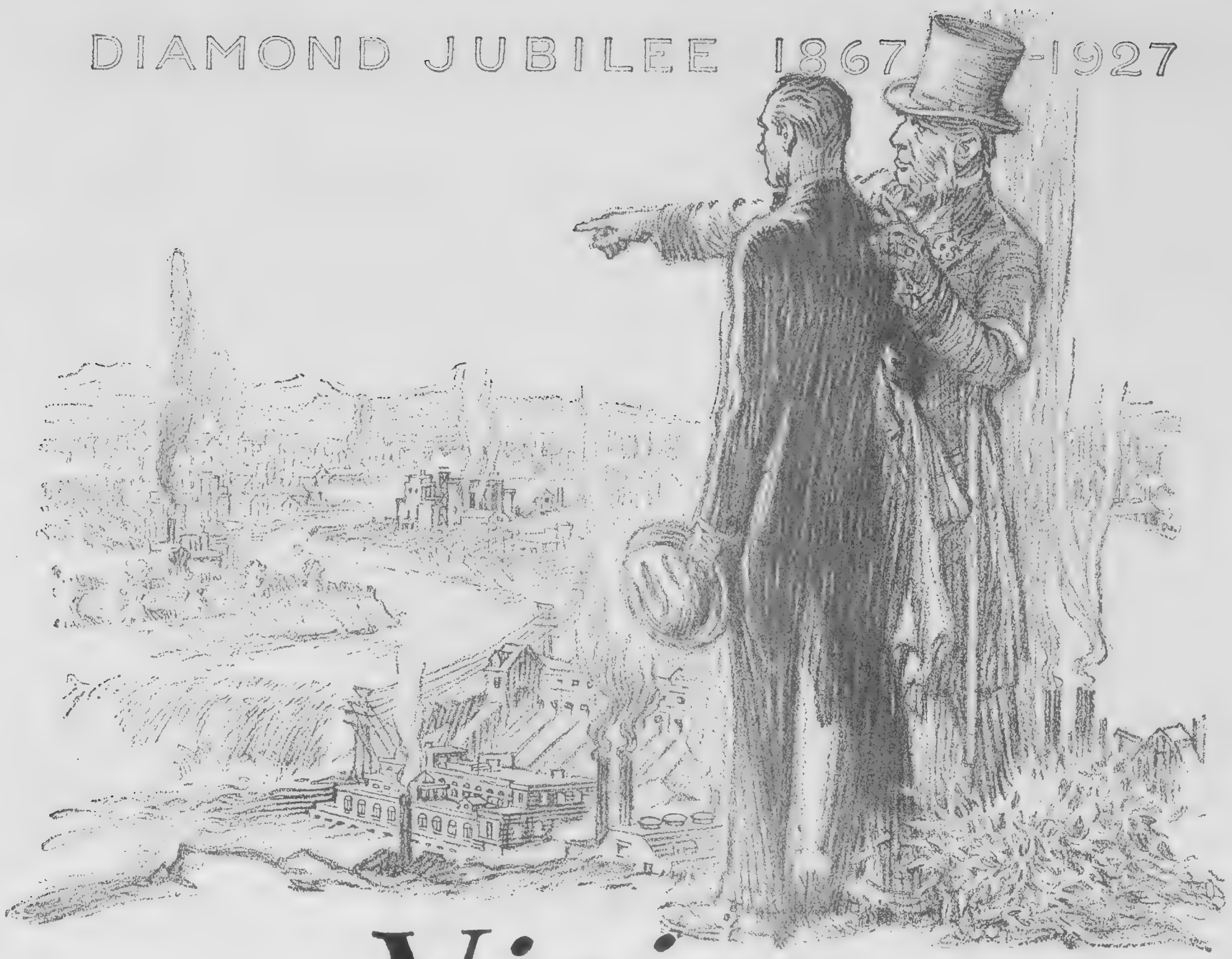
Ultimately, our geographical viewpoint must change because Winnipeg is the centre of the continent—not the centre of Canada, mind you, but the centre of the continent by actual measurement from the Gulf of Mexico northward. This is a fact almost wholly uncomprehended by the vast majority of our nation-folk.

The day is rapidly approaching when our tally will not be one of East and West, but of North and South with Winnipeg as the centre milestone.

This country to the North and West of Winnipeg, because of its well-nigh immeasurable acreage of fertile lands, must support a vastly greater population than the remainder of Canada. Great railways will gridiron this country carrying our grain, oil, coal, timber, cattle, fish, butter, asphaltum and multitudinous products to the markets of Europe and the Orient.

In that day, in a vastly greater degree than at present, the Southerly Provinces will look to the North and West for convictions and decisions that are wise and temperate. It would not be out of place to get into training soon, and to work hard at this task, instead of raking up grievances of a

*Continued on page 66*




# Vision

TO the men of vision all the world is indebted. To the race of pioneers in every age, in every nation and in every line of human endeavour, both honour and respect are due.

Particularly, at this sixtieth anniversary of Canada's nationhood, should we remember, with pride and gratitude, the men whose foresight and unfailing courage made our Dominion a reality.

And, as to them, let us also pay tribute to the host of others—unknown to history—who faced the perils and discouragements of the early days to hew a civilization from the wilderness, to establish for Canada her place among the nations of the world. Their work has borne rich fruitage in the progress of the Dominion—such progress as is evidenced by the stupendous development of electric power, one of the greatest factors in Canada's national and industrial prosperity.

The spirit which moved in the hearts of all these men still lives—still calls today, as it did in those early days, to the man of vision—still challenges the hopes and aspirations of youth.

And there are still men to answer the call—to catch the vision—to accept the challenge. For Canada's life is but beginning; illimitable possibilities stretch out before us; a noble past points to a yet more glorious future, the most alluring future any nation has ever known—and Canada's sons of widest vision are they whose eyes are open to the golden opportunities of their homeland.

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# The Development of Canada

## By Sir Henry W. Thornton

IN UNDERTAKING to discuss Canada I was quite aware of the importance and magnitude of the task, and when later I came to place some of my observations on paper, my difficulty was to make a reasonable selection from the vast fund of information at my disposal. I was obliged to confine myself to a brief study of the natural resources of the country, add to that a short summary of the transportation enterprises, and reluctantly leave aside a great variety of interesting material and wealth of historical romance. I confess that the historical part fascinates me, from its beginnings in Norse Sagas; a tale covering centuries in which hardy fishermen from many lands have interwoven a few threads, added to by sturdy adventurers seeking new lands, new routes and new sources of treasure, and leaving in the pattern the impress of the regal Fleur-de-lys, the red cross of St. George, and amplified by the colorful traditions of other older peoples seeking homes in the young country.

The latter phase allows me some latitude because we, in Canada, are deeply interested in the peoples of the old lands, so-called, who have found, and are finding, their way across the seas to locate here, to settle on farms and to find other occupation. The transportation organizations have a keen and healthy interest in this matter because not only is Canada sparsely settled, but the country possesses a railway mileage built far in advance of its present needs. Canada with a physical area greater than that of its prosperous and energetic neighbor, the United States, has less than one-tenth of the latter's population. With less than three individuals for each square mile, many Canadians believe that they could easily find shelter and work for at least as many people as reside in the United States, and if the same figure of density is applied it will be found that Canada would house a population of 125,000,000 instead of 9,300,000.

There is ample room in Canada, that, I believe, will be readily admitted, but what is the present position of those who live within the Dominion, and what is there to offer newcomers? These, naturally, are questions which will be asked and these are questions I propose dealing with at this time.

TO THE first question, I can respond that the present population of Canada is thriving, comfortably housed, and generally profitably employed and that, despite a considerable national debt — largely the legacy of war years—there have been reductions in taxation. Figures recently issued credit the people of Canada with a per capita wealth which places them third among the countries of the world, the United States being first, with Switzerland second. Not long ago it was stated on the authority of a government department that more than 60 per cent. of the inhabitants of Canada reside in houses which they themselves own, indicating that the people of Canada at large possess an absolute confidence in the present and future of their country.

Coming to a discussion of what there is to offer newcomers: I can do no better than to present a summary of the agricultural and industrial development which has taken place, remembering that the events of the past are the best prophets of the future. The portion of the net funded debt held outside of Canada is only about $300,000,000 more than in 1914. Yet during the past ten years this country has sold to the world commodities to the extent of $2,500,000,000 more than was purchased, a favorable trade balance of an average of $250,000,000 a year. The export per capita of Canada amounts to $134 as against a little under $40 for the United States.

I know that the agricultural wealth of the United States is great, yet its northern neighbor last year exported 212,000,000 bushels of wheat, 22,000,000 more that the total export trade of the United States and Argentine. Canada is also extensively engaged in the milling trade, as is the United States, and must sell abroad. Last year Canada exported 543,935 barrels of flour more than did the United States.

The progress of Canada during the sixty years which have elapsed since the original provinces were bound together in the Confederation now known as the Dominion of Canada, is shown by the fact that during the period mentioned the population of the country has trebled and the national revenue has risen from $5.50 per capita to $37.04. During those years, the railway mileage has increased sixteen times, the foreign trade has been multiplied by thirteen, capital in industries by forty-five and savings deposits by forty.

The manner in which Canada is regarded abroad was strikingly illustrated by the flood of immigration in the years previous to the Great War, when the volume of newcomers had grown to over 400,000 a year. A striking feature of the migration is that during the five years up to 1914 when all governments were upset by the tragic events of the year, over 100,000 individuals came from the United States each year to find homes in Canada.

*Sir Henry W. Thornton, K.B.E.*

Between 1910 and 1914, inclusive, immigrant arrivals from the United States numbered 605,498, the peak of the movement being in 1913 when 139,009 crossed the border from the United States to Canada. While Europeans have looked upon Canada as a good place to settle, the fertile lands and the mineral and industrial opportunities of the Dominion have also appealed to the people of the United States, and Canada has been the one place to which they have emigrated in substantial numbers. These facts, so easily confirmed, form a strong testimony to the fact that Canada has something definite to offer and that Canada is progressing.

IT WILL not do to offer mere statements in order to further the case I desire to make for Canada, therefore, I have sought the aid of a very valuable ally, the Dominion Statistician, and the Review of Business Statistics, prepared under the direction of this official, which furnishes strong support for my assertion that Canada is indeed progressing. The year 1927 began with an impressive increases in business as compared with the similar period of 1926. One factor which impresses me at once, as it must impress everyone dealing with transportation matters, is that up to the time of this writing there has been a consistent increase in revenue carloadings in each week of the present year as compared with the same weeks of 1926. That is the real barometer of business. When trade is busy, the railroads are busy, and rising carloadings is a positive indication of active con-business enterprise.

Coupled with the record of increasing revenue carloadings, the Statistician furnishes a further satisfactory record by an improved record of industrial employment and that surely indicates a marked confidence in the future by employers in busines senterprise.

Three factors, representative of several phases of business conditions in Canada showed increases at the end of the initial period of 1927 of which the Bureau of Statistics takes account. The index of prices of Industrial stocks traded in on the Montreal and Toronto exchanges showed a further gain, resulting in the highest level in history. Notice deposits reached a maximum and wholesale prices were slightly more than maintained, the recent index indicating that prices to the consumer are now nearly as low as at any other time since the War.

Canada is a great agricultural country and the return from the field crops measures the spending powers of a very large section of the community, not only in the three great wheat producing Prairie Provinces, but in each one of the other six provinces. The official estimates of the value of Canadian field crops in 1926 was $1,131,241,100. The value of the last crop exceeds that of any other harvested in the Dominion, except the previous year and the period from 1917 to 1920 when prices were inflated through war conditions. As far as physical volume is concerned, Canada has been favored with four bountiful crops in the last five years, the crop of 1924 being the only exception during the period.

The reflex of this may be found, then, in the review of the trend of business which shows that for the first period of 1927 there were substantial increases in construction contracts with a consequent increase in the ratio of employment.

Again I am indebted to the Dominion Statistician for important testimony as to the important position of Canada in the early stages of 1927, the weighted index of the physical volume of the business in Canada as given in the official report showing a substantial increase in manufacturing and construction. One very important contribution to this highly satisfactory state of affairs is the pulp and paper industry, which has already shown a higher index figure in 1927 than at any other similar period since Canada first became a manufacturer on a large scale and an exporter of those commodities.

It may occasion surprise to those readers who do not continuously follow trade returns, and are not, therefore, conversant with the condition of this industry, to learn that in this particular field Canada not only exceeds the production of the United States in newsprint, but actually leads the world as the chief exporter of the product. Towards the end of 1925 Canadian newsprint production was higher each month than that of the United States mills, although the total for the year showed the latter leading by some 8,000 tons. But the increasing ratio of 1925 was maintained throughout 1926 and Canada definitely passed the output of United States mills, producing a total of 1,881,737 tons, this exceeding by 190,000 tons the manufacturing efforts of our neighbor. The mills in the United States did not lessen production, but the demands for newsprint in the country exceeded all previous records.

The United States publications are the greatest customers for Canada's newsprint and of the large production referred to in the foregoing, 94 per cent found a market in the neighboring country.

WITH wonderful natural resources of field, forest and mine at her disposal and fortified by cheap power developed from water powers, it is not surprising that Canada, a small nation, as population goes, should seek business expansion outside the borders of the country and become a world trader, selling and buying in all parts of the earth. In 1926 that total export and import trade amounted to $2,255,939,869, an increase of over 20 per cent in comparison with 1925 and the greatest physical volume of external trade during the history of the Dominion.

It becomes obvious, then, that such a country, industrious, generously favored by nature in natural resources and cheap potential power, should prove most attractive to investors, and that is borne out by the fact that British and United States manufacturers have established plants and factories within the Dominion.

While I have merely touched the surface of things as far as they relate to Canadian development, I think the brief summary is sufficient to indicate that from a material aspect, at least, the vision of the Fathers of Confederation was not a vain one. A great deal has been achieved, but great opportunities yet remain and if we retain some of the faith which animated the pioneers, both west and east, much more will be accomplished in our own days.

# DANGER LURKS IN DARKNESS

# Your Better Judgment

warns you to carry a light when you go prowling around the camp at night. But with a know-it-all contrariness, you take a chance! After falling over the log "that must have moved after dark," and while the bump on your head is painfully swelling, you make a mighty resolve to never again venture a foot outside without a light.

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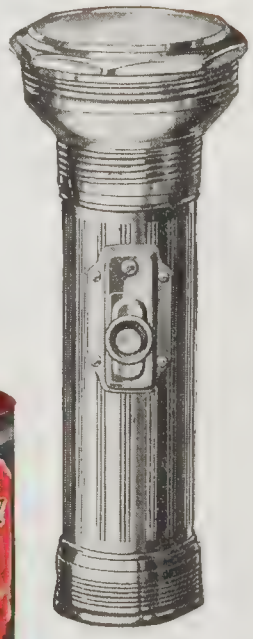
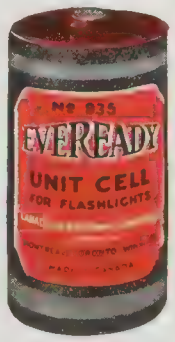
No camp is complete without flashlights for every member of the party. They are dependable, easily carried and clean; can't start fires; won't blow out in wind or rain.

Go now, when you are making up the list of camping supplies, and buy your Eveready Flashlight—and insist on every member of the party equipping himself or herself with one, for safety and convenience.

Electrical, Hardware, sporting goods, drug stores, general stores, auto supply stores and garages sell Eveready Flashlights, batteries and lamps.



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# The Heart of Alix

*Without warning Alix flung her arms around Gerry's neck and kissed him.*

*Illustrated by James Trembath*

*The doctor introduces a new suspicion and doubt begins to cloud Alix's faith in the innocence of . . the man she loves. . . . .*

By

## Valentine Williams

### *The Story Thus Far:*

ALIX BARLESTON, a young Englishwoman, is visiting her uncle and aunt, Sir Harry and Lady Fubsy, at their estate, Node, on the Isle of Wight. One night Alix meets in a deserted tower room Basil Stanismore, who holds her worthless husband's notes. Basil promises to cancel them if Alix will come to him. She refuses.

Later that night Alix is surprised in her room by a visit from Ronnie Dene, a young officer who has long been in love with her. Ronnie is worried about her. Just after he leaves, Alix's husband, Frankie, comes in and whispers something to her that makes her let him spend the night in her room. Next evening the dead body of Stanismore is discovered outside the sea wall.

Inspector Manderton of Scotland Yard comes to question the house party. The guests include Curtiss Vrogue, an eccentric friend; Alix's young sister, Freckles; Gerry Leese, Freckles' American suitor; Ronnie Dene; Alix, and her husband. Each seems to have a perfect alibi, although Alix and Ronnie believe that Frankie is false. Alix stands loyally by her husband in his need, and Ronnie, for Alix's sake, swears that he did not leave his room after ten on the fatal night. However, Freckles has seen Ronnie outside Alix's door soon after midnight.

Manderton goes to the tower room and finds footprints and cigar and cigarette ashes there and along the path, although Alix has done her best to remove all traces of her visit to the tower. Manderton also finds on Stanismore's yacht an important scrap of paper which indicates that the victim had been summoned to Node. Manderton tries to connect Alix with these clues, but she evades his questions.

Alix has supposed that her husband really committed the crime, but now he insists that he believes Ronnie the guilty man.

ONCE more Mr. Manderton smoked the pipe of dejection on the low and curving sea wall which marked the little horseshoe sweep of Chine Bay. Darkness had fallen and over his shoulder, as he sat with his body half turned from the roadway, his eye caught the ruby gleam at the pierhead and the shimmering reflections of the riding lights in the anchorage striating the black and glass water. The roadway was deserted, for it was late, and Chine Bay kept early hours. A warm red glow, however, yet marked the curtained windows of the Bay Hotel, a hundred yards away, where the road turned up to the village.

Mr. Manderton was dejected because he was inactive—inactivity was ever a torture to his restless spirit, and he was inactive because he could not make up his mind. Since his return, hours before, from Node House, after his interview with Mrs. Barleston in the study, he had had a perfect burst of energy. He had telephoned to several different numbers in London; he had gone through a batch of official letters which the evening post had brought; he had written up his notes. All the time that he was doing these things he was conscious that he was simply creating occupation for his mind because he shirked the decision he knew stood before him. He wanted to act, but he greatly feared the risk of error.

A car rattling around a curve awoke the echoes of the road. As its headlights enveloped in their glare the big, black silhouette massed on the wall there was a jar of gears, the car slowed down and stopped.

"It's Inspector Manderton, isn't it?" spoke a voice from the driving seat. The detective stood up and came forward, shielding his eyes.

It was Dr. Pontifex, the police surgeon, driving himself home from a late call. At their first meeting Mr. Manderton had found this quiet, thoughtful man with the grey beard so much superior to his class that he had at once surmised that the doctor acted for the police only in a secondary capacity. In fact, the comparative crimelessness of the island in general and of the Vanner district in particular left Dr. Pontifex plenty of leisure to devote to a small privaet practice.

Mr. Manderton's first impressions were confirmed when he had called at the doctor's early Victorian villa on the outskirts of Vanner and seen in the little surgery literature such as is seldom found in the house of the country practitioner; the file of the "Deutsche Medizinische Wochenschrift," bound volumes of "Brain," the works of the Mayo Brothers, pamphlets by Alexis Carrel. Not choice, Dr. Pontifex had then confided to him, but a delicate chest had led him to busy himself in the rusticity of the Isle of Wight, and he did what he could to keep himself abreast of the progress of modern medicine.

"I had your telephone message, Inspector," said Pontifex, loosening the heavy muffler about his throat, "and I got in touch with the hospital authorities immediately. Stanismore's private secretary in London is making all the funeral arrangements. I just stopped to let you know that the matter's in hand. . . ."

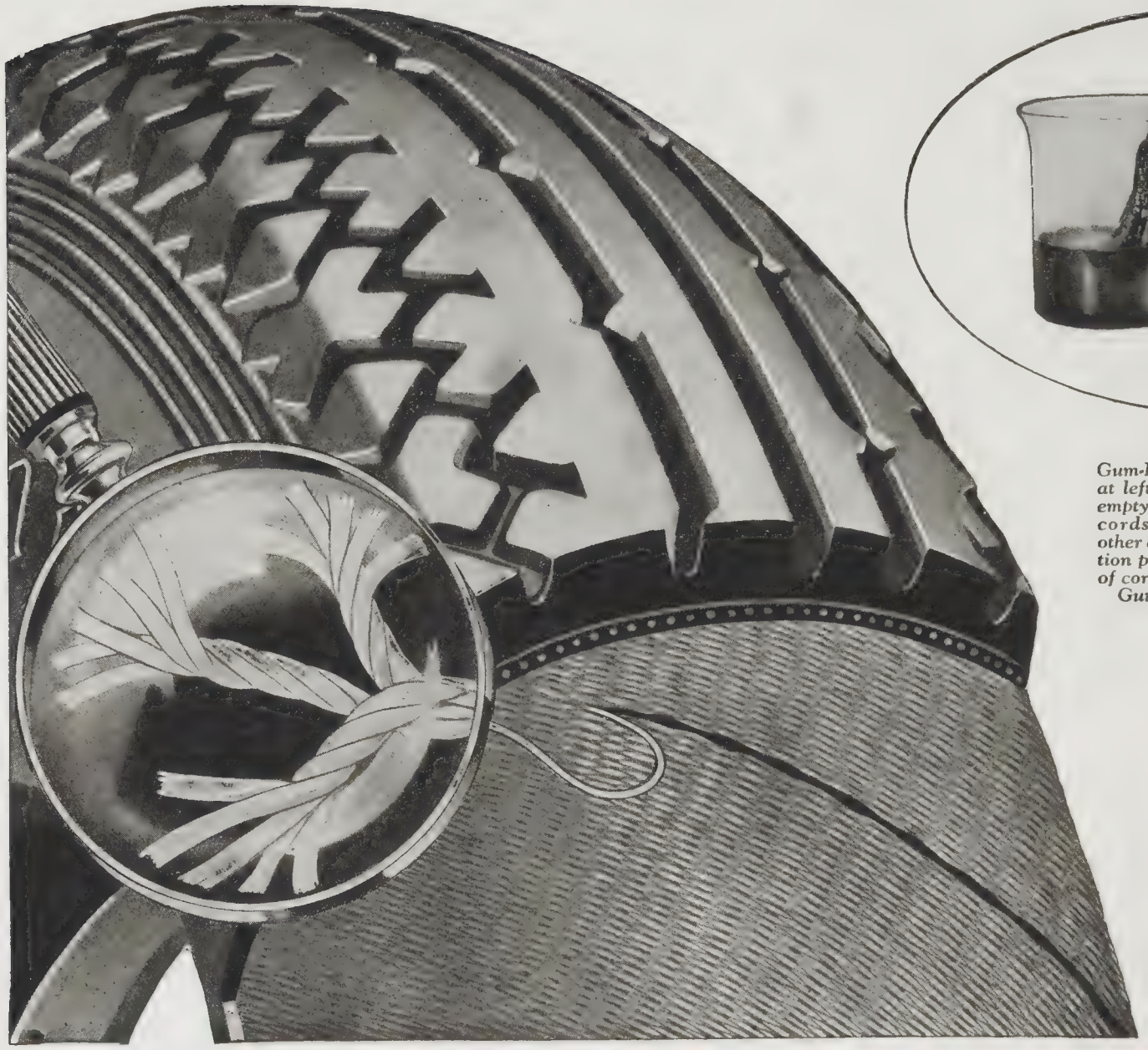
They chatted about the funeral for a few moments while the engine's throbbing resounded over the quiet of the night. Then Pontifex said: "And how are things going?"

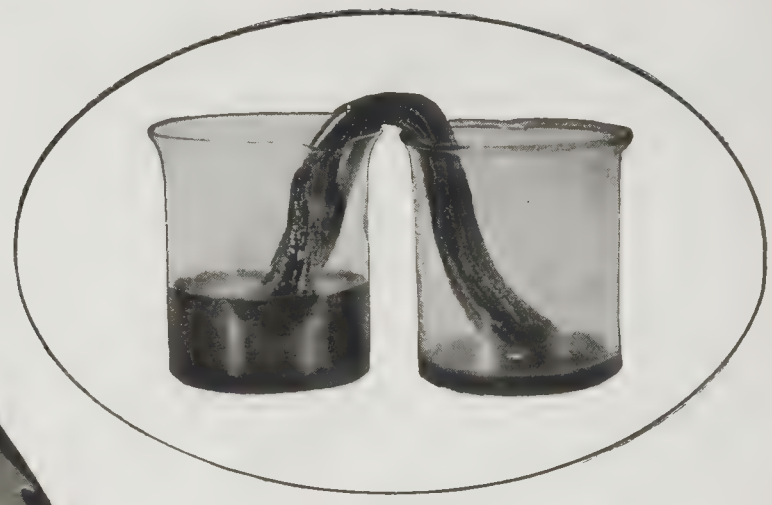
"Too slowly for my liking," was the glum rejoinder.

"Do you still hold to your theory that he was killed in the grounds?"

"You'll not mention it," replied the detective,

*Continued on page 34*





WICK TEST

*Gum-Dipping solution in jar at left; other jar originally empty. One end of wick of cords placed in solution; other end in empty jar. Solution penetrates entire length of cord wick—showing that Gum-Dipping saturates the cords.*

SINGLE CORD TEST

*Cut-away section of a Firestone Gum-Dipped Balloon showing single cord, greatly magnified, untwisted into fifteen smaller cords composed of many little fibers all thoroughly saturated and insulated with rubber by Gum-Dipping.*

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# Firestone

**FIRESTONE BUILDS THE ONLY GUM-DIPPED TIRES**

*And there, at the timber edge, ten pairs of eyes watched them, though the owners of those eyes were themselves unseen,*

# The Crystals

## By H. Mortimer Batten, F.Z.S.

*Illustrated by J. Clymer*

THEY trotted in Indian file across the whiteness of the slough—one behind the other, each treading where the one ahead had trod, so that they left the trail of only one wolf, though there were five of them. Five—the father leading, then the three cubs of last spring, gaunt and thin, but standing as high as their parents; lastly the mother, who chopped impatiently at the cub ahead, because he was limping, and paused repeatedly to bite the ice from between his toes. Low in the heavens hung the big red sun, casting an unearthly, bloody tint over the snow, and over the snow-laden cedars which scowled down upon the narrow waterway, and, as the grey wolves moved, one saw only their shadows, jogging elongated and grotesque. They themselves were invisible, for their heavy coats were caked and clotted with snow and ice, and as the white breath left their open mouths it settled in jewels upon their fur. Five grey ghosts, bent on some ghostly business of their own, for they travelled up-wind, their nostrils sifting every icy gust.

Suddenly the leader paused, head up, one paw raised, and the shadows ceased to jog. Ten seconds they remained absolutely still, then the leader circled back and vanished into the timber, the others following. The she-wolf lay down under the trees, and the three cubs followed her example, while the male went on, still sifting every gust. He reached the bend in the slough, bellied up behind a windfall, then raised his head just sufficiently to see across the white and glittering expanse ahead. Meantime his mate was craning her neck, her amber, penetrating eyes fixed upon him, while the cubs suppressed their whimpers and watched with deadly intentness.

What the male wolf saw was a herd of whitetail deer at the edge of the ice about two hundred yards ahead. They seemed on the point of crossing the slough, here half a mile in width, but from their manners they had been hunted, probably by wolves, and were timid of the open glare. Yes, unquestionably they had been hunted, for the herd was twenty or thirty strong—several families united. There were six or seven bucks, fully antlered, and several fawns ran with the does; some of them were late fawns, for they were little bigger than the wolves. And the wolf-leader knew that as likely as not the bucks would form a cordon if hard-pressed, realizing that safety lay in unity of defence.

So the dog-wolf went quickly back to his mate, and it would seem that their plan of action was quickly decided upon. The she-wolf crossed to the other side and vanished into the timber, the dog-wolf took the centre of the creek, and rounding the bend lay down to bite at his toes. But all the time he was watching the deer, now full in view. Meantime the three cubs, keeping to the timber, went ahead, so that the cubs were on one bank, the mother on the other and the father in the centre.

Suddenly an old doe raised her head and looked straight at the dog-wolf, lying there on the ice. For fully a minute she stared, then up went her white tail, her danger signal, and in an instant every other white tail in the herd was rigidly erect. The deer began to move uneasily, then a sudden panic fell upon them, for mother wolf, on her side, had given them her body scent. The does began to plunge wildly hither and thither, the fawns to run in and out, but in a moment order was restored as a big buck moved to the head and made for the open ice, his herd packing behind him.

Straight across the slough they headed, for the dense timber on the other side, and the thunder of their hoofs rumbled across the stillness like a volcanic disturbance. But just midway across the leader stopped dead in a cloud of snow crystals, and his shrill whistle of warning and alarm brought his big-eared followers to a standstill. For the leader had seen three grey ghosts ranging along the timber edge in the direction they were heading.

Only a second or two did the big buck pause, then he bounded off at right angles and set the pace down the creek. That, indeed, was the only way open to him, for they had sniffed wolf behind, they could see wolf ahead, and up the creek lay the father of the pack, still pretending to be busy with his forepaws.

*Only a second or too did the buck pause, then he bounded off at right angles*

Moreover, this direction suited the big buck very well, for it was against the wind, so that he and his followers could smell what lay ahead. And again, in this direction lay open water, to which the hunted deer looks in times of stress.

Meantime the dog-wolf rose. They had got the herd well on the run, and they were playing the game he wished. He rose, and followed briskly up at their heels, doing no more than keeping the same distance from them—running full in view down the centre of the slough. And as the deer ran, the she-wolf showed herself away on the right and the cubs away on the left, and the big buck watched ahead—watched with dread anticipation, for he knew the way of wolves. At present the course was obvious, but what kind of an ambush were they running him into? How long would it be before he found wolves ahead also—suddenly bursting in upon them with yapp and yarr, in the hope of scattering his herd? Yes, he knew the ways of wolves, but the wolf leader knew also the ways of deer.

Two miles sped by, and, ahead, lay the mighty Sarranach — frozen fifty yards out from either shore, though down its very centre surged the metallic swish of waters which could not freeze. Ice-laden and rapid they were, a hundred yards or so in width, and here and there across the tumbled stretch rose huge white mushrooms capped with snow. Daily those mushrooms had grown since the freeze-up, every snow adding to them, or if there was no snow the river mists and the spray added to their upper bulk, while the floating ice below chipped and ground their stems, till some, indeed, had toppled over by their own top-heaviness.

Running water ahead and an open way, yet the big buck paused. This was too good to be true. He knew the ways of wolves, I say, and there was some trick in it. Were they on the other side, ready to fall upon him and his herd as they dragged themselves from the water? He sniffed and sniffed again, but no taint of wolf came from across the stretch. Meantime his herd was gathering in about him, urging him on, the bucks slashing at the hinds to keep them in order. "Go on," they urged—"look, the brutes are closing in behind! Make for the water—it's our only chance!"

So into the deadly chill they plunged, bucks and does and fawns, casting high the spray with a crash and a boom of rotten ice, but now the leader made a deadly error. Had he been a caribou he would have led diagonally down-stream, swimming with the current behind them, but being a white-tail he headed diagonally up, fighting the current with his gaze upon a landmark straight across. So far as *he* was concerned that was all right, for he knew his own strength, and he was of the fittest, but he had not realized what the master-wolf was banking on—that a herd of that size was bound to have its weaklings.

So, as they swam, the train stretched out, the strongest to the fore, the weaker losing pace. Almost midway a fawn tried to land on an ice-cake, fell back several times, but

*Continued on page 56*

# *Keep* FILM Off Your Teeth

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*Modern dentists regard this new way as of first importance*

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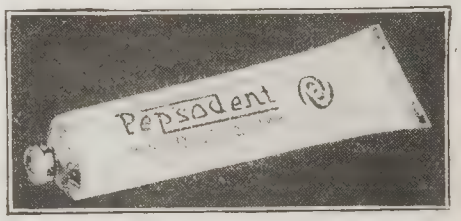


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# CANADIAN Folksong and Handicraft Festival

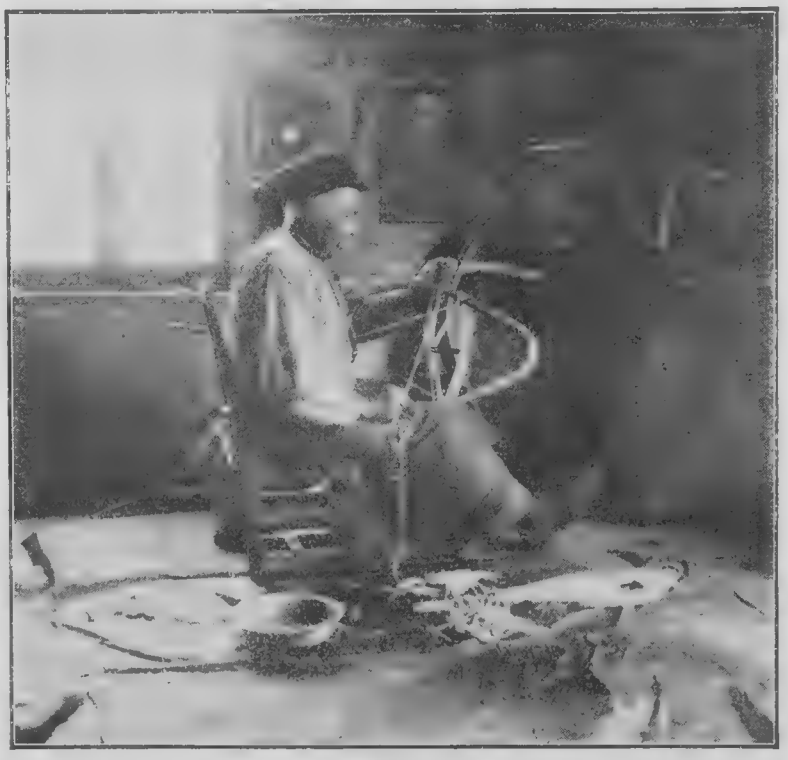
*Revival of French Canadian Folk-songs and Traditions*

*Spinning at the French Folksong Festival*

NEVER before in the history of Canada was such a spectacle enacted as that of the Canadian Folksong and Handicraft Festival held at the Chateau Frontenac, in Quebec, on May 20 and 21. Here in a setting of luxury undreamed-of by the humble folk who were the chief actors, were shown glimpses of the simple life of the habitant and fisherfolk of French Canada, thumb nail sketches of the women of the family at their work, snatches of song hummed over the whirr of the spinning-wheel, the shout of the raftsman and the chansons of the men whose life has been spent upon the breast of the great waters of Gaspe, near the mouth of the St. Lawrence. Hurons from Indian Lorette performed the primitive hymns taught their forefathers by the early Christian missionaries, to which were added the strange songs of the Eskimos and the Indian of the northern Pacific Coast.

Introduced through the interest and energy of Marius Barbeau and J. Murray Gibbon, the Festival was attended by artists and musicians from almost every important city in the East, special trains being run to Quebec from as far west as Chicago. French Canadian folksongs for some time have been coming into their own, but no person hearing them sung as they were by the people in whose hearts they were born and treasured can have any doubt but that here is an art worthy of the best traditions of the musician and home lover alike. For it is the song and dance of the family groups which have made the home of the French Canadian what it is—a place of peace and simplicity, a strength to the nation.

The concerts and exhibitions were given in the ballroom of the Chateau and again on the Dufferin Terrace, where miniature cabins and cottages had been built to add reality to the performance. But the listeners scarcely needed any stage settings to understand the meaning of the songs—the air of simple dignity and absorption in the work at hand proved beyond doubt that the performers were giving of themselves and of their daily lives. Many of them had never left the village in which they were born, and to be taken from their usual surroundings and set down in the midst of splendor—it must have been well-nigh overpowering. But to the amazement of all beholders, fisher and farmer alike became absorbed in the art, and paid no attention to luxurious surroundings.



*Making Snowshoes at the Quebec Festival*

The primitive inhabitants of a lonely district, cod and herring fishermen from Gaspe, sang their songs whose charm and simplicity evoked unstinted applause from a critical audience. These men were not dressed for the occasion; they brought with them their usual clothes and sang the work songs sung by their ancestors for generations.

Children's roundelays and games of an age almost forgotten were played on the Terrace, varied by instrumental interpretations of the classics by such masters as Boris Hambourg and the Hart House quartette.

French ballads of the court of Louis were sung by artists such as Jeanne Dusseau and Rodolphe Plamandon and Cedia Brault. The rollicking songs of the lumberjack and raftsmen of the swift-flowing rivers of the East were also heard. The peculiarly savage incantations which is the music of the Eskimos were sung by Juliette Gauthier de la Verandrye, who, by the way is a sister of Eva Gauthier, the noted Canadian singer.

Besides the purely musical, the handicraft exhibition was much admired. The old women of French Canada who spin and weave and hook rugs gave exhibitions of their work, singing all the while. The paintings too showed typical works of modern Canadian artists and sculptors by such well known men as Clarence Gagnon, R.C.A., A. Y. Jackson, R.C.A., Suzor-Cote and Alfred Laliberte. All the while in out-of-the-way corners and on the Dufferin Terrace, fiddlers were tuning up and groups of youngsters and older folk too practiced the steps of the clog dances and more intricate side-stepping far beyond the skill of the adepts of the Charleston.

The hopes of the men who conceived the idea of the Festival have been far exceeded and a decision was reached to hold a second festival along the same lines next May at Quebec. For this Festival and to further stimulate interest, prizes will be given for compositions based on French-Canadian chansons and folk melodies, the winning compositions to be played at the gathering next year. The promoters feel that all over Canada are people who feel an interest in the revival of the folk-songs, and in Western Canada particularly there are many with a knowledge of this class of music, not necessarily of French Canadian origin, but the songs of the Ukraine, of Scandinavia and other nations of Europe. By this festival we may strengthen interest in the beautiful simplicity of such music.

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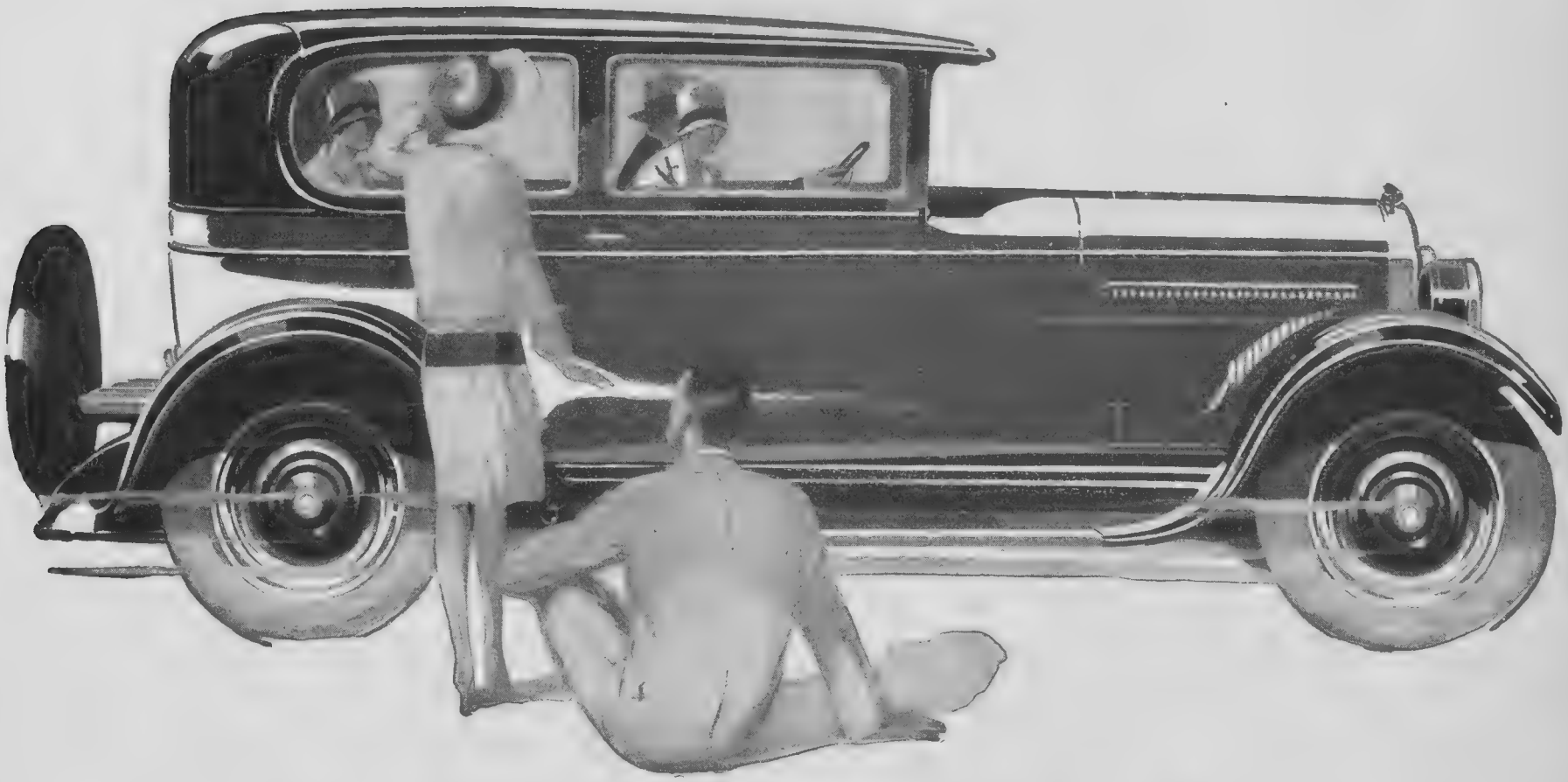
## THE CLOSEST PRICED SIX IN CANADA



# Hupmobile Six

# The Heart of Alix

*Continued from page 28*

lowering his voice, "but I've located the very spot. . . ."

The doctor whistled. "You have, eh? Well, that sounds like progress to me. . . ." He bent forward and switched off the engine.

"I get no further," said Manderton fretfully in the sudden hush that followed. "What I'm up against is the absence of motive. You tell me the 'why,' Doctor, and I'll undertake to show you the 'who'!"

Pontifex laughed. "You have applied to the wrong man for that, Inspector. I don't know any of these folk up at Node; I never set foot inside the place until the other day. You're in the same boat, I take it?"

"I am, and that's a fact," Manderton retorted with emphasis.

"You're asked to diagnose a case without knowing the patient's medical history, so to speak. Well, Inspector, that's a problem which is always cropping up for us doctors. In such cases we have to work along the plane of pure reasoning." He smiled thoughtfully. I must say it would amuse me to diagnose for murder. I wonder how I should set about it in your case. I think I know whom I should study first, if I were plunged into this thing haphazard. . . ."

"And who would that be, Doctor?"

"Mr. Vrogue," said Pontifex.

"Vrogue?" echoed Manderton. "Why, what's he got to do with it?"

"He's a hyperpituitary. And a magnificent specimen at that. I should dearly love to examine him. When I saw him on the beach the other morning I could hardly take my eyes off him. . . ."

"But what is a hyper—whatever you called it?" Manderton broke in.

Resignedly the doctor let his hands drop upon the bars of the steering wheel.

"It has always been a mystery to me," he observed, "why governments should not insist on all authorities concerned with the public welfare being instructed in the elements of human mechanics. Inspector, have you ever heard of the ductless glands?"

"I can't say I have," was the puzzled reply.

"And yet day by day you deal in human nature—human nature which, as many of us today are coming to believe, is the slave of the ductless glands. Do we wish to eat, to drink, to love, to hate, to kill, it is at the bidding of these organs which pour forth their secretions into the blood stream and regulate and control the most vital functions of mind and body. Each has its specific duty to perform, and none may be tampered with without bringing about the most profound and amazing effect upon the organism, upon the nervous system and all that it directs, upon the very outward characteristics of our bodies."

MR. MANDERTON had listened to this discourse with some impatience.

"What's all this to do with Vrogue?" he broke in at last.

"Vrogue is a hyperpituitary," said Pontifex. "That is to say, he suffers from excessive secretion of the pituitary gland, one of the most important, as it is in its influence among the strangest, of the eight known endocrines. . . .

"But, excuse me, Doctor," Manderton interrupted, "how do you know all this if you haven't examined him?"

"Damn it, man, by looking at him," thundered Pontifex. "I only clapped eyes on the fellow for a minute, but I diagnosed him as surely as though his medical history were written up in my case back at home. He's a classic example of acromegaly, the disease that makes giants! It's the abnormal functioning of the pituitary gland, let me tell you, that gives us giants and dwarfs, just as a faulty thyroid produces imbeciles. Vrogue's getting on for a giant, isn't he? What is his height? Six feet five or six, I'll swear. He's the perfect type of hyperpituitary! Look at that huge face, dropping jaw and bulbous lips! Look at the spadelike hands, those pillars of thighs! I've not seen into his mouth, but I'll warrant you'll find there the characteristic separation of the teeth, aye, and a whopping big tongue into the bargain. I'll analyze his character for you if you like. I know nothing of this man, remember; I've never spoken to him and I've seen him only once, but I believe I can give you a pointer or two.

*"We can only discuss this matter behind closed doors, he said*

"Here goes, then! He's good-natured and a bit lethargic, inclined to melancholy, extremely sensitive, rather aggressive in argument, and given to sudden frenzied gusts of violent passion. He's eccentric, as we've seen for ourselves, and there are probably other sides of his nature unknown to me, for, in a case as markedly abnormal as this, the over action of the pituitary is most likely accompanied by the under function of the other glands. You note what I say, keep an eye on the fellow and let me know if I'm right. . . ."

Mr. Manderton was listening to the doctor with marked interest.

"You ought to read up on endocrinology, Inspector," Pontifex added. "That's the science of the ductless glands," he explained. "In your job it would repay you." As Manderton did not speak the doctor turned his head and found the detective looking at him with a grave and absorbed air. "I say, you're not taking all this scientific gas of mine seriously, are you?" said Pontifex in sudden alarm. "I mean, you're not going off to arrest this chap on the strength of my theories? He's probably a most respectable person, really. . . ."

Mr. Manderton started out of his brown study and, laughing, shook his head.

"I don't think you need worry, Doctor," he told him.

"So long, Doctor." The car glided away into the night.

Mr. Manderton resumed his seat on the wall. His briar had gone out, but he did not relight it. He sat immobile, sucking his cold pipe, his hands thrust deep in his pockets, his shoulders hunched up. So completely sunk was he in his thoughts that he did not hear, presently, the sharp ring of feet on the road or see the cigarette which, a moment later, glowed out of the darkness in front of him.

"Hullo, there!" said a cheerful voice. Looking up, the detective saw Gerry Leese before him. The young American wore a straw hat and a dinner coat.

"They told me at the hotel that I should probably find you on the wall," Gerry explained. "You wanted to see me, I think?"

Mr. Manderton knocked out his pipe on the heel of his boot and stood up.

"That's right," he said. I wanted to ask you a favor, Mr. Leese. I shall probably have to go to London in a hurry tomorrow and I'd like to save time by running straight across to Portsmouth in your boat if it can be arranged. . . ."

"Sure," Gerry answered. "What time do you want to start!"

"I can't tell you yet. I'll let you know in the morning. In the meantime"—he paused and gave the young man an inquiring look—"you'd oblige me by not mentioning it at Node. I didn't wish to speak about the matter on the telephone. That's why I asked you to come over here after dinner."

GERRY wrinkled his brow. "See here," he said stiffly, "I'm Sir Harry Fubsy's guest. If he wants to know where I'm going, I don't propose to tell him any lies. . . ."

"There will be no need to—if I go. I don't want you to mention the matter until it's settled, that's all."

"That's different," Gerry answered. "All right; you can count on me. You'd better let me know tomorrow where we start from. I keep the boat here at Chine Bay."

"I'll tell you that in the morning," the detective promised.

The sound of footsteps made them both turn their heads. A man was passing along the road. When he saw Inspector Manderton and his companion he stopped.

"You're out late, Inspector!" he remarked jauntily.

"Just having a pipe before I turn in," said Manderton. He turned to Gerry. "Do you know Mr. Blake of the Daily Radical?"

It was, in fact, that selfsame Mr. Bryan Blake whose prowess in forcing Cantle's blockade against the press had so incensed the butler.

Gerry burst out laughing. "We've met before today," he remarked.

Blake looked rather uncomfortable.

"You mustn't mind my laughing," Gerry explained, still gurgling, "but I had only just been telling Miss Dalgleish that I couldn't imagine any Englishman ever getting worked up. And then this happened. Gee! I thought he was going to kill you!"

THE reporter grinned. "He was in a wax, wasn't he," he said.

"Whom are you talking about?" demanded the detective.

"Vrogue," replied Blake rather hastily. "I had to take him a message from my editor, and he didn't like it. . . ."

"Didn't like it?" repeated Gerry. "Gosh, I've never seen a man in such a towering passion. I don't know what he wasn't going to do to you! No wonder you beat it while the going was good; I'd have done the same myself every time. Long after you'd gone he stood there in the shrubbery, gnashing his teeth and rolling his eyes, like an ogre in a fairy tale repeating to himself over and over again: 'I'll smash him! I'll crush him!' Gosh, it was funny!"

*Continued on page 58*

# A Remarkable New Six

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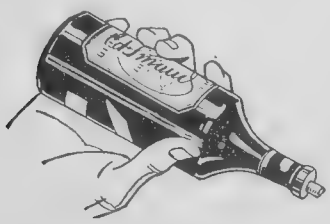


PINAUD'S

*Eau de Quinine*

# *The Secret of the Miller Cornille*

*By Marie Pomeroy Grove*

(From the French of Daudet's Tales)

THE noted writer of French drama, the master of the short story, Alphonse Daudet, once spent several weeks in a dilapidated old windmill in the southern part of France, in Provence. While living in this old mill he had the inspiration to write several delightful little stories depicting the lives of this simple people of Provence. The following is a charming little tale as it was told him by an old player of the fife:

OUR country, my good monsieur, has not always been a dead place and without renown, as you see it today. In former times the miller's business was great, and for ten leagues around, the people of the farm houses brought us their wheat to grind. All around the village, the hills were covered with windmills. On the right and on the left, one saw only wings which whirled to the mistral wind above the pine trees, some long lines of donkeys loaded with sacks which hung down along the way, and all the week it was a pleasure to hear upon the height the noise of whips, the cracking of the canvas and the "Gee up" of the mill boys.

On Sundays we went to the mills in troops. From the top the millers played the muscat. The millers' wives and daughters were handsome to see, like queens with their fichus of lace and their crosses of gold. As for me, I carried my fife and played until deep into the night, where one danced the farndarole. These mills you see, made joy and riches for our country.

But, unhappily, some Frenchmen from Paris had the idea of establishing a steam mill, upon the road to Tarascon. Quite fine, quite new. People soon got the habit of sending their wheat to the steam mills and the poor wind mills remained without work. For some time they tried to struggle but the steam was too strong. One after the other, Pecaire (alas), they were obliged to close.

One no longer saw the little donkeys. The handsome millers' women sold their crosses of gold. No more muscats! No more farndaroles! The mistral blew in vain; the wings remained motionless. Then, one fine day, the township had all these tumbledown buildings torn down, and one planted in their place vineyards and olive trees.

However, in the midst of the downfall, one mill had held good and continued to look courageously upon the knoll, under the very noses of the steam millers. It was the mill of the Maitre (Master) Cornille, the same one at which we are at this moment spending the evening.

Maitre Cornille was an old miller, having lived for sixty years upon the flour business. He was enraged at the state to which the installation of the steam mills had reduced him. He became like one mad. For a whole week one saw him running through the village, arousing the world around him and crying with all his might that one wished to poison Provence with the flour of the steam millers.

"Do not go down there,' said he, "these brigands there use steam to make bread, which is an invention of the devil, while I work with the mistral wind and the tramontane (north wind of the Mediterranean Sea), which are the breath of God." And he found a lot of fine words like that with which to praise the windmills; but no one listened to him.

Then, in bitter rage, the old man shut himself up in his mill and lived all alone like a wild animal. He did not wish even to keep near him his little granddaughter Vivette, a child of fifteen years, who since the death of her parents, had no one in the world but her grandfather. The poor child was now obliged to earn her living and to hire herself out here and there, at the farmhouse, the silkworms, or the olive gathering.

And yet the grandfather had the appearance of loving her well, this child. He often travelled his four leagues on foot in the hot sunshine to see her at the farmhouse where she worked, and while with her, he passed the whole time looking at her and weeping.

Some thought that the old miller, in going to see Vivette, was stirred by avarice, and that he did not have honor in leaving his little granddaughter thus to work from one farm to another. One thought it very bad also that a man of renown like Maitre Cornille who up to this time had been respected, to go now on the road like a true Bohemian, with bare feet, cap torn, and sash in tatters. It was so that on Sunday, when we saw him enter mass, we felt shame for him, us other old ones, and Cornille felt it so he dared not come to seat himself in the church warden's pew. Always he remained at the back of the church, near the basin of holy water, with the poor.

IN THE life of Maitre Cornille there was something that was not clear. For a long time no one in the village had carried him wheat, but always the wings of his mill went their course as before. At evening one met on the way the old miller pushing before him his donkey with great sacks of flour.

"Good evening, Maitre Cornille," cried the peasants to him, "so the miller's business goes then always with you?"

"Always, my children,' responded the old man, with a jovial air. "Thank God, it is not the work which fails us."

Then if one asked from whence could come so much work, he placed his finger upon his lips and replied gravely: "Hush, I work for the exports." Never could one find out anything further. As to putting one's nose into the mill, it was not to be dreamed of. Even the little Vivette herself never entered.

When one passed before it one saw always the door closed, the great wings always in motion, the old donkey browsing the turf of the platform, and a great lean cat that took the sun upon the ledge of the window, and who regarded you with a wicked eye.

All this felt mysterious and made everyone gossip. Each explained in his own fashion the secret of Maitre Cornille, but the general opinion was that there was in the mill more sacks of ecus than flour. They thought he was a miser.

In the long run, however, all was discovered. This is how:

One day I discovered that my eldest son was in love with the little Vivette. I was not displeased, because, after all, the name of a Cornille was held in honor by us, and then, this pretty little bird of a Vivette would give me great pleasure in walking into my house. I wished to regulate the affair immediately and I climbed to the mill to have a few words with the grandfather.

Ah, the poor old sorcerer, you should have seen in what manner he received me. Impossible to make him open the door. I explained my business with him as well as I could through the keyhole, and all the while I talked there was that rascal of a lean cat who blew like a devil under my head.

The old man did not give me time to finish but cried out to me roughly to return to my flute. That if I were anxious to marry my boy off let me go find some girl at the steam mills. Think how my blood mounted upon hearing these wicked words. But I had wisdom enough to contain myself, and leaving the old fool at his mill stone I returned to announce my failure to the children.

The poor lambs could not believe it. They begged me as a favor to allow the two to climb together to the mill, to speak to the grandfather. I had not the courage to refuse them, and my lovers departed.

Just before they arrived, Maitre Cornille had left. The door was closed and fastened with a double lock. But the old gentleman on leaving had forgotten to take his stepladder in. All at once the thought came to the young folks to enter by the window, just to get a peep at what there was inside of the mill, this famous mill.

Singular thing! They found the chamber of the millstone to be empty! Not a sack. Not a grain of wheat. Not the least speck of flour upon the walls nor upon the cobwebs. One did not see even the crushed cheese which smells so good in the mills nor even catch a whiff of the odor. The shaft was covered with dust, and the great lean cat slept thereon.

The room downstairs had the same air of misery and abandon. A poor bed, some rags, a piece of bread crust lying on the stairway, and then, in a corner, three or four sacks from whose broken sides ran some rubbish and white clay.

This was the secret of Maitre Cornille! It was only this old plaster that he carried about at night upon the road, to save the honor of the mill and make believe that one made flour. Poor mill! Poor Cornille! For a long time the steam mills had relieved them of their last customers. The wings turned as ever, but the millstone turned empty.

The children returned all in tears to tell me what they had seen. My heart was torn at hearing them. Without losing a moment I ran to the neighbors and told them the story in two words. You may believe that they began at once to carry to the mill all that they had of cheese in the house. No sooner said than done. All the village started out, and we arrived up there with a procession of donkeys loaded with wheat—true wheat—there!

The door of the mill stood wide open! Before the door seated upon a sack of plaster, was Maitre Cornille, with his head in his hands, weeping. He had discovered upon returning that someone had gained entrance and surprised his sad secret.

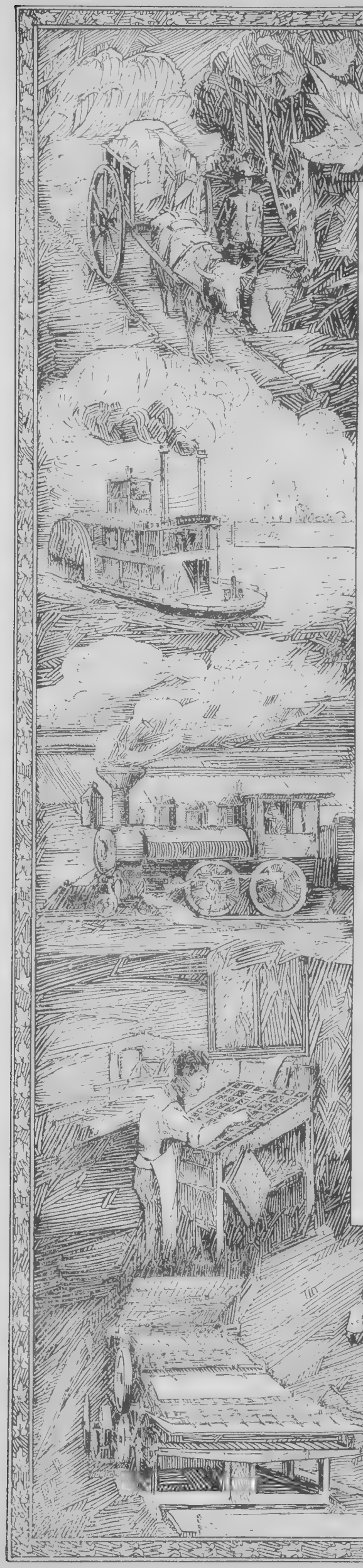
"Alas," said he, "now there is nothing for me to do but die. The mill is dishonored." And he sobbed from the depths of his soul. Calling his mill all sorts of names he spoke as to a real person.

At this moment the donkeys arrived upon the platform, and we began to cry loudly as in the good old times of the windmills: "Oho, you mill, Oho, Maitre Cornille!" And behold the sacks which piled up before the door, and the handsome brown grain which spread out upon the ground on all sides.

Maitre Cornille looked in astonishment. He took some of the wheat in the creases of his old hands, and he cried, smiling and weeping at the same time: "It is some wheat! Some good wheat. Let me look at it." Then turning toward us: "Ah, I knew indeed that you would return to us. All these steam millers are thieves."

We wished to carry him in triumph to the village. "No, no, my children, it is necessary that I feed my mill. Think how long it is since he had anything under his teeth to eat." And we all had tears in our eyes at the sight of the old man going from left to right, ripping open the sacks, surveying his mill.

'Tis justice to tell you, after that day never did we allow the old miller to lack work. Then one morning, Maitre Cornille died, and the wings of our last mill ceased to turn. Cornille dead, no one followed him. What would you then? It is necessary to believe that the windmills had to go like the barges on the Rhone, the parlements and the jackets with large flowers.



# Sixty Years Ago

**July 1, 1927,** commemorates sixty years of a united Canada sixty years of progress, peace, and great achievement. With Confederation was established a good and equitable government for the people of Canada—both East and West—and since that time a kindly Providence saw to it that we prospered like a young giant, rising from obscurity to a place of prominence among the nations of the world. And during this span of time what changes have come to pass! Scientists working quietly in their laboratories have evolved plans and ideas which have revolutionized the march of events. Canada, a constructionist nation, always anxious to build up, has been quick to avail herself of inventions and discoveries, and so today her people find themselves with facilities and conveniences unknown in many countries. Many of these discoveries benefited the printing industry, and to those who labored so successfully in this field of research our deep gratitude is due. They have made it possible for us to instal, here in Winnipeg, *The Most Modern Methods and Appliances,* many of which would be regarded only a decade ago as out of the range of possibility.

WHILE, AS AN INDUSTRY, we may not date back to the year of Confederation *we rank as printing pioneers in the west,* and have well nigh forty years of active service to our credit. But even as far back as 1867, the Stovel name was associated with printing in the old province of Ontario and with a weekly publication that valiantly fought for the unification of the provinces.

Through the hearty appreciation of the people of Winnipeg and the West the plant that was manned by three young men of courage, faith and ambition in 1889, is now enabled to give regular employment to some *three hundred* people, all experts in their respective lines.

THE STOVEL COMPANY at Winnipeg, in a most striking way, have exemplified the conception of *"A COMPLETE PRINTING SERVICE."* Here, in one plant, as part of one finished undertaking, every operation incident to a finished publication can be obtained—Copy, Design, Art Work, Photo and Line Engraving, Type Composition, Electrotyping, Stereotyping, Lithography, Printing, Binding, Final Delivery and Mailing. All under one roof and one management. It matters not where you reside, we can serve you. Simply give us your ideas with regard to your printing requirements and we will submit completed plans to you. No order too small and none too large.

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# An Outline of European Poetry

## By Watson Kirkconnell, M.A., F.R.G.S., F.R.Hist.S., F.S.S.

*(NOTE:—This is the second of six articles, written exclusively for "The Western Home Monthly," in which Professor Kirkconnell is giving a brief survey of the entire field of modern European poetry. Into this survey are set his own verse translations from all of the forty languages involved. The main purpose of the series is to interpret to Canada one aspect of the rich and varied traditions brought to us by our newer Canadian citizens.*—Editor.)

NO EMPIRE of the past has made a deeper impression on the world's imagination than that of Ancient Rome. The dominions of Thothmes III, Alexander the Great, and Napoleon I seem brief, transitory things beside the long, ordered, civilizing administration that focussed about the "Eternal City" on its Seven Hills. Even after its political existence had passed, its memory remained to haunt the Middle Ages with a dream of the essential unity of Western civilization.

In a more real sense, the Roman Empire lived on—not in its own person but in its children, the provinces which have in modern Europe perpetuated the language and enriched the traditions of the Latin-speaking empire. For in certain provinces the population, in spite of all barbarian invasions, never ceased to speak Latin. The ancient Italia, Gallia, Hispania, Lusitania, and Dacia, which are today Italy, France, Spain, Portugal, and Rumania, remained essentially Latin countries. Italian, French, Spanish, Portugese, and Rumanian are simply modern dialects of Latin, changed somewhat from the speech of Julius Caesar through the wear and tear of two thousand years but still indisputably Latin.

### Italian Poetry

ITALY is the eldest daughter of the Empire, with the language most closely approximating to the ancient tongue. The Italians are among the most gifted peoples in the world's history. They are very mixed racially, varying from broad-headed blonds in the north to long-skulled brunets in the south; but this very mingling of types has seemed to render more fertile the creative and artistic genius of the peninsula. Nowhere in the world can one equal the Italian roll-call of painters and sculptors —Leonardo da Vinci, Giorgione, Michelangelo, Titian, Raphael, Correggio, Tintoretto, and four-score others. In music, only Germany surpasses in achievement the country of Palestrina, Scarlatti, Cherubini, Rossini, Verdi, Mascagni, Leoncavallo, and Puccini. To science, Italy has given such masters as Galileo, Torricelli, Galvani, Volta, and Marconi.

The Italian achievement in poetry is similarly illustrious. Here the first great name is that of Dante Alighieri (1265-1321), whose "Divine Comedy" is a nobly melodious consummation of the medieval world's conception of Hell, Purgatory, and Heaven, conceived not merely as regions in time and space but also as symbolic of phases of man's spiritual experience. Typical of the majestic imagination of Dante are the following lines which he gives as an inscription over the grim gate of Hell:

Through me you enter into sorrow's city;
Through me you go into eternal grieving;
Through me you pass among men lost past pity.
Justice made me, my ancient entrance cleaving,
Moved by a power transcending all things mortal
In purposes of Wisdom's high conceiving.
Nought was before me but the frame immortal;
I stand forever, first of things created.
Abandon hope, all you who pass my portal!

A new spirit in Italian poetry came with Petrarch (1304-1374), sometimes called the "first modern man," whose passionate devotion to classical Latin literature helped to usher in the revival of learning and an era of art which stressed human themes rather than those of the Church. In poetry, Petrarch is best remembered for sonnets and odes, perfect in music and language, which he addressed to his beautiful lady-love, Laura de Sade. The following sonnet was written after her death from the plague in the great epidemic of 1348:

The eyes that stirred my passioned eloquence,
The arms, the gentle hands, the hallowed face
That made my heart ecstatic by its grace
And walled me round with dreams' circumference,
The golden ringlets' soft munificence,
And the angelic lips whose laugh could raise
The joy of paradise in this poor place
Are but a little dust, forlorn of sense.
I linger on; despising life, I lie
Without the light that once made day so fair
And by withdrawal darkens every sky.
My songs of love are mute: in this chill air
My veins of poesy grow void and dry;
My numb hand harps the discords of despair.

*A representative group of French Canadian Teachers in Manitoba*

This new poetry of the Renaissance, notable for the humanity of its inspiration and the supreme beauty of its expression, reached its climax in the verses of such men as Torquato Tasso (1544-1595), of whom the following "Madrigal" is perhaps typical:

What are these dews of twilight lamenting,
What are these tears of mute sorrow
Shed from the mantle of midnight's dissenting
And star-eyes that mourn for the morrow?
Why does the white moon go wistfully sowing,
Harvests of crystalline grief-drops bestowing
Down on the whispering grasses?
Why through the dusky air passes
Sound of repeated unceasing complaining
Borne by the winds till night's waning?
Is it perhaps as a sign thou art doomed to depart,
O thou heart of my heart?

After the year 1600, however, the poetic and artistic glory of Italy was completely extinguished by the tyranny of foreign conquerors, and for two centuries the genius of the oppressed people gave no sign of life. Only with the advent of the nineteenth century did freedom run hot in the veins again and the poetic brain thrill with proud despairing dreams of the Latin past. Greatest of these newer writers, patriot and bitter pessimist, was the learned Giacomo Leopardi (1798-1837), whose poetry blended profound sadness with incomparable beauty. The following lines begin his "Ode to Italy":

O Italy, I gaze on walls and arches,
Busts, boundary-stones, and columns of the past
Our ancient fathers massed,
But their triumphal marches,
The glory of the laurel and the sword,
I cannot see. Alas, thou liest deplored,
Naked thy breast and bleeding;
With chains thy arms are cruelly confined;
Dishevelled and unheeding
Thou sittest in the dust, thy head declined
Between thy knees, and weepest to the wind.

Among living Italian poets, by far the most important is that many-sided man of genius, Gabriele d'Annunzio (born 1864), whose exploits as warrior and aviator have unfortunately obscured his far greater achievements in drama, fiction, and poetry. In d'Annunzio one finds embodied and heightened the most notable qualities of the Mediterranean race—passion, impulsiveness, a love of the dramatic, and a supreme sense of the artistically beautiful. The following lyric "Sadness on a Night in Spring," comes, from one of his earlier volumes:

Where are the slow hosts of the stars proceeding?
They march up roads of darkness towards the Day.
Ah, soul, commit thyself to their bright leading.
The roads of darkness mount to a golden portal:
Streams of forgetfulness flow round the way;
And on the gleaming threshold Death stands mortal.
For the great gates of glory yield through him.
Follow, my soul, the stars that march toward morn!
And find it sweet with them to pale and dim
As token that at last the Day is born!

### French Poetry

FRANCE, the Roman Gaul, is racially as conglomerate as Italy, and likewise as multiform as Italy in genius and achievement. Here are mingled dark Mediterranean types in the south, blond Normans in the north, and sturdy Alpine peoples in the east. History has welded them together in the smithy of common language and common achievements. All look with intense pride to a roster of eminent French scientists, philosophers, poets, painters, sculptors, musicians, statesmen, and soldiers. It is the country of Pasteur, Descartes, Hugo, Bonheur Rodin, Gounod, Richelieu, and Napoleon There is no human art that they have not touched and adorned; but their supreme victories have perhaps lain in science and the field of war.

The first important poetry in France is written not in French but in Provencal, a distinct dialect in the South, in which a charming troubador style was evolved in the twelfth century. Chivalry and love, but especially love, became the pre-eminent themes of this elaborate and musical verse. It was perhaps the world's greatest era of love poetry, and gave a vital impulse to Spanish, Portuguese, Italian, and French poetry proper. A stanza from a song by Jaufre Rudel will serve as a sample:

In Maytime, when the days grow long,
I heard a bird sing far away;
My heart forgot that golden song
For love came with the virelay.
I wander now in dreary dream
For song and blossomed rose-trees seem
As weary as a winter day.

After the thirteenth century, however, poetry departed permanently to the north of France.

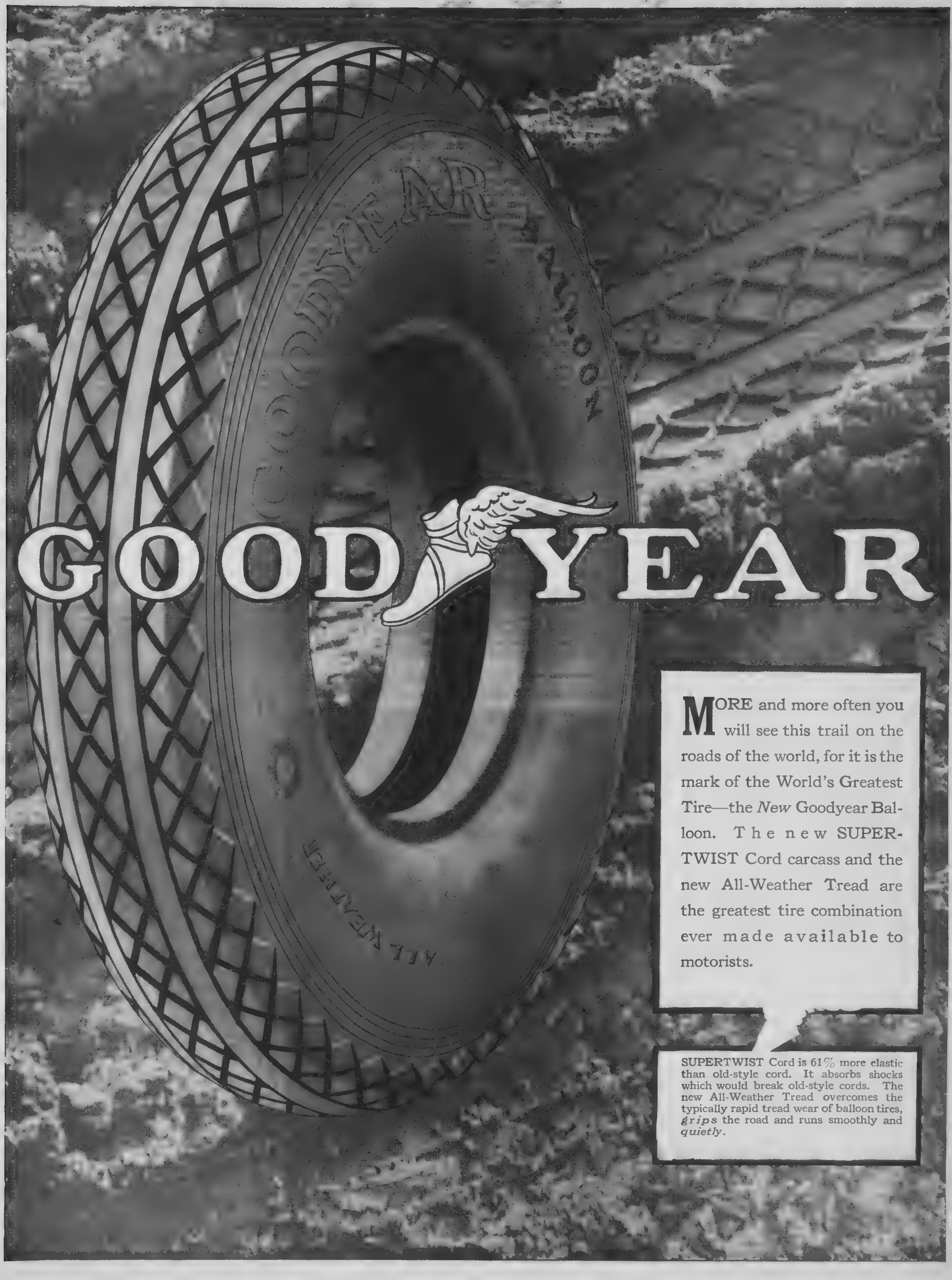
There is no French Dante to interpret the Middle Ages for us. If we omit the gay magic of the troubadors and the vivid ballads of Villon, the burglar-poet, we need to wait for the sixteenth century before really great poetry comes with Pierre de Ronsard (1524-1585) and the full flood of the Renaissance. This was the age when, as in Italy two centuries earlier, the vernacular was caught up into a passionate expression of human experience, and life seemed pregnant with beauty, nobility, and tragic pity. Pierre de Ronsard may somewhat aptly be compared with Petrarch, and the following elegiac "Sonnet to Marie" placed beside the Petrarchan sonnet to Laura already quoted:

As the rose blossoms on her vernal spray
In the first flower of her beauty new,
Rivalling the heavens with her living hue
When watered with the dew at dawn of day,
Her petals breathing grace and loveliness
Perfume the garden-walks and orchard air;
But suddenly she dies in wan despair,
Extinguished by rough rain or sun's excess.
So in the freshness of your maidenhood,
While heaven and earth smiled in your happy eyes,
Fate crushed you down. Now at your grave I've stood
To bring as tearful tribute of past hours
This wreath of roses, that there may arise
Even from your dead lips the breath of flowers.

With the seventeenth century came a poetic school that insisted on polish, correctness, and rigid rules of rhetoric. As a result, genuine lyric expression was crushed out in France for over two hundred years. During that period came the great verse tragedies of Corneille and Racine. The former wrote superb rhetoric and the latter portrayed with grim power the inner springs of the human heart; but both lack that spontaneity and emotional inevitability which comes when the instrument of expression is servant, and not master, of the emotions.

The greatest period of pure poetry in France came in the nineteenth century. It began as a violent revolt against the miserable artificiality of the "classical" school, coupled with a passion for things medieval, grim, and mysterious, personal yearnings "wild with all regret," and equally strong affirmations of personal pride. In essence it was a return to the true function of art, the natural expression

*Continued on page 49*




MORE and more often you will see this trail on the roads of the world, for it is the mark of the World's Greatest Tire—the *New* Goodyear Balloon. The new SUPER-TWIST Cord carcass and the new All-Weather Tread are the greatest tire combination ever made available to motorists.

SUPERTWIST Cord is 61% more elastic than old-style cord. It absorbs shocks which would break old-style cords. The new All-Weather Tread overcomes the typically rapid tread wear of balloon tires, *grips* the road and runs smoothly and *quietly*.

# Come Let Us Read a While

## By W. H. M. Librarian

IT must be at least six years, probably seven, since I made a plea at the Canadian Authors' Association Convention for a subject very near to my heart, namely, that literature knows no geographical boundaries, that the people who make a plea for what they call "Canadian books for Canadians" are arch-enemies to the progress of Canadian literature, that Canadian papers that praise books because they are written in the Dominion and ignore books from authors all over the world are doing the reading public of Canada a grave injustice.

This sounds, I must admit, as dull a platitude as was ever uttered, yet only to-day at the time of beginning to write this page comes a letter from a reader of the W.H.M. Unfortunately, the writer who takes me so thoroughly to task for touching upon what she calls "obscure English writers" forgot to put her address to her letter, so that I am unable to write directly to her. This is a great pity, for she asks a definite question and I would give her a definite answer. She asks at the height of her scorn—where was there any reference to Arnold Bennett's "Lord Raingo"? Had she given her address I would have written to her drawing her attention to the W.H.M. of January, 1927, where under the sub-title "Mostly Pneumonia" I mentioned "Lord Raingo" in six hundred words or more—in other words, over one-third of my article for that month. She says further "It would be more interesting to readers on this side to have the popular American novels reviewed". Again I must refer her to the Western Home Monthly, which she reads so regularly, and ask her to look at the February issue. There I have noted in brief an American book, "Adam's Daughter" by John Carruthers, which made a tremendous stir in the United States of America. In this same issue I gave a long review (long in relation to the amount of space at my disposal each month) of Dorothy Canfield's "Her Son's Wife", about which a reader of the W.H.M. who lives in the United States of America had the kindness to write to me. However, before her letter reached me my review had appeared During the last six months I have reviewed the latest works (up to that time) of Hugh Walpole, Storm Jameson, May Sinclair, Robert Hichens, W. J. Locke, H. G. Wells, Arnold Bennett, J. D. Beresford and Percival Christopher Wren, Radcliffe Hall, Emil Mannin and John Galsworthy. I defy anyone to put these authors in the category of "obscure English authors." After all, I am in a position to know what is being talked about in literary London.

### Canada To The Fore

IT is not feminine inconsistency that makes me emphasise Canadian books this month, a few moments after stating my abhorrence of geographical boundaries in the world of literature, for this issue of the Western Home Monthly is a special Diamond Jubilee number, commemorating sixty years of Canadian Confederation. It is therefore fitting that I tell you first of any Canadian books that have come my way since last I wrote. I have already spoken of Katherine Hale's "Canadian Houses of Romance", otherwise this beautiful and interesting volume would have been particularly appropriate to the book article of this month, so let me in passing just remind you of its existence. Old houses are precious historical landmarks, and you will delight in the manner Katherine Hale leads you to their doors.

### French Canada

IT was with great surprise and pleasure that I received a few days ago a copy of "The Spell of French Canada" (L. C. Page & Co.) by Frank Oliver Call. I had not heard from Professor Call since he sent me a slender volume of his charming poems, and that was several years ago.

"What a splendid volume!" This is, I think, the first exclamation that springs naturally to one's lips on seeing this finely and profusely illustrated book, beautifully printed and most attractively bound. But as one begins to turn the pages one's wonder grows, to paraphrase the well-known couplet—"at all he knows." Here is a volume to dally with, not to scamper through, but to read slowly in hours of leisure, so as to give one time to fall beneath its magic. And this I fully intended to do before mentioning it in this page. But alas and alack! I have just received a letter from the Editor of the Western Home Monthly asking for copy a month in advance in order to cope with the mechanical difficulties of producing this very fine commemorative issue. I must, therefore, read but one chapter now and the remainder later on. I've looked down the "Contents" and am drawn to "Folk Lore" for that is one of my favorite subjects.

It is a fascinating chapter with its quaint stories showing the French Canadian's belief in ghosts and goblins and hidden treasure guarded by le petit bonhomme gris. The next chapter (I just had to read this) is devoted to Folk Songs, and is greatly enriched by the author's own metrical translations of French Canadian songs. Professor Call's poetic ability and understanding of French Canada is used to good purpose in this chapter, for he has caught the spirit of these songs and they thereby lose little if anything in the process of translation. The more I look into this volume, with its chapters devoted to Montreal, unique Quebec, the country of Maria Chapdelaine, etc., the more am I struck with the happy coincidence that brought to me within one month Katherine Hale's "Canadian Houses of Romance" (Canadian House of Macmillan) and "The Spell of French Canada". They together make such an admirable addition to one's Canadian Bookshelf. They shall stand next to Tracey's "Tercentenary History of Canada" wherein the author writes "There is no more interesting or absorbing tale in the annals of mankind than the story of the Canadian people."

### Canadian Short Stories

I WAS delighted to receive from the author herself a copy of "All We Like Sheep" by Nellie McClung (Thomas Allen, Toronto). This is, I think, the first time I have read a collection of short stories by this gifted Canadian writer and publicist. The first story, which gives its title to the volume, did not appeal to me half as strongly as did "Men and Money", which is a beautifully-written story of two families and their material and spiritual bank accounts. "One of the McTavishes" is an interesting psychological study of a man's spiritual gropings and how he discovers salvation. The only other one that I have had time to read is "The Neutral Fuse" which was starred in O'Brien's collection of "The Best Short Stories of 1925." Although written in the simplest possible style and written around a theme rather than a plot, it succeeds in being a most powerful piece of writing.

Talking about geographical boundaries, I would not be at all surprised if some people in England failed to get the full flavor of this volume of short stories, because I think one must have lived in Canada, one must have worked in Canada, one must have observed the lives of women in Canada, to appreciate thoroughly several of these stories; but this only makes the book all the more appropriate for mention in the issue of a magazine celebrating sixty years of Canadian life. And here is another little point I would like to touch on briefly. It may very well be that a great number of my readers have already devoured "All We Like Sheep" and some of them may exclaim impatiently "Why talk about a book we read ages ago!" Will these hypercritical people please remember this—that never has everybody heard of every book published. My personal experience is this—Whenever I meet a friend whose judgment I value I always say "what books have you been reading"? Invariably he or she mentions titles that I at once dot down on my library list. I think that is one of the many virtues of good books. They are always about to give fresh pleasure. I make, therefore, no apology for mentioning "All We Like Sheep" although I am not quite sure of the date of its publication, my copy having reached me for Easter.

*Queen Mary and the Princess Elizabeth, Daughter of the Duke of York*

### And Afterwards—Canada

A COUPLE of months ago an author, Robert Watson, was kind enough to write to me saying that his Canadian publishers were about to send me a copy of his new novel. Unfortunately, this for some unknown reason did not eventuate, but just before Easter I applied to the English publishers, Sampson, Low and Co., and received per return a copy of "Me and Peter."

I am not Scotch, but boys are the same all the world over of whatever nationality, and "Me and Peter" will, I am sure, appeal to all who remember their childhood. To those who don't, it will be a happy stimulus to memory.

Mr Watson is obviously autobiographical, and strange to say, so modestly wanting in egotism that the personal hardly ever seems to obtrude in the narrative. It is a story of a little boy who grows into a big boy, and when he becomes a big boy the wanderlust that has always been with him takes him to Canada, and there the story stops—on the banks of the Mackenzie river. One longs to know more of his life in Canada, for if the intimate, Pepys-like survey of his childhood in Scotland can enthral the reader as it did me, I am certain his grown-up days would be equally interesting.

I do not know any book which has recaptured the spirit of boyhood so thoroughly—its escapades, its friendship, its school life, its little philosophies and its own peculiar outlook. It appealed to me tremendously and will to others of whatever age.

I said I had not the good fortune to be a Scot, but my husband is one. Moreover, he is a very discriminating critic and hyper-critical of anything connected with his own country. He just revelled in "Me and Peter" and quite interrupted me with discontinued chuckles and exclamatory approbations while reading it.

The deep, lasting, boyish friendship between the author and Peter is obvious though never strained, and always treated with that restraint and reserve we are accustomed to believe all Scots are prone to in matters of the affections. Only once does a trace of sentiment creep in—just as the author leaves for Canada, and it does so with telling effect.

So wholeheartedly can I recommend this happy, healthy book that I may be allowed just one reservation. I wish the two episodes of the pig and the hen had been left out. I know many little boys are cruel and love horrors, but then other people do not.

Read "Me and Peter" and enjoy it as we did.

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### Down With Germs

Visiting Doctor: "How is it, Sambo, that you and your large family keep so healthy?"

Sambo: "Well, suh, ah tell you; we've done bought one of dose sanitary drinkin' cups, and we all drink outen it."—Hardware Age.

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### Grew Careless

"Yes, I used to be in politics myself. I was dog-catcher in my town for two years, but finally lost my job."

"What was the matter — change of mayors?"

"Nope. I finally caught the dog."—American Boy.

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### Flavor of Sanctity

Little Helen (rejecting medicine)—"I don't want to take the nasty, bitter stuff."

Mother: "But how do you know it's nasty and bitter? You haven't tasted it."

Helen: "You said it would be good for me."—Boston Transcript.

# An Office Romance

*Continued from page 16*

her brown orbs twinkled at him and she qualified the remark with: "At least I shall look over the prospects very thoroughly first. I am very particular—exceedingly so."

"Well, it's a refreshing experience to meet a young woman from the Old Country with your—of your—why, you're a phenomenon!"

"Am I really?" she queried demurely.

He leaned over and tapped his desk with a pencil that he had removed from its resting place behind his ear. He had again become stern.

"Nine-twenty, young woman. Get busy. If there is anything you're not familiar with just ask Miss Halkett, my secretary, who will be in presently."

Jerome turned to his 'phone and began issuing orders to the heads of various departments. Miss Grosvenor heard a succession of remarks spiced with the queer Canadian slang and interspersed with "yep" and "nope." She heard him instruct somebody to show somebody else "the ropes" and once she understood that someone was to be "fired," whatever that meant. She wondered if she'd ever get on to this language out here. Don, for example, was always saying he was "broke," and insisted on using that term although she had told him repeatedly that the past-perfect tense of the verb to break was "broken." Yes, it was a strange land and would take a lot of studying.

MR. JEROME didn't resemble his nephew in the slightest. He was quite homely, she thought, but younger than she had expected. Instead of an old fellow of sixty with a beard he seemed to be merely forty-eight or thereabouts. He was stocky and solid of build, iron-grey as to hair—it was better to have grey hair than be bald, anyway, she decided — and he was chock-full of what Don called "pep." Nothing indolent about Uncle Walter.

About ten he rang up a political friend who was helping put over the Confederation celebration and there was apparently a strong desire to get ahead of the other political party in the matter of entertainment. "We'll show those d—— Tories a thing or two," Jerome shouted gleefully into the mouthpiece.

Miss Halkett came in. She was a nice old maid who treated Jerome with such deference that he invariably spoke to her rudely and used her as a doormat. She was late and got a brisk calling-down. To Miss Grosvenor she explained that her mother was sick but that there wasn't a bit of use telling the boss. He had no more sympathy than he had politeness! Don met Mabel at the noon hour and they went to a dairy lunch and had a few sandwiches and a glass of milk apiece.

"Gee, it was all I could do to stay away," he admitted. "I actually came near to going into the old boy's sanctum, just to see you, and find out how things were going. He knows I'm home, so I'll have to see him pretty soon. Tomorrow, maybe."

"You won't dare to look my way. We mustn't know each other."

"Yes, I s'pose that's the only way to do, worse luck. But, believe me, I'm gona hit him for a raise mighty soon. If the old crab doesn't smile on our nuptials and loosen up we'll cut from this town and pike to the coast or somewhere."

"I've discovered I'm not a bit afraid of him."

"Don't tell me you tried to flirt with that old curmudgeon!"

"I wouldn't call him old. And," she teased, "I'm not going to tell you what my method of handling him was."

"Well," said Don, trying to maintain a cheerful air, "you just go on being nice to him. You've got the right dope. I gotta hand it to you, sweetie, for screwing twenty bucks out of him as a starter. You did well to take my advice," he declared, claiming a good part of the credit.

"How do you know I was nice to him?" she asked.

"Well, *you* couldn't be anything else," he replied fondly.

"Do you know, really, I don't believe we ought to go about together at all. It might reach Mr. Jerome's ears."

"I like that!"

"Do be reasonable, dear boy."

"Say, maybe you'd like to call it off altogether," Don said sourly. "Don't mind *me*."

But Miss Grosvenor was too practical-minded to get miffed. A sudden thought now struck her.

"I say, has your uncle got any particular hobby?" she enquired. "One can sometimes play on a man through his pet pastime or even through a favorite prejudice. Is he a golf-fiend?"

"Not so's you could notice it."

"Well, I'll have to get along without *that*, then. It rather surprised me, do you know, to find that Canadian business men don't have tea served them in their offices, as we do at home."

"Why, you haven't been here till four o'clock yet."

"I know, but Miss Halkett told me they don't. She said your uncle would throw a fit—I *think* that was her expression—if anyone took a cup of tea to his desk at four o'clock, or at any other time."

"Yeh, ain't it a shame? While the old crab was sipping from the cup that cheers you could have got in some nice expert vamping. Never mind, we gotta think of *something*. Hobby, you ask. Let me see, now. He's nuts on insects, I just happened to remember, a kind of bugologist, you know."

"A kind of *what?*"

"Oh, crazy over beetles and spiders and such things. Studies Faber. He's even written a pamphlet about them and gets up on the platform and spouts about them to the professors at the university."

"He must be an authority."

"I suppose so."

"Oh, dear, I'm afraid I don't know a thing about bugs," Mabel sighed, and I care even less."

A WEEK passed uneventfully. In the latter part of the second week Billy Craik had an appointment with the Jam King. He had twice seen his friend Don in the company of Eve Winslow and he wondered if Mabel knew about it, but when on entering the Jerome private office, he winked furtively at her, and she smiled back, her bearing gave no hint of anxiety.

Jerome was bent over a table of estimates, Craik waiting patiently to hear his verdict, when all of a sudden Miss Grosvenor over in her corner by the windows gave a little scream and sprang to her feet. The men, turning, saw that she was standing by her typewriter-stand with her skirt drawn back from shapely silk-clad legs and that her eyes were fixed on some object on the floor at her feet.

"Ooh, a bug!" she cried in pretty terror. "A funny green-and-black bug."

"Eh? A bug, you say?" Jerome looked over the tops of his glasess at her and then through the lens of them at what she was gazing at in such horror. Yes, it was a bug—a big one.

*Continued on page 43*

# Men Are Changing

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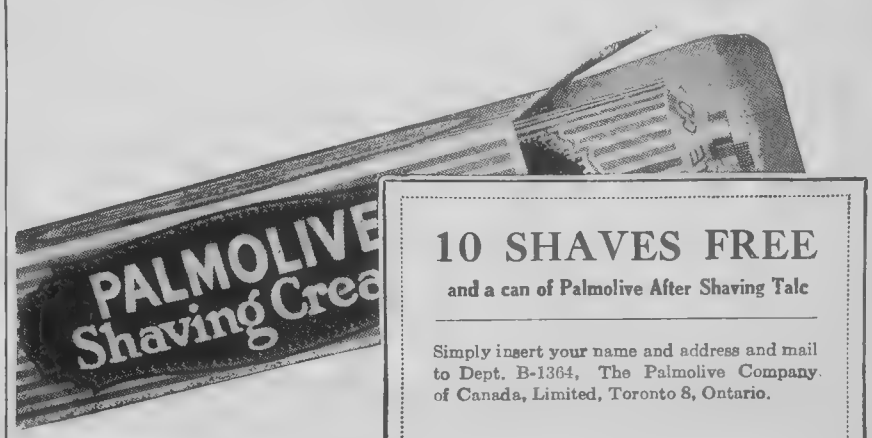


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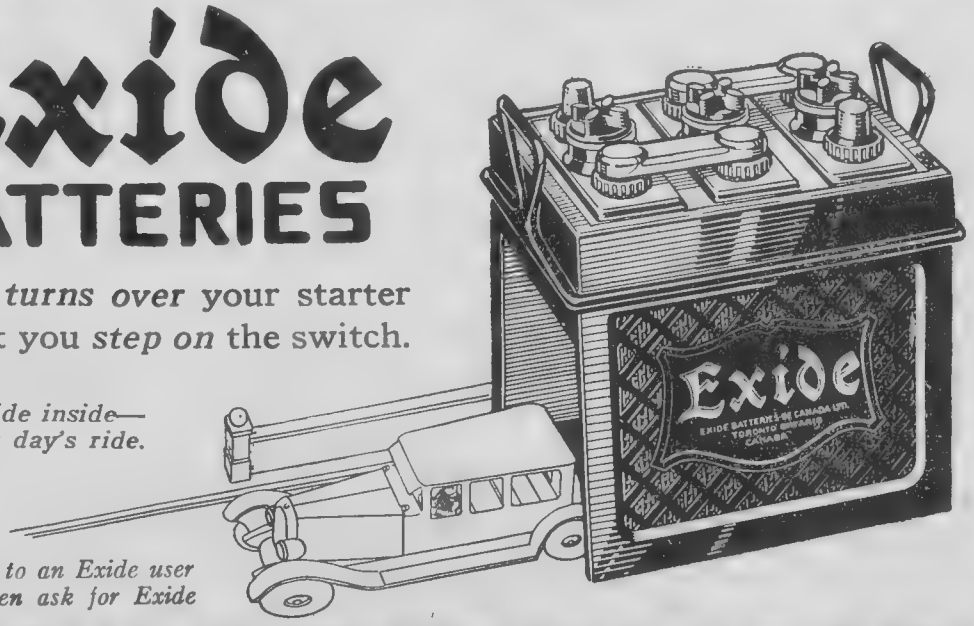


*Talk to an Exide user —then ask for Exide*

## *The Modern Attitude Towards Legs*

*By Phoebe Cole*

IN GRANDMOTHER'S time no well brought up girl ever admitted that she had such a thing as a good stout pair of legs. She called them, primly, her "limbs," when one of them got broken and just simply *had* to be mentioned. And she covered them with long and voluminous skirts that reached the ground. She suffered acute mental anguish when, on windy days, the sportive breezes attempted to elevate her beruffled petticoats to reveal her ankles, perchance even her modest calves. Terribly self-conscious about her legs was poor Grandmother, as ashamed of those useful members as though they had been something quite obscene.

The modern girl has no such nonsense in her mind. She is as unconscious of her legs as she is of her nose. She never *has* worn long skirts, since she graduated from her first long baby clothes, and she thinks no more of showing her legs now that she is seventeen or twenty than she did when she was three or seven or eleven. She doesn't feel that she is being daring and dashing and immodest by wearing short skirts because she has never worn any other kind.

The modern girl does realize, however, that her legs, like her face, hair, hands and arms, *must* be well groomed to be attractive. Grooming, in Grandmother's day, simply meant spending hours on an elaborate coiffure which involved curls, puffs, waterfalls, and other fantastic effects. Today, good grooming means that the teeth shall be dazzling, the skin of face and neck kept in best condition, the hands well manicured, the arms free from hair, the elbow free from any roughness, and the legs also cleared of any unwanted hairs before the sheer light stockings now in fashion are put on. Of course even if Grandmother's legs had been as hairy as her brother's, nobody would ever have been the wiser, because she wore thick stockings and high-buttoned shoes.

But Miss 1927 wears sheer silk hose, in the daintiest of nude shades, and low shoes, even in stormy weather. And very good care does she take of her hosiery and shoes, for they are expensive. Every single night when she undresses she carefully washes the silken hose, so that perspiration cannot rot the delicate fabric; the shoes are wiped free from dust and put on trees or stretchers of some sort, to keep them in shape.

Then she turns her attention to her pedal extremities, which must be kept in good condition for the strenuous life of walking, dancing, swimming, tennis and hiking which the modern girl loves and excels in. The feet are bathed, and any little hard places on toes or sole gently rubbed with a pummice stone; if any hair disfigures the surface of the legs, it is removed, every week or two, by the use of a simple depilatory. These preparations come in powder, liquid or cream form; perhaps the easiest to use is the cream, which is merely squeezed out of a tube, like a tooth paste, spread on with a little wooden spreader, and after five or six minutes washed off, leaving the legs smooth and dainty. The wise girl never uses a razor on her legs, because shaving makes the hair come back in bristles, like a man's stiff beard, and these bristles would stick through sheer hosiery.

Lastly, the modern girl takes exercises to correct weak ankles and to strengthen her calf muscles; standing in her bare feet, she rises on her toes, then slowly descends, and repeats this exercise ten to twenty times. If the ankles are too plump, the fatty tissue may be reduced by vigorous massage, kneading the flesh, or by wearing a rubber ankle bandage.

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The other day a lady's hair while being dried was caught in a vacuum-cleaner. These relics of the past always suffer when they get in the way of progress.—Punch.

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**Unfair Discrimination**

Helen: "It took Jack twenty-five lessons to teach me to swim."

Sybil: "The cad! He taught me in six!"—Mink.

---

**Close Quarters**

MAN. 65. FOUND IN COMMA
—Boston Herald.

# An Office Romance

*Continued from page 41*

"The horrid thing must have fallen from the flowers in this vase," she remarked, with a shiver of distaste.

Jerome had got up and was now bending over the insect with a display of interest that was quite grotesque, she thought. He touched it tenderly with the rubber end of his pencil. She fell back a pace.

"It's an *allitheria grisbois Mexicana*, and belongs to the *papillon* family," he cried joyfully. "What a find!"

"I feel so crawly," shuddered Miss Grosvenor. "I do hope there aren't any more of them around."

Jerome looked fleetingly up at her and grunted.

"She hopes there aren't any more!" he said with heavy sarcasm. "Just like a fool woman."

"Tee-hee." This or a similar sound was heard from Craik's direction. Billy gathered up his papers with a sigh.

"Where did you find it?" Jerome demanded of his stenographer, when he had scooped the bug up on a piece of blotting-paper.

"Find it? I *didn't*," Mabel assured him. "I was stooping for a pencil that had dropped from my stand here, and there the thing was. Ugh! Do throw it out of the window, sir."

"'Throw it out of the window,' she says! Why, girl—woman—I've been looking for years for just such an insect. It will be the talk of the country," he cried excitedly. "I wouldn't mind if the place was crawling with them. They are a kind of wood-tick that turns butterfly. I wouldn't have missed this for a fortune, I tell you." He was like a boy in his eagerness and she watched him as he skipped over to the hat-stand and took his hat and coat down. He had been working in his shirt-sleeves, for the day was warm.

"About those estimates——" hinted Billy, even while he knew it was hopeless.

"D—— the estimates!" shouted Jerome. "I want to see the president of the research society without a moment's delay. I want to register this specimen and call a special meeting. Green shot with black. Phosphorescence under the wing-tips. Double antennae. Girl, you have no idea what this means to me. I can finish my brochure on beetles now." He swept all the papers from his desk with a single gesture of his arm and placed the bug on the glass top where it had the whole territory to itself. He gloated fondly over it before slipping it into one of his business envelopes. Two buzzers were ringing, but he paid no attention. With the precious insect safe in a vest pocket he rushed from the room, banging the door as he went.

"Well, that's that," said Craik humorously.

"Does it always affect him this way?" asked Mabel.

"Oh, this was mild. When he comes back he'll probably have the office turned upside down looking for other specimens. He'd be tickled to find a bug in the jam itself." Billy reached for his hat.

About four days later, when Mabel had finished taking dictation one morning, Jerome bluntly inquired of her where she was in the habit of taking her lunch. She replied that she patronized different places.

"Well," he said, "I want you to eat at the Blue Bird today with a friend of mine, a gentleman named Briggs."

"Sir!" She drew herself up as a well-bred English girl would at such a strange suggestion, but he paid no heed.

"Mr. Briggs wants to see if you'll do to take the part of one of the nine provinces in our great float parade on Friday," Jerome went on. Of course he *could* come in here and look you over but having lunch together will perhaps be better." He eyed her speculatively.

"Suppose I don't wish to——"

"We're short of young women of—er—the right build," he went on, "and I told him about you."

"Oh, you did, did you?" Mabel was so overcome with astonishment that she was not only bereft of repartee, nor could she summon the proper degree of indignation, but she tried valiantly. Only a spirited woman could deal with Mr. Walter Jerome.

"I think you will make a very good —er—goddess. You will wear a golden crown and white, flowing robes, with the provincial coat-of-arms on your breast and stand at the front of the float, holding a spear. If you represent a prairie province there will be a sheaf of wheat beside you, or in one of your arms. If a seacoast province, the float will be a boat and you will dress as a daughter of Neptune."

"You have a vivid imagination," said Miss Grosvenor, stiffly.

"I consider that I am doing you a favor," he said briskly," for requests for such roles in the parade are coming in at a great rate. We don't want thin, flat-chested, anæmic girls. We want specimens that will do us credit. How much do you weigh?"

"What has that to do with it?" she demanded.

"If you don't wish to tell your weight——"

"Not at all. I'm one hundred and forty pounds."

"Undressed?"

"I *beg* your pardon?"

"Well, in your gym suit?"

"Yes."

"You are a very handsome specimen of young womanhood," Jerome remarked. He might have been talking of a bug or something. He looked at her with appreciation that seemed quite impersonal, and again she drew herself up. Such a man!

But he was her boss and she couldn't be *too* saucy. She restrained a hot desire to say something that would burn him up, and while she stood there seething his 'phone rang.

"H'lo," he shouted into the receiver. "Who's that, you say? Oh, Craik. What's that? My nephew's got a lien on some of my Meadowvale property and wants to build a bungalow? Why, the impertinent young ass! There's no building going up on that subdivision that costs less than fifteen thousand. Why didn't he come to me? I'd tell him a few. Eh? Well, I don't care if he *does* want to marry." Jerome hung up. He turned to Mabel. "Are you acquainted with my nephew?" he demanded.

"Y—yes sir," she faltered, and paled as she spoke.

"Well, I wish you'd give him a piece of my mind for me. I won't take up valuable time having him here to argue the question. He's scraped up some money and paid down a lien on a piece of land that I have for sale, the nervy young pup! Wants to get married. Huh! God pity the girl!"

"Please don't ask me to carry any messages to him." Mabel spoke half-pleadingly but, too, with an air of outraged pride. "I—I know him, but I'm not speaking to him at all."

Jerome raised his eyebrows in undisguished surprise.

"You speak with a trace of emotion. Was it a—er—a little quarrel you had?" Was that a faint smile that played about the corners of the Jam King's mouth!

*Continued on page 48*


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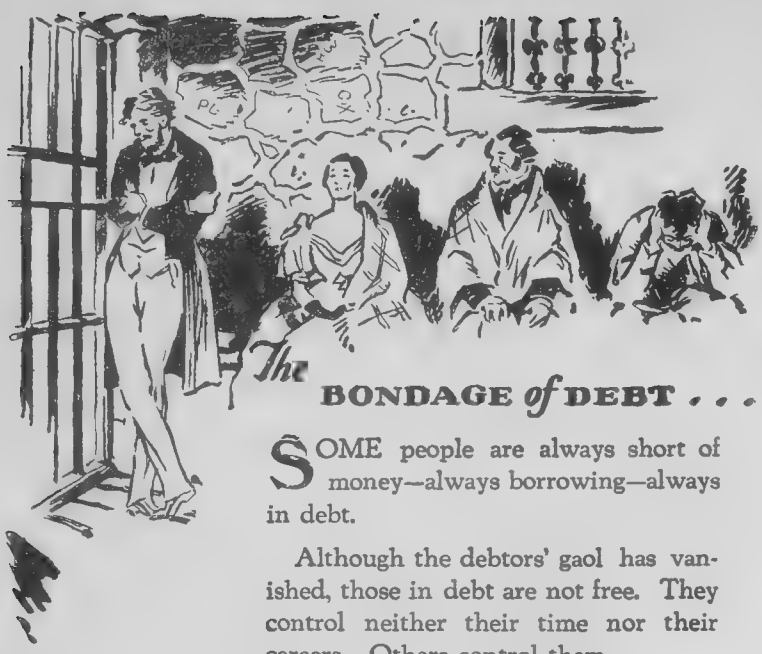

S603

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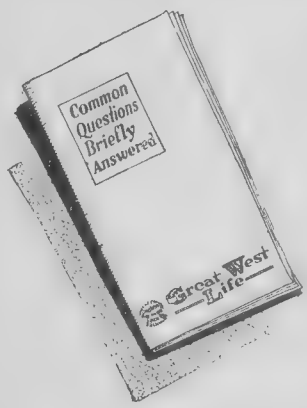


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# LEGAL INFORMATION

WE HAVE already pointed out in a series of articles what elements are necessary to constitute a valid contract, what qualifications the contracting parties must possess, the nature of the subject matter of the contract, and the conditions which were supposed to be in existence when the parties agreed. In this article we propose dealing with the different modes by which the parties may be released from the binding obligation into which they have entered.

Obviously the first way is by an agreement between the parties either to waive the obligation or to substitute a new agreement or by a provision in the original agreement permitting the extinction of the agreement if certain conditions are not fulfilled. In the case of waiver this can only occur if neither of the parties has done anything to carry out the bargain and if this is so the agreement may be "waived or discharged without a deed and without consideration." If one of the parties has performed all he undertook to do, he can hold the other party and if the latter seeks to show that he is under no liability because of a waiver given by the former he must in all cases show that he has given some consideration for the waiver or that he has been granted a release under seal.

Again the original agreement may be set aside by the creation of a new agreement but care should be exercised to see that the new agreement is not simply a postponement of the performance but really introduces a new contract. As Anson points out "the courts have always recognized the distinction between a substitution of one agreement for another and a voluntary forbearance to deliver at the request of another and will not regard the latter as affecting the rights of the parties further than this, that if a man asks to have performance of his contract postponed, he does so at his own risk." The contract may be discharged by any substantial alteration in its terms. This often arises in the case of building contracts where the builder agrees to complete the construction in a certain number of days or to pay a definite amount for every day's delay beyond the specified time. If, during the course of construction, the owner decides to make alterations in the original plan which prevents the builder carrying out the plan within the time, then the parties are regarded as having entered into a new contract and the original one is at end. A similar rule applies if new parties to the contract are introduced.

Very often agreements contain special provisions whereby they cease to be valid upon the non-completion of certain terms. An interesting case affords an illustration of the working of this rule. "A" bought a horse from "B" who stated that "it had been hunted with the Bicester hounds and that if it did not answer to the description, 'A' could return it on or before a certain day." The warranty as to the condition was untrue and "A" returned it within the time specified but in the meantime the horse had become injured without any negligence on the part of "A". "B" objected to receiving the horse back but the courts held that "B" must stand by his bargain and take back the horse, even though in its injured condition.

Contracts are also discharged by payment or by tender. If a contract calls for the payment of a definite sum at a certain place the payer is released from further liability if he duly pays the exact amount at the particular place. It sometimes happens that disputes arise as to the performance of the contract and the parties may negotiate as to a settlement. Once the settlement has been arrived at and the party liable pays the sum agreed upon as "accord and satisfaction," the contract is likewise of no further force. On the other hand tender is an attempt either to perform the agreement or to pay the amount involved. For instance, if a country merchant were to order goods from a wholesaler and when delivery has been made had refused to accept them, the wholesaler would be entitled to sue the merchant for any loss he had sustained on the grounds that he had completed his end of the bargain. Similarly, if "A" is under an obligation to pay money to "B" and actually offers in legal tender the money to "B" who for some reason refuses it, "A" is not thereby released from liability, but if he is sued, he must pay the amount into court. If the court deems that the sum tendered is the correct amount "A" is released from further liability and will also be entitled to all his costs in connection with the suit.

### Answers to Queries

Alberta.

(Q)—During January and February, 1921, we had a severe small pox outbreak here. I was the Health Officer for the Municipality at a nominal salary of $25.00 per year. The Provincial Health Officer came down from Edmonton to investigate, he sent vaccine here and instructed me how to vaccinate, and I vaccinated 98 people, travelling from farm to farm to do so. He said I should charge a fee of 25 cents each for vaccination, he charging the vaccine he sent to me. He said the Municipality would have to pay me for this extra work. This they are not willing to do. There were about twenty families down with small pox which took all my time looking after.

(1) Can I collect for the above vaccinations and extra work? (2) How should I proceed, if so?—M. B. J.

(A)—(1) In our opinion it would be difficult for you to collect any pay for your services in making the vaccinations. If you had a salary of $25.00 per year, in our opinion this would cover all work that you had to do for the Municipality unless they made a special agreement with you to pay you more. However, it all depends upon the particular terms of your retainer by the Municipality. If anyone ought to pay you for your services, which is doubtful, it would be the persons whom you vaccinated. However, we think that the Municipality and the farmers should pay you for the vaccine which you supplied and for which you were charged.

(2) It would depend upon the circumstances and upon the authority of your position whether you could make the Municipality responsible for this account; otherwise you might have to sue the individuals whom you vaccinated.

(Q)—During the grasshopper outbreak here, the Secretary of the Municipality came and hired me to go to Cardston to haul out a load of bran, barrels of molasses, and lemons and paris green. I did so, and while the load was on my lot he instructed me to mix this poison and distribute it out to those who needed it, keeping track of everything, so the several amounts could be charged to the several farmers receiving the poisoned bran. I did so, rendering an itemized statement to Municipal Officers, also my bill for time mixing poison. They have failed to pay my bill for this work, just ignoring it, or asking me to collect off the farmers who received the poison. There was no protection for stock, and one of my cows and calf got some during mixing and died, also 23 chickens. (1) Can I collect for the above work? (2) Could I collect for cow, calf and chickens? (3) How should I proceed?—M. B. J.

(A)—(1) Was this work done while you were Health Officer? If so, in our opinion you cannot collect any sum for your services. If it was after the termination of your retainer as Health Officer you could collect for the services. In any case you should be able to collect for your out-of-pocket expenses.

(2) No, we cannot see that you can collect from anyone else for the death of your cow, calf and chickens. You should have been more careful to prevent them approaching the poison.

(3) If the Municipality will not settle you should sue the Municipality and the Secretary.

*Continued on page 68*

THE appearance of the July issue of the Western Home Monthly under the name of the Jubilee number affords an opportunity of contemplating with satisfaction the financial condition and progress of our great Dominion. It is a most fitting matter for congratulation that when there is summed up the political and social development of the Dominion we can with equal pride view the development of its industrial life. It is a far cry from these early days when the voices of D'Arcy McGee, Tupper, Cartier, Macdonald, and other statesman were raised in the passionate desire for a closer union between Upper and Lower Canada, Nova Scotia and New Brunswick, and bold indeed would one be who could have then attempted even faintly to prophesy the unity and extension of the Dominion as we know it today. Particularly do these remarks apply to the finances of the country, at a time when industrial concerns were struggling babes, when the whole West was undeveloped and regarded as but a source for the obtaining of furs and the abode of wild restless Indians.

The growth of this country has been marked by stormy and dangerous occasions when the eye of hope was dimmed and when even the most courageous heart trembled until the new rays of a better day dawned on a turbulent horizon. As we celebrate our Diamond Jubilee as a Nation we cannot fail for a moment to look back upon those days and as we lift our voices in thankfulness we do well to remember at what cost the lessons of stability and security were learnt.

Speaking particularly of Western conditions we look back with regret when we remember those fictitious booms which always resulted in loss and engulfed many in the maelstrom and left behind, a country strewn with wrecks and devastation. Almost every Western City of any size has been through this experience and even today the evil effects are apparent in a great number of places. It is now 15 years since the bottom fell out of the Winnipeg Real Estate market and today many are still paying for participation in that unfortunate episode. No city or country can ever progress with any degree of security unless its development is based upon a stabilized system of finance.

Perhaps no legislation has been introduced of more value to the community than the powers granted to Municipal Commissioners to supervise and guide the financial affairs of Municipalities. It is common knowledge that often ill directed and self-interested councillors have plunged the Municipality into unwarranted expenditures. It is to the credit of these legislatures that in all cases where Municipalities wish to raise money for municipal purposes, for instance, by a debenture issue, the approval of the Commissioner must first be obtained. In this way a check is maintained over injudicious and lavish expenditure and some measure of protection is afforded to the district against unscrupulous and partial councillors.

IT would not be inappropriate to discuss in this article the question of the sale of shares in companies whose financial development depends upon the selling of shares to the general public. As most people know, a company may be incorporated with either a Provincial or Dominion status depending largely upon the nature and scope of the particular company. For instance, if a company wishes to engage in business solely in Manitoba then the proper course would be to obtain a Provincial Charter, but if the activities of the Company were to extend throughout the Dominion it would be advisable to obtain a Dominion Charter, and thus avoid the necessity of obtaining separate registrations in each Province. Owing to wild-cat schemes which at one time or other made their appearance in the different parts of the company and also to that element of cupidity inherent in the breasts of a large number, it was found necessary to obtain some means to save the unsuspecting investor from loss. This was brought about as far as Provincial Companies were concerned, by the creation of the Sale of Shares Act under the direction of a Provincial Cabinet Minister. As we pointed out in a previous issue, whenever a Provincial Company wishes to obtain permission to sell its securities to the public it has first of all to satisfy the Commissioner that the scheme is not of a highly speculative or wild-cat nature, but that it possesses some real merit. The Minister after due investigation then decides if the project has a reasonable prospect of being successful and if so will then grant permission to sell stock. Severe penalties are imposed upon any persons engaging in the sale of stock without first obtaining permission and moreover it has been decided that any sale of such stock is not binding upon the purchaser who can get back from the company all moneys which he has paid for stock purchased and also escape further liability.

Obviously these sky blue laws would have been successful in attaining the desired end, were it not for the fact that the Federal authorities did not pass any such corresponding legislation, and the result is that whenever a person wishes to put over a scheme of this nature he will of course at once apply to Ottawa for a Charter and thus escape the necessity of making an application to the Provincial Commissioner. The hands of the local authorities being thus tied, any benefits to be derived from the Sale of Shares Act are nullified. There has been a very active attempt made to bring about some legislation by the Federal authorities to close up these loop-holes for fraud, but so far nothing has been accomplished, as far as we know, other than a Federal Departmental rule to the effect that in the incorporation of mining and oil companies evidence must be filed with the department showing that a Provincial Charter would be inadequate for the purposes of the company.

Would it not be in keeping with the spirit of harmony and unity which is permeating the breasts of all, for the Federal authorities to collaborate with the Provincial authorities and evolve a scheme whereby the activities of "wild catters" would be curbed? It is a well known fact that no government can fully protect an individual in investment matters but surely some check may be introduced to save him from his folly. It is suggested and with humility that Federal legislation should be introduced along the lines of the present Sale of Shares Acts whereby every Dominion Company which seeks to offer its securities to the public should first obtain a license. In addition authority should be delegated to the Provincial authorities to institute proceedings whenever the act is violated, the idea being that it is to the interests of the Province to see that its residents are unduly fleeced. It cannot be too strongly pointed out that failure to bring about some legislation of this kind will permit swindling to continue and certainly will not be conducive to a united spirit of harmony and goodwill.

THAT union gives strength is a truism widely accepted by the Western Canadianfarmer. Indeed, he is willing to stake much on it and it is on the strength of this belief that he has in great numbers chanced his fortunes with the Wheat Pool.

At first the task of uniting farmers who differed in wealth, skill, race and temperament seemed well-nigh hopeless. It was a well-known fact that the crops from Manitoba farms generally matured at an earlier date than those farther West and these early grains usually commanded a higher premium. Why should the Manitoba farmer thus sacrifice this geographical advantage? Then, again, the question of unified legislation in the three Prairie Provinces could not be overlooked. Would the various legislatures act in harmony and introduce legislation acceptable to all three? And, again, the all-important fact of individuality was ever

*Continued on page 88*

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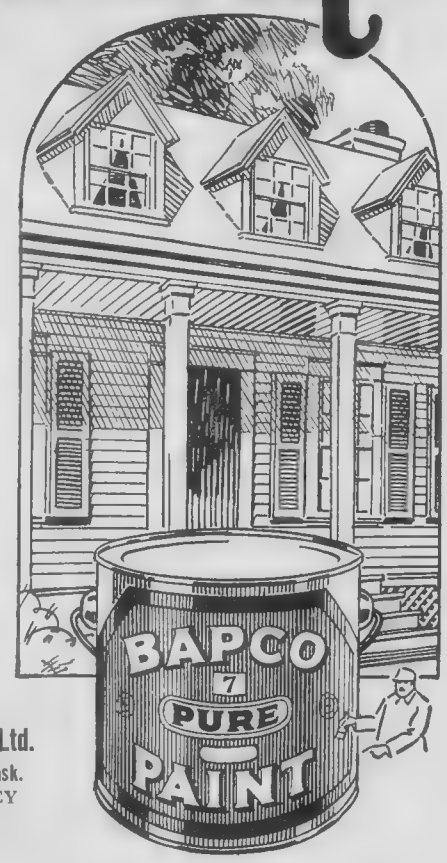


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# The Coming Canada

*By Frank Yeigh*

*Author of "Through the Heart of Canada"*

WHAT of the coming Canada? What have the approaching years in store for this land of the maple and the pine, of the golden fields, of the far-flung plains, of the towering mountain peaks?

One would like to pierce the veil of the future and visualize the Dominion-to-be; to picture the Dominion of 1987 or to anticipate the next jubilee. This may not be. But it may be possible and reasonable to forecast the future on the basis of the past. Yesterday may predicate tomorrow, and trends and ratios of progress may be projected into the near-by years, without indulging in foolish prophecies or dreaming idle dreams.

So the question may be fearlessly put: What of The Coming Canada? The answer lies in the jubilee span of the past, the sixty-year period of time under the Confederation era. The law of averages and percentages and trend and sweep of development may be invoked. If the population of Canada, for example, has trebled since 1867, or since the first census after Confederation in 1870, why should not the same increase be realized in the corresponding period to come? This would give the Dominion of 1987 a jump from nine to twenty-seven millions, and while the universal cry is for more people to fill up the great vacant spaces in the great wide Dominion, perhaps the ratio of increase in the past may be as rapid as assimilation warrants. It is futile to talk of a fifty-million country in the lifetime of any of the present generation, but the prophecy of half that number is warrantable on the basis of the Confederation censuses.

What marvels of science and invention awaits the Canadian of tomorrow. If the telephone and the wireless, if radio and television have come into being since the Fathers of Confederation founded a new State, who will have the temerity to forecast the future in this regard? If the whole realm of electrical development dates from the Seventies, indeed the Eighties or Nineties, who shall measure the kilowatts of the next decade? And if the man in London and the man in Montreal may now converse without the aid of wire transmission, no wonder the air is full of intimations of approaching marvels in this one realm of the marvellous. If the production of wheat alone has risen from 10 to 400 million bushels yearly, what is there to prevent a billion-bushel yield before the century nears its end? If it requires 4000 elevators now to hold half of the present yield, will it not be necessary to double the capacity as the cultivated area is doubled? Only this year the twin cities are adding an eight-million bushel capacity to their already huge terminal facilties.

If Canadian cerealists have produced, by the alchemy of nature and their own brain power, a Marquis wheat that has added many millions to the wealth of the Dominion, and a Garnet that matures days earlier than any other variety, and if a rust-resisting wheat is already proclaimed, what additional wonders in this one department of progress may not be anticipated? If the making of paper out of pulp is the result of experiments in our own day, is there any reason to doubt that the experiments under way for utilizing straw for the same purpose may not be equally successful?

Or take the industrial department of our Canadian life. Canada in 1867 was almost entirely an agricultural land, now manufacturing has out-distanced even that basic element. Over twenty thousand factories are making things for use and sale, half a million artisans are giving their brain and brawn to production and between three and four millions of capital are invested therein. What will be the tale of industry in the next jubilee span? As new resources are discovered and utilized, as new needs are created and new markets opened, the coming Canada should witness a degree of manufacturing expansion, in keeping with progress in every other line.

Or consider our natural resources. Most of them have been developed since 1867. Mining then produced a mere fraction of the present 250 millions worth. There was then no Rouyn or Cobalt, no Porcupine or Kirland Lake, no Le Pas, no smelters in the British Columbian valleys, no rich mines along the Pacific coast to the Alaskan boundary. And yet the Deputy Minister of Mines asserts that we have scarcely touched the fringe of what Mother Earth holds in reserve for us!

The Fathers of 67 if told that Canada would head for the world's leadership in gold production, or that she would lead the world in wheat and flour exports, or in newsprint production ere a half-century or more would join the procession of the years, one can picture his incredulity. But standing on the threshold of another half century, why should it be thought a thing incredible that all advance along these lines have reached their maximum? One envies the youth of today the coming Canada that will be his heritage and hope.

SO the story of tomorrow, based on that of today and yesterday, might be prolonged indefinitely. What mineral discoveries await us? What new results of laboratory experiments in the treatment of ores, for already the cast off dumps of former mines are being profitably worked over. What new grains and grasses are coming; for remember that alfalfa is relatively new. To what new uses will the forest product be put? What chemical elements will be discovered and recovered for the use of mankind? The mind thrills at the thought based on the results already achieved.

Will power be radiated by the same wireless mystery in the near-by days? Will the elements of the air be tapped for the use of man? Will it be possible for a Canadian in Halifax to talk business with a Canadian in Vancouver or Victoria, and see each other as they talk? Even that is forecasted. The Confederation Father never dreamed of any of these modern marvels, and who shall dare to pierce the veil of the hidden years and force a reply ere it is ready to be given?

As world spaces are penetrated in the projection of human speech, and the world shrinks accordingly, one wonders at the revelation to come, in this and every other country, with an attitude of mind that refuses to be surprised at whatever may come to pass. And be it remembered, too, that in this arena of discovery, Canada's sons have played a part and Canada has been the theatre of some modern triumphs. Why may we not expect the coming Canada to make further contributions to the welfare of mankind?

The Canada of the Seventies was a very circumscribed one, measured by the occupied area. Outlined on the map it covered a mere fraction of the British North America of the day and that way down east. The Great Lakes formed a northern boundary of population; beyond, a Great Lone Land was an almost terra incognita, and a journey to or across it in the nature of an explorer's adventure. The colony of British Columbia must have seemed as remote to the Nova Scotian as a continent under the southern cross, and even Upper Canada was a far away province to the Prince Edward Islander.

If this penetration of territory and spread of population has marked the last half-century, may the next span of years not reveal a continuance of the process, in the populating of additional areas in the relatively vast hinter-lands of even the provinces of today? The borders of population are ever extending northward and westward. A Hudson's Bay Railway is in the offing, and railways ever bring settlement in their train. Additional railway outlets from the Peace River country are within the range of possibilities, as settlement creates the necessity and Canada increases its supply of bread among the hungry multitudes of the earth. Today the major part of British Columbia is a No Man's Land. What fertile valleys may not there be cultivated, what towns arise in the days to come.

What will be the acreage of Canada's wheat farm fifty or sixty years hence? If the tilled area has increased from ten to sixty million acres in a sixty year period, that is for all field crops, is it not reasonable to anticipate a similar ratio of cultivation in the future and the near years?

*Continued on page 88*

# An Unique Canadian Enterprise

*By Spalding Black*

NOW that Canada is celebrating her Diamond Jubilee, it is fitting to recall some of the outstanding examples of the vision capacity, and enterprise that have lifted this country of ours, in 60 short years, into a position of world prominence and recognition.

*The Hon. Peter C. Larkin*
Canadian High Commissioner, London

It is a truism that a nation is only as great as the individual citizens that go to make it up. The Honorable Peter C. Larkin is a great man who has helped to build Canada in those years. Now holding one of the highest posts within the gift of his country: representative of the Dominion of Canada at the heart of the Empire—he is discharging his responsible duties there with the same wisdom, the same energy, he same unflagging determination that have always characterized his life.

The Salada Tea Company, one of the greatest tea companies in the world, and by far the largest in the Western Hemisphere, is the creation of the Honorable Peter C. Larkin, founded in 1892,, in two rooms at 25 Front Street. East Toronto. The Company has now probably the three largest and finest warehouses in the world. These are located at Toronto, Montreal and, Boston, Mass.

One of Mr. Larkin's ideals has always been to surround his employees with things of beauty. In so doing he believes he not only ministers to the instinctive love of the beautiful in all of us, but also makes it possible for those working in orderly and harmonious surroundings to take greater satisfaction out of life and to perform better work thereby

This man, born of Irish-Canadian parents, in Montreal Canada, has created by his ability and his vision, a great Canadian enterprise that is a living example of the unlimited possibilities that exist in this young and splendid country of ours for all who have the will to work—to serve—to succeed.

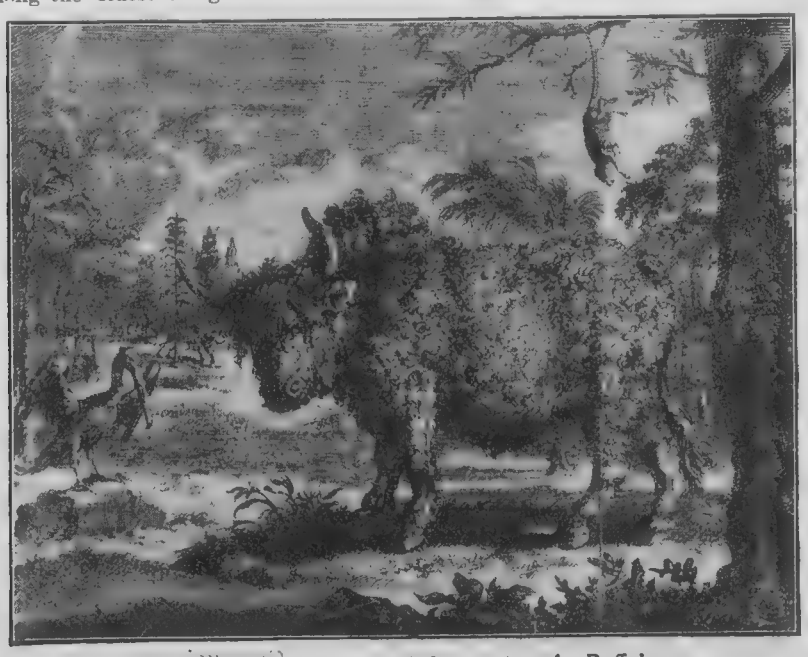
# Oldest Portrayal of the Buffalo

*By W. J. Healy, Provincial Librarian of Manitoba*

ONE of the buffalo trails crossing the area now within the boundaries of the city of Winnipeg which were still to be seen when the Province of Manitoba was established fifty-seven years ago passed within a few hundred yards of where the home of The Western Home Monthly now stands. Dr. Charles N. Bell, F.R.G.S., president of the Historical and Scientific Society of Manitoba, who came to the muddy little village of Winnipeg in 1870 with the Red River Expedition, and who a year or two later saw the buffaloes in their thousands on the prairies hundreds of miles west of Manitoba, remembers that portions of that trail were used as footpaths across open fields by Winnipeggers of the early days until the land it traversed was all enclosed and built upon. "A New Discovery of a Vast Country Extending Above Four Thousand Miles Between New France and New Mexico, with a Description of the Great Lakes, Cataracts, Rivers, Plants and Animals, also the Manners, Customs and Languages of the several Native Indians," written by Hennepin, the Recollet missionary and explorer, contains the earliest description and the oldest engraving of the buffalo. Among the oldest things in the Provincial Library is the edition of that book published in London in 1698, which was dedicated by Hennepin to William III. Herewith is printed a reproduction of a photograph of the wood engraving in that book showing the buffalo.

The word "buffalo" does not occur in that old book. The chapter in which the buffalo is described is entitled, "A Description of the Hunting of the Wild Bulls and Oxen by the Savages, of the Bigness of Those Beasts; and of the Advantages and Improvements that may be made of the Plains where they Pasture".

"Their horns are almost black and much bigger, though somewhat shorter than those of Europe," we read in that chapter "Their head is of a prodigious bigness, as well as their neck, which is very short, but about six spans broad; they have a kind of a bump between the two shoulders; their legs are big and short, covered with long wool; and they have between the two horns an ugly bush of hair, which falls upon their eyes and makes then look horrid. The flesh of these beasts is very relishing and full of juice, especially in autumn; for having grazed all the summer long in those vast meadows, they are then very fat."



*Reproduction of the first wood engraving of a Buffalo*


# THE STUMBLING BLOCK

Outside of private dealers in grain, **the Canadian Wheat Pools have no enemies.**

Bankers, railway magnates, financial men, editors, insurance firms, retail merchants, business and professional men, politicians in all parties, implement firms, lumber dealers—in short, all classes which recognize that the prosperity of the country depends upon the welfare of the farmer—have a good word for the Wheat Pools.

**The only stumbling block in the way of the Pools is the non-pool farmer;** the man who profits from the influence of the Pool but stays outside. The number of farmers outside the Pool is rapidly growing smaller, **but there is no good reason why any farmer in Western Canada with grain to sell should not market it through the Pool.**

The stabilizing effect of the Canadian Wheat Pool on the wheat markets of the world is acknowledged by the leading Old Country importers, millers and bakers. Every new Pool recruit adds to the influence of the Pool.

Last year the Canadian Pool's administrative costs amounted approximately to a fifth of a cent per bushel, while the provincial overhead averaged approximately around half a cent per bushel. This low overhead was largely due to the enormous volume handled. As more farmers join the Pool, greater economies in handling can be effected.

Practically all the non-pool farmers admit that the Pool has helped and is helping them. It is only reasonable to suggest that they should in turn **help the Pool, their fellow-farmers, and themselves, by signing a Pool contract.**

Manitoba Wheat Pool, Winnipeg, Man.

Saskatchewan Wheat Pool, Regina, Sask.

Alberta Wheat Pool, Calgary, Alta.

# Sixty Years of Confederation

**Calls for the thoughtful consideration of every Canadian Citizen. To the youth of our land in particular with their manifold advantages, it is a challenge to high service. This land of unequalled resources and boundless possibilities eagerly awaits those who by character, qualifications and vision can grapple with its problems. Education, which is really but the presentation of ideas, will, to a much greater extent than heretofore, decide the fitness of men for the tasks that await us as a Country.**

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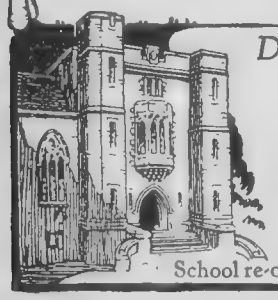

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New Buildings, New Site, 219 acres, 700 feet above Toronto, 20 miles from the city. Established 28 years. Prepares Boys for Universities, Royal Military College and for Business.

*Illustrated Calendar mailed on Request*

**REV. D. BRUCE MACDONALD, M.A., LL.D., Headmaster, Aurora, Ont.**



Do You Know of Better Value or Anything More Distinctly Canadian Than The Western Home Monthly?


# *An Office Romance*

*Continued from page 43*

"We—we made a bargain," explained Mabel, "and he exceeded his privileges, that's all."

"This Winslow girl he's running around with—her father is a Tory. If he marries her I'll disown him." Jerome's tone was harsh and he emphasized his remark by pounding his desk till the pens and pencils jumped and rolled.

Mabel opened her lips to protest, thought better of it and remained silent. Jerome growled on.

"I suppose my fool nephew has been trying to pay *you* some attention. You did right to rebuff him. He's a mighty poor matrimonial prospect. I don't know why I beef about my private affairs to you, but I daresay it's because you're a sensible sort of a girl—now run and type those letters and then go to lunch as I directed. I'll be along later and introduce you to Briggs. You don't mind eating with your boss for once?"

That afternoon there was a lull in the office and Miss Halkett and Mabel had the place to themselves.

"You're coming on, dearie," smiled the spinster secretary. "Having lunch with the big boss himself! Nothing on earth would coax *me* to eat with him, I can tell you." Miss H. wasn't catty, just candid.

"Well, think of his wife," returned Mabel lightly. "The poor woman has to eat with him every day."

"His wife?" cried Miss H., with a strong rising inflection. "Why, dearie, didn't you know? Mr. Jerome is a bachelor. *That's* what it is that makes him so darn grouchy, I guess." Miss H. shrugged. "He can't bear *me*, but he can't get along without me," she declared.

"Well, *I* don't want to get in wrong with him, as you Canadians say. But I won't lunch with him again, you may be sure." Mabel spoke very positively. She had enjoyed the lunch, but now tried to think she hadn't. The boss had actually exerted himself to be pleasant.

THE next important event was the Confederation Day celebration. Mr. Briggs, a young man of the go-getter type, had been in the office every day on some pretext or other. You'd have thought he was the head and front of the whole civic committee and that the success of the great day rested entirely in his hands. Admiration fairly shone in his eyes when he regarded Miss Grosvenor. He assured her that she was a "peach" and "some baby," and he declared she would be the hit of the show, under his direction. He lounged nearby, whittling pencils and pretending to 'phone and twice the boss ordered him sharply to get out and do some work.

Nevertheless, the First of July was a day long to be remembered in the city. Everything clicked beautifully. The parade began at ten o'clock, right on schedule, and finished at one, when there was a big luncheon for the principals, with Jerome making witty speeches and damning the opposite political party in a very untactful manner. Briggs hung about Mabel like her shadow and in the afternoon when the public repaired to the park for games and races he escorted her thither and then took her to the public dinner at seven. The bands played all day long; there were dances, private garden-parties, and at night fireworks and a regatta. Oh, a great and wonderful day! Not a drop of rain fell and the heat was untouched by any humidity, so that even the weatherman had co-operated. Mabel had ridden in the parade as a Girl of Saskatchewan and hundreds had admired her poise and beauty and wondered aloud as to her identity. Briggs was a proud man.

And where was Don all the while? His uncle had sent for him to come home from England to take part in all this and he had evaded his obligations, apparently. She had caught a glimpse of him at the dance but had had no word with him and the diamond ring which she wore concealed about her neck lay like a small piece of ice right over her heart. Mabel was a good dancer and had had plenty of partners. She discovered that Jerome senior could dance too, and he danced a good deal better than most of the young sheiks. It seemed unfortunate that when he asked her for one her program should have been filled. However, she compromised, by getting two of her partners to split up, then she offered Jerome the whole dance this arrangement made.

"Gee, what's she want to hop around with that old gazookus for?" growled one of the young men, thus deprived.

"It's her boss. Maybe she'd lose her job if she didn't, was the philosophical reply of the other.

And then, later, when supper came and she and her ardent admirer, Briggs, were sitting on the clubhouse verandah in the scented dusk eating ice cream and sandwiches, who should come along just as their voices had dropped to a confidential murmur but Mr. Walter Jerome. He took one sharp look, recognized them, and grunted.

"Won't you join us?" inquired Mabel sweetly, indicating an empty chair on her other side.

"Bah!" returned her boss, quite disagreeably.

"Yes, do," urged Briggs, very insincerely. One could not have detected any cordiality in his tone whatever.

"'Sgetting late. You'd both better be getting home," said Jerome gruffly and wheeled.

"The old bird's in a fine large humor this evening," was Briggs' comment as he disappeared. "He was all right up to supper time. Wonder what's got into him."

"I do wish you wouldn't speak of him like that," Mabel said. "He's really quite nice—when you get to understand him."

"Do *you* understand him?"

"Well, when I don't, I pretend I do anyway," said Mabel, who had a surprisingly live sense of humor.

"There's guile for you. Or," queried Briggs, "is it merely tact?"

"A bit of both, perhaps."

"I'd have sworn the old guy was jealous," mused Briggs aloud.

SEVERAL days later things came to a head. One morning about eleven Craik breezed into his office to find Don Jerome there occupying his swivel chair and looking exceedingly worried. A semicircle of cigarette butts lay at his feet and he was gazing at vacancy and chewing the stub of his last smoke.

"What ho! You again?" Craik said, aiming his hat at a hook on the wall, missing it and then hanging the hat on a chair.

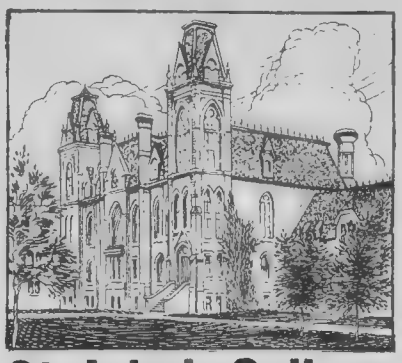
"Bill," said Don earnestly, "for the luv-a Pete help me out of this mess!"

"You don't mean to say you haven't won the race? I can't lend you a cent. Why do you always back the wrong horse?"

"Who's talking about horses?" growled Don. "It's that girl *I* mean."

"A girl! I might have known!" Craik sighed and shook his head." So you haven't squared yourself with her *yet?*"

*Continued on page 55*



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# *European Poetry*

*Continued from page 38*

of profound individual experience; and that expression was made in a richness and variety of lyrical form hitherto unknown in France.

Victor Hugo (1802-1885) is the greatest of these "Romantic" poets. The following verses from his poem "Luna" express his faith in the power of spiritual ideals to mould the lives of men and nations:

Through the thick gloom of circumstance
Life's High Ideal sheds its light,
Flooding with silver radiance
The shadowy darkness of the night.
While gladly our weak human eyes
Behold it, like a holy priest,
Serene and pure through mists arise
Majestic in the mystic east,
Hatreds and bigotries assail
It's coming with black oaths and jeers,
As the foul hell-hounds of old tale
Bay when the mourning moon appears.
Gaze on that High Ideal now,
O nations, for a sacred fire
Shines from its broad celestial brow,
The promise of a world's desire!

As the century went on, the first exuberance of these Romantics was tempered by a mature restraint. In the next generation it froze into a cold emotionless presentation of art for art's sake, a new classicism superior to the old only in the richer variety of its instruments and in the fact that its greater disciples sometimes broke their own "Parnassian" rules. The century closed with a further revolt, christened "Symbolism," which sought to shadow forth the inner significance of things by symbols of color, sound, and smell. This is clearly shown in the following bizarre sonnet by Arthur Rimbaud (1854-1891):

### Sonnet of the Vowels

A black, E white, I red, U green, O blue—
Ye vowels, let me voice your varied dyes.
A, a black bodice bristling with black flies
That buzz about some stinking rendezvous
In a black pit; E, white of mists and tents,
Glacial peaks, old kings, and nodding flowers;
I, purples, outspit blood, a lip that lours
In anger or in drunken penitence;
U, deep vibrations in far seas of green,
Peace in green pastures, and the wrinkled peace
That alchemy imprints on an aged face;
O, is the King's last trumpet, strange and keen,
O, the vast hush when worlds and planets cease,
And Omega, the blue sword of his gaze.

### Spanish Poetry

THE Iberian Peninsula, a great mountainous region nearly as large as Manitoba, was one of the earliest and richest of the Roman provinces. The break-up of the Empire delivered it over, first to the ravages of Goths and Vandals, and then, after two centuries of chaos, to almost complete subjugation by Moslems from North Africa. For nearly eight hundred years a progressively successful struggle for liberty ensued which developed in the population a proud and warlike temper. The slow expulsion of the Moors was carried on from three centres—Portugal in the west, Castile in the centre, and Aragon in the east. The union of the latter two has left the modern peninsula divided between two nations—Portugal and Spain. Three languages and literatures survive, however, to represent the older three-fold division. Of the twenty-seven millions who today inhabit the region, six millions speak Portuguese, sixteen millions speak Castilian, and nearly five millions speak Catalan (the speech of the old Catalonian subjects of the King of Aragon).

In Castilian, today generally referred to as "Spanish," poetry began with ballads and verse romances, largely under Provencal influences. In the sixteenth century the impulse of the Italian Renaissance finally reached Spain also. The two greatest figures in that great literary epoch, Cervantes and Lope de Verga, wrote fiction and drama respectively; but there were many lesser men who in the field of pure poetry built work of surpassing loveliness. The following "Madrigal" by Gutierre de Cetina (1520-1557) may be compared with the Italian madrigal by Tasso already quoted:

*Continued on page 87*


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D. F. FERGUSON
President and Manager

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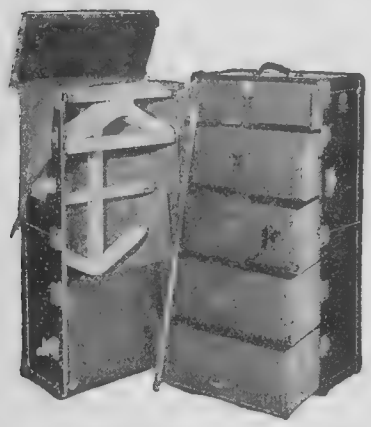

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# The Golden Anklet

*Continued from page 10*

"The other woman? Well, if he loved her she did not long survive it. One thing I have not forgotten, the Amuer adage, coined in the days of their tyranny: 'Whatsoever an Amuer doeth it is well for God hath ordained it.' Should not that exempt even me?"

"If you believe it, yes," Catherine retorted dryly. "But unfortunately, it seems to give you little peace of mind."

"Peace of mind! Could it ever be reconciled with an Amuer conscience? I should have thought it as alien as happiness."

Catherine lifted her hand imperiously. "It seems we have digressed quite far enough, my nephew. Suppose we dismiss these uncharitable recollections and admit that each generation stages its own play and struts to its own liking. Today we are not concerned with the past, its virtues or its vices. You have been unsparing; I shall be as blunt. What of this girl? This Neesa Hedquist?"

"What of her? Is it possible that the scandal sheets have left anything to the imagination?"

"I am not in the habit of reading the scandal sheets. Neither am I so much interested in what may or may not have been your reasons for so peculiar an attachment. What I want to know is your present purpose."

"You mean, of course, how am I going to efface this slight upon an august House."

"Exactly. There was a time, and not so long ago, when a princess would have hesitated to make jest of an Amuer."

"But now a cook may jest of the King . . . and the Amuers have come upon like evil days!"

"Your father accepted no such dictum."

"Then suppose we concede that he was the last true Amuer. Yet even his fantastic, histrionic display of gallantry can scarcely affect my decision. Were I to toast my King in poisoned liquor as did my illustrious father in a fit of political rancor how would that efface the present scandal?"

"You are purposely evasive—I might almost add impertinent. It isn't a question of like deeds but like determination. I should not care to have this Hedquist person indulging in romantic reminiscences in years to come ——"

He laughed at that whole-heartedly. "Poor, poor Empress! Believe it or not, effective silencing has gone out of fashion. So far as I can see it's a case of grin and bear it. I was a fool, of course. But at least the girl had talent."

"And beauty?"

"Yes, naturally."

"Ambition?"

"That should be self-evident."

"Perhaps, but not necessarily. Yet if that be so why this dejection, my wise Gerhard? Surely you know that this is not the first time that the Amuer moneys have purchased limelight for talent—or rung down the curtain on what wearied them. But you enhearten me. Since it was ambition on the one hand and . . . well, mere folly on the other, I feel that we can dismiss this Neesa. A woman with a price is like a case of goods quite easily transferred from one booth to another."

"Lightly, Empress, lightly! Because a pretty woman changes the object of her affections is it indubitably a proof of vileness?"

Catherine froze in her chair. From the white halo of her beautiful hair to the tips of her little feet she was the image of cold, passionless dignity. But her eyes betrayed her, bitterness and scorn found its outlet there. Under that flaming scrutiny Gerhard suffered the shame of a small mischievous boy caught pilfering. With all his heart he regretted his remark. He might speak lightly of the Amuer Gallants, but the ladies Amuer was another matter. Arrogant they had been, no less than their men, but how often loyal beyond belief. Carpricious, difficult, their little hands had nevertheless been the jealous keepers of the great traditions. How should a Catherine understand a Neesa? Between their points of view was a gulf fixed and unbridgeable as between their stations. A matter of evolution rather than morality. He shrugged helplessly this time. "Sorry, Empress. The whole thing's a deuced mess. A stupid enough game but, like every other, good, bad, or indifferent, it comes to an end."

"And another begins. There's the difficulty. But come, my analytical nephew, it behooves no Amuer to dwell upon the vulgarities of another. In the sixteenth century Marcus Amuer wrote to his son (young like you and romantic) ' 'Tis wisdom to observe evil for that it teaches a man how the better to behave; but folly to dwell on it'—however, this aside, why disappoint the amiable public who, as a matter of course expect the Amuer idiosyncracies to manifest? To be loved of a fool one must justify the fool's prediction—upon occasion. None have known that better than the Amuers."

"Devil take the Amuer logic!" cried Gerhard hotly, and springing to his feet flung into a restless pacing, up and down the dim reaches of the vast chamber. From the corners of her gray-green eyes Catherine watched him, sensible to his struggles, sympathetic but silent. (So had the ladies Amuer nearly all been silent—understanding a woman's place). Silent and strong she waited, a world of wisdom and understanding in her calm eyes. So still, she might have been a sculptured image, a goddess of a household shrine, all serenity and peace. And the yellow light of the ancient candelabrum falling upon her silvery hair and the pale cameo of her face enhanced the illusion. Even the jewelled hands, little withered leaves in the black folds of her dress, were motionless as marble. Only the green of the emeralds she affected and the gleam of her world-wise eyes mocked that unnatural calm.

Aloof and passionless, so she seemed. Yet the heart in her bosom stirred to an olden pain. Gerhard's youth, Gerhard's illusions — what memories they resurrected! She remembered—ah, but when had she forgotten? Like strings drawn too tightly on the responsive instrument of her heart each memory brought added pain. She, too, had been young, rebellious, beautiful. She, too, had loved—unwisely. Or so it had been counted. Now she was old she wondered — Gerhard, of course, railed foolishly. Youth always did. Yet she wondered . . . The Amuer code might not be quite perfect . . . For instance, there was Selina, or better said, there had been Selina, who bought herself a prince—a libertine and a scoundrel. Her the Amuers had upheld! More, set a window to her memory in the great Cathedral . . . And there was Paula, incurably a political meddler, whose petty intrigues had plunged a noble household to ruin—a noble Amuer! But herself, Catherine Amuer, unrivaled beauty in her day, how nearly she had lost that jealous birth-

right. Love; there was her folly. Just love; ulterior, without price, without purpose. But that the Amuers had not condoned! She was what she was; old, loveless, unloved. Only the heartsease on a certain grave in the soldiers' cemetery bearing witness to an Amuer's fidelity. Dreams, dreams—all of it. Yet, what else mattered? Out of all the tiresome illusions of a long life only Youth and Love endured!

Such was her heart's conviction; but how to make Gerhard understand? He reasoned, of course, like a Kalmac, superficially; and, in the heat of anger behaved very badly. Like a Kalmac Gerhard set himself to champion a lady; like an Amuer he had assumed possession; like an Amuer coveted—but unlike an Amuer. . . .

Loyalty would not permit her to finish the thought. Still, she summed it up bravely: The scandal which had the town by the ears was not occasioned by dishonor. Such was the complexity of morals. Gerhard might have fancied a dozen singers and no one cared a whit . . . But an Amuer must not wed one! Yet, this granted, the crime of crimes was to be jilted! Ridiculous, all of it! And still was not racial pride, foolish and faulty though it be, the best criterion of social progress? Gerhard must not be cheated of his dream—not if she could help it . . . neither must he turn traitor to the great traditions. . . .

As if the thought had suddenly been flashed to him Gerhard halted abruptly, transfixing her with his burning black eyes. "These damn traditions are too much for me! Suppose we unmask for once. Empress, tell me, was ever an Amuer really happy? Did anyone of that hateful race understand, or even try to understand, the meaning of the word?"

Ever so little the hands in the black lap fluttered—or was it an illusion of candlelight—and the quiet voice, mellowed to the rustle of October leaves, answered bravely: "It is not the Amuer way to bare the heart. But I am seventy. Yes, my nephew, undoubtedly there was one happy for a time. Happy, after seeming intolerable disillusionment. Happy in the face of a curse . . . Ah, yes, it is said no good came of it. But then, as you know, they that live for power court not the common happiness. . . ." With the cruel impatience of youth Gerhard flung at her: "Say rather that even the Amuers paid the price of conscience. By my soul, I'm sick of all this ancient nonsense and so is the whole world. Tradition be hanged! What we want is commonsense and the right to be natural. You ask me what my next move—well, Empress, believe it or not, the glorious Amuers have exhausted the category of deviltries. Heroics are not to my fancy nor the church to my liking. One Amuer graduated to sainthood——"

"Gerhard! With all your talk of personal liberty can you not believe that your brother may have preferred the church—well, say, to flirtation?"

Being cornered, Gerhard shrugged, and being a good sportsman, smiled despite himself. "—Should be sufficient, as I was on the point of saying. Nothing remains, by way of the spectacular, unless it's this: despite the Amuer Nemesis I mean to search out happiness. Yes, and by the god of their genius I mean to make it my own!"

Silence now in the dim hall; young eyes meeting old eyes, the old smiling a little, amusedly. Somewhere, far distant, in the cold vastness of the Amuer House a clock chimed the hour. It was nine. Catherine always wrote in her diary at nine. With the swift grace of a girl she rose to her feet, the rustle of her silken garments like a whispering wind in trees. Laughter, that little rainbow laughter put an end to solemnity.

"Oh, Gerhard, Gerhard, what a relief! But why couldn't you have said at the outset that it wasn't love?"

"Stupid of me, Empress, but I don't seem to understand."

"This Hedquist? Of course it wasn't love?"

"Need we discuss that further?"

For answer she tapped him lightly on the arm as she brushed past him, laughing lightly, contagiously. Gerhard had to smile as he bowed his good-night. At the door she paused a fleeting moment, the silver of her hair a moonlit cloud in the gloom. "Gerhard . . . my dear—you're not such a fool after all! And yes, now that I think of it, the relic of that poor little happiness lies in the Jade Drum in the museum." He stared after her, a dozen questions on his lips. But only the quick patter of her ridiculous heels beating a tantalizing tattoo down the corridor, answered him.

Presuming to ignore the delicate challenge Gerhard settled himself in the Emperor's chair, lit a cigarette and stared about him with a determined interest—enough an Amuer to resent suggestion. But love of mystery was a passion with the Kalmacs and the blood of both of these stormy clans ran high in his heart. The sombre atmosphere of the shadowy chamber, hung round with gilded canvases of merchant princes—dead all as the loves they had crushed—oppressed him terribly. Life and beauty and joyousness—that was what he wanted; that was why the robust, exuberant Neesa had captured him for the moment. Existence was so dull! He fell to wondering about that long-lost happiness. And the Jade Drum called him. Called and called him, as Catherine had known it would. Curiosity won the day.

Gerhard succumbed to the fancy of the moment and, whilst deriding himself for no end of a fool, hurried down dim and dusty corridors to the isolated East Tower where the Amuer curios, a priceless treasure, lay under the dust of years and the stigma of neglect. A strange room truly, that treasure chamber, breathing of an age of violent contradictions; of whispering silks and jealous rapiers; lovely ladies and gallant gentlemen. A room of many memories, dim and solemn like a cathedral crypt. In every conceivable corner and of every conceivable shape stood enormous glass cases filled with the treasures of earth. Chests also of iron, ebony and orangewood flanked the tapestried walls and hid, who dared say what of romantic worth beneath their heavy lids. Marbles, jades, ivories everywhere; a profusion of beautiful things to beggar description.

IT WAS years since Gerhard had entered that kingdom of dreams to gaze upon the treasures of Gillebrand Amuer. And tonight as he lit a stout taper it seemed to him that a subtle something, like the perfume a lovely woman leaves behind her, pervaded the room. It struck him with something of a shock that Catherine had been right. Gillebrand had loved these things . . . For the first time, too, Gerhard noticed that the sandalwood casket holding the little Drum stood on a curious, silk-hung, altar facing the east. There, on its purple bed, under a crystal lid, the Jade Drum had slept away the centuries. In the soft radiance of the mellow candle light the little drum glowed like a warm smile. Green it was, as a hedge in springtime; translucent and lovely as the hope of a young heart. A Drum of dreams to call the soul of any man!

*Continued on page 52*

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# *Greetings from the South*

WE wish to extend cordial greetings and congratulations to the readers of The Western Home Monthly scattered throughout the great Canadian West on the completion of sixty years of the Canadian Confederation.

The progress made by a united Canada in the period named is a matter of great satisfaction and joy, not alone to those living within the confines of the Dominion itself but to multitudes on this side of the boundary line - a line that has not at any time been marked by anything but the best of goodwill and international friendship. In forwarding this unsolicited expression of our regard for our northern neighbors we are, we feel sure, but voicing the sentiment that is universal among the business interests of this section of the United States, and to Canada we would say—

***"The God that made thee mighty Make thee mightier yet"***

*The Inter-City Paper Company*

*A. D. Aiken, President*

St. Paul, Minn., June 18, 1927


# *The Golden Anklet*

*Continued from page 51*

Somehow it seemed irreverent after the long centuries to disturb the little Drum. So thought Gerhard as he lifted the jealous lid to possess himself of the curious receptacle. Gillebrand's Jade Drum—what a beauty it was! Faithful little drum, it did not readily give up its secret. It took some time and, for Gerhard, incredible patience before he discovered the secret fastening and the treasure so jealously guarded was at last revealed. His first reaction was sheer disappointment. What he had expected he scarcely knew. Some strange, unbelievable thing . . . As strange, at least, as the many exploits of the dead Amuers. But here was nothing spectacular; nothing grand; nothing especially valuable. A dull gold band fringed with bead-like bells—that only!

With a laugh, and shrug at his foolish expectations, Gerhard picked up the despised trinket. And the little bells, disturbed after a sleep of centuries, struck together in a sudden frightened tinkle very musical and sweet. The effect was magical. The careless laughter died on Gerhard's lips—he understood.

It was an Oriental anklet—that dull gold band with its whispering bells, and poignant history. A lovely lady's anklet — there was no doubt of it. Somewhere, some place, those little bells had chimed a song of happiness for dancing feet. Little slender honey-colored feet dancing for the joy of Gillebrand!

All interest now, Gerhard scanned the curious trinket, marvelling at the beauty of the delicate patterns traced upon its surface — a masterpiece of Oriental labor if ever there was one. And on the inner side, quite as he had expected, he discovered a tiny crescent; under it the word "Damascus," but above, within a curious circle, this defiant inscription: "The curse of Allah on him who defileth the glory of the Blessed.—Mohammed."

So, thonght Gerhard, the little feet had danced in the face of a curse. Gallant little feet! Well, it was a fool's errand, of course, but he meant to trace the course of that slender anklet no matter where it led him. Catherine would tell him no more. That he knew. Nor was it necessary. In the memoirs of Gillebrand, closing a brief account of a most strange adventure, was recorded this pathetic tribute to a still stranger love: "Life has no more a meaning—she is dead!" In his inimitable way Gerhard shrugged at the memory as he slipped the golden anklet in his pocket. Foolishness, all of it—but who cares for wisdom when the heart is young?

In the morning Gerhard told his aunt, with no preamble, that he had made up his mind to visit the Orient.

"Ah," she chuckled, "the Jade Drum has been up to its old tricks! And when are you going?"

"At once. On the next steamer."

She smiled—at the coffee urn apparently—and poured out another cup. "I believe the Kris Dolphus docked yesterday. Yes, I'm sure of it. Gerhard, my dear, pick me up a jade monkey in Damascus."

THE long journey from the proud Venice of the North to the plains of Damascus was tedious in the extreme for the impatient Gerhard, who long before had exhausted the showplaces of the earth. And yet when he entered the land of the Prophet a curios excitement laid hold of him, a glamor never felt in the dingy streets of Jerusalem and the parched land round about it. Everywhere were orchards of apricots, surrounded by mud walls, revealing through their open gates many a patch glowing with roses and the scarlet pomegranate. Little fields, like bright shawls broidered with poppies and hedged in snowy hawthorn added their beauty to the pastoral peace. And everywhere were friendly trees. Fifty square miles of fruitful groves, and gardens and verdant trees! And all the gift of the fair Barada. That noble river dashing down from its tortuous cliffs to work its magic in a weary land. No wonder the Prophet blessed it.

All the restlessness died out of Gerhard as he wound his way through the gracious plain. Even the exhuberant outbursts of Ibrahain his guide, at the sight of each new marvel failed to irritate or bore him. The Barada had bound him with her enchantments, enslaved him as her own. At last they spied above the tree-tops a slender minaret with a golden crescent above it, and for no reason at all Gerhard's heart beat faster. Ibrahain, pious mortal, lifting his lean weather-beaten face to the blue bowl of the sky, chanted unctuously: *"Allah il Allah, Mohammed resoul Allah."* Then, rogue that he was, grinned infectiously, baring his strong even teeth—startlingly white in the blackness of his beard. Past the place of the dyers, over a campus where soldiers were training their mounts, and donkeys, children and geese mixed in amiable confusion they took their course to the central gate of the ancient city.

No less than the plains of the Barada, Damascus captivated Gerhard from the first. A white houri dreaming in the lap of earthly splendor, so seemed the old city. A chaste pearl set down in a green garden of God. An intriguing city, clothed in magic and mystery and filled with the music of endlessly moving feet.

Gerhard was soon to learn, however, that despite its colorful life and multiple charms, gloom threatening as a thunder cloud hung over the city. Many were the scowling looks bent upon him; many the curses bestowed gratuitously. Even the beggars snatching his silver often enough spat after him. So do the Sons of Righteousness despise the accursed infidel. But what cared Gerhard, to whom these pious mortals counted less than the dust at his feet. Yet the chill reception reminded him of the tragic fact that only two years ago the Moslem populace had massacred his kind in behalf of Allah the Merciful.

He remembered it more especially because the Amuer millions backed the Oriental Importing Bazaar of Stockholm, and there had been a lamentable shortage of genuine damask ever since. But far from being depressing the recollection seemed a godsend. With nothing better to do he might run down the native weavers and come away with a prize.

Despite his poor reception and the sorry ruins of the European quarter, the spell of the city continued to fascinate him. He loved the crooked streets and flaming bazaars, and cared not a whit whether fair looks or foul followed his arrogant passage. Because of that peerless indifference, unconscious pride and a native unfailing suavity of manner, he was quickly accepted as a Favored Presence. A man of birth, a very great Sahib.

Ibrahain, good desert wastrel, quite frankly adored him. Because he could not lie to him, nor cheat him, nor exhaust his generosity! Like a dog on the hunt his nose was always on the scent of interest—whether a Jewish

funeral quitting the southern gate with mournful wails and canticles, or a bevy of Moslem girls scouring the bazaars for a bride's trousseau.

Gerhard wondered sometimes why the whole thing did not pall on him. The noisy crowds; savage colors; cloying odors. But despise it or not, in his secret heart he reveled in it no less than a peasant in a fair. And he could not escape a foolish feeling of unaccountable intimacy. In lazy moments he wondered if one inherited memory as well as tradition. Nonsense, of course. Yet now the follies of Gillebrand seemed somehow less contemptible, at times even enviable. Oh, there was no gainsaying it, Damascus had robbed him of the sense of values. Gillebrand was no more a blackguard but a Knight of Romance!

FOR seven weeks Gerhard had loitered in the Mohammedan paradise when Ibrahain dashed in upon him one sluggish afternoon with the announcement that a gorgeous Hajj (pilgrim caravan) was shortly to leave the Gate of God. Knowing something of the fanaticism inseparably a part of such processions, Gerhard donned the native burnoose while Ibrahain fetched the camel he had decreed the Sahib must ride on every auspicious occasion. They had a considerable distance to go, for Gerhard had preferred the quiet of an old Moorish house overlooking the desert, and the services of a single black woman, to the questionable comforts of the town. Haste was urgent. Before they could reach the Meidan highway and the Gate of God, turned like a watchful eye towards Holy Mecca, they must pick their way through the cluttered rabbit-furrows of the old quarter and the Street Called Straight.

Despite their haste the entire population seemed to have preceded them to the little suburb. But no calamity that, to Ibrahain. Swelling with pride, gesturing like a king's crier he yelled and shouted, commanded and cursed. "Make way, dogs! Make way! Way for the great Sahib. Way, way, spawn of the desert! Way for the Sahib's black camel." And the crowd fell back respectfully enough. Thanks to the black camel. An infidel might not be over-welcome in a holy caravan, but a black camel was favored of Allah. Twice favored, for were not his hairs as dusky, and his sinews as tireless as the wings and thews of the angel Asreal who carried the Prophet to Paradise? Infidel or not, who rode a black camel came freighted with fortune like the fair Barada!

But favor or no favor, Gerhard had the good sense to hunt seclusion and the luck to find it in a deserted booth tucked into the city wall. An abandoned flower-stall distant enough to escape the dust of the highway, near enough to permit of seeing without strain. Literally tens of thousands lined the thoroughfare. The housetops were black with human ants and the tireless din of yelling dervishes, pious exclamations, prayers, lamentations and the slow tramp of marching feet thundered upon the ear like the angry turmoil of a swollen river. Fanaticism, superstition, cruelty, these were the Gods. Yet it lacked not a certain gloomy impressiveness, this gigantic Hajj.

But what shattered the grand effect for the cynical Gerhard was the untimely and uncharitable recollection that all this gorgeous display of silken banners, singing saints and scattered roses was in commemoration of the pious dead who had slaughtered his kind. Those self-sacrificing pilgrims were bound for Holy Mecca that, at the Prophet's shrine they might wring from Allah the Compassionate, complete absolution for their valiant dead! Absolution for the dead—and a return of foreign devils and better trade.

"Amusing rascals," thought he, and fell to studying the passing throng. What a motley, to be sure, of rich and poor, devout and vicious. Here was a Moslem noble, not to be mistaken despite his penitent's robe. There a gentle artisan, his deft fingers telling his beads and the ninety-nine attributes of Allah. And yonder a plain rogue, sharp eyed to spy the purse of nodding saints. Lastly the old. So many old, going, no doubt, to court death in the sacred shadows of the undefiled city.

When the last stooped figure had shaken the dust of Damascus from off his anointed feet Gerhard despatched Ibrahain back to the city, and the ordering of a joint for dinner. He wanted to be alone, to observe the loiterers, their tricks and travesties, and to thread his way through the dark as it pleased him.

THE last rays of the sun had turned the surrounding plain to a sea of molten gold. Above it, in the direction of Holy Meca, the low sky was already turned that incomparable purple designed as fitting background for myriad stars. Into that royal darkness the long file of white-robed pilgrims melted, snake-like and slow and pitifully insignificant. How long Gerhard had mused upon the ageless mystery of yellow sands and flying shadow he had no means of telling when a sob, infinitely pathetic, recalled him to a mundane world.

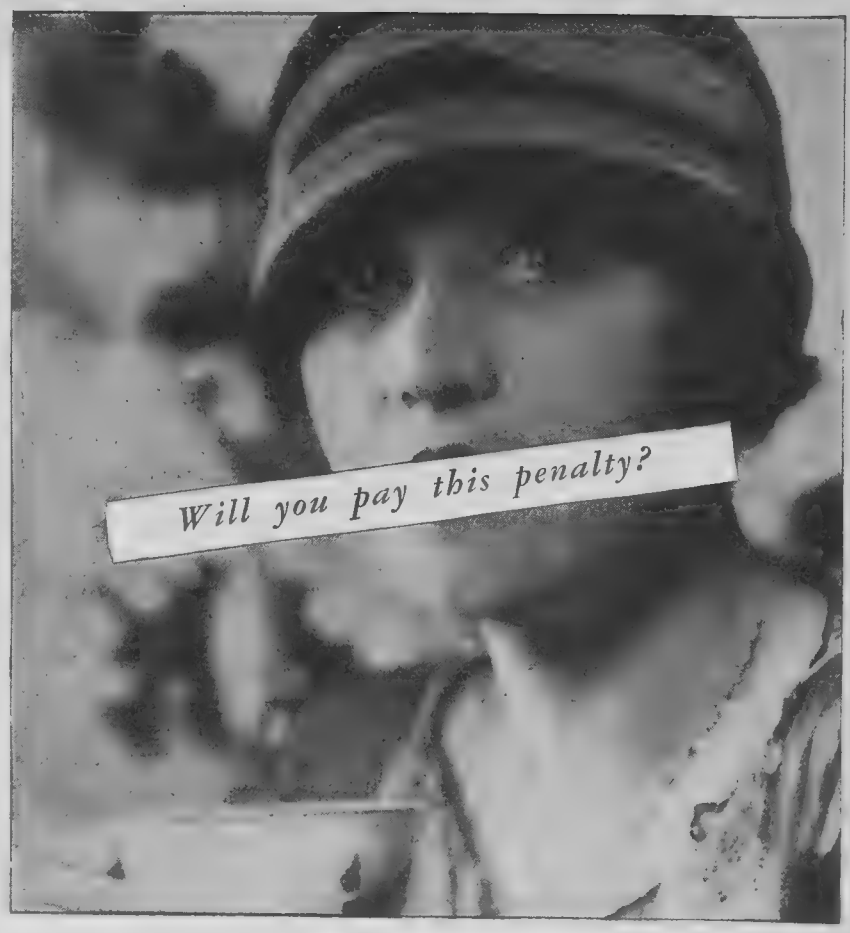
Darkness falls swiftly in the East. By then the neighboring courtyards were mere blotches of dark and all the little bazaars indistinct and shadowy. But, curiosity no less than a nobler concern sharpens the eyes. Presently he espied a solitary figure pressed close to the cold comfort of the Gate of God. Little and slight was the mournful figure; this was plain despite the shapeless bag that served to clothe her. Little and alone and weeping bitterly! A deserted woman, thought Gerhard impatiently. No new thing in the Orient. Yet her sobs affected him no less. Pitiful wretches, these women. Like ships that pass in the night they drifted from a fool's paradise to a fool's Gehenna. Poor wretches! Still, even these to whom so few rights are conceded, might surely be permitted the privacy of grief. How, then, should he approach the wretched woman and not be guilty of crass intrusion? And how, without terrifying her, could he regain the Meidan highway?

He wished she would go. Whatever her present misery, fresh dangers lurked in the darkness outside the walls. All manner of human brutes flocked to these crazy processions. He wished to Heaven she would go back to the particular hell that had spewed her forth and give him the peace of the highway. Instead she sat down on a heap of debris and, bowing her little head on the round hill of her knees broke into weary repetition: *"Mak took! Mak took!"* (it was written; it is the will of Allah).

Gerhard wasted a priceless shrug on an indifferent darkness. Well, if weep she must, she must. Nonetheless, he had no intention of leaving any fool woman to the mercy of this quarter of the globe! He didn't in the least care why she wept but he refused to have her murdered by a prowling Arab. Cautious as a thief he coaxed his sleepy, disgruntled camel back into the highway—no guileless task. Then, not too ingeniously he burst into song, circled around the bazaars and, with calculated bravado, bore down upon the Gate of God.

The suddenness of it, coupled with a nameless weariness, was all that held her there. Else surely the sound of an infidel's song would have sent her flying. As it was she shrank into the

*Continued on page 54*

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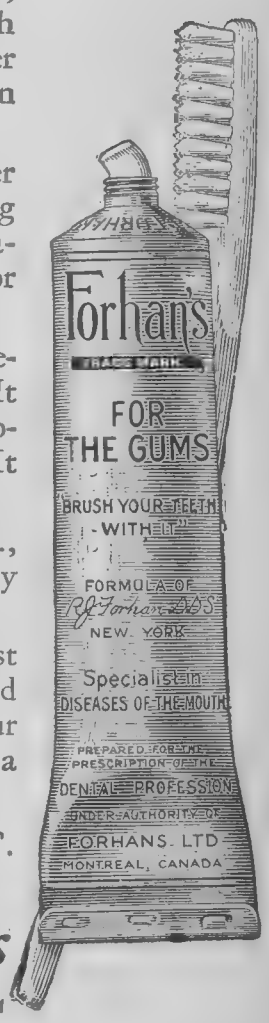


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## *The Golden Anklet*

*Continued from page 53*

shadow, trusting to Allah to hide her. But Allah, the Omniscient, discreetly hid His eyes.

"In the name of the Prophet," Gerhard began facetiously; cross and impatient and perplexed; not in the least knowing how to address a veiled female of an unfriendly race who wept by the roadside. "In the name of the Prophet—on whom be peace" (Ah, now he had the hang of it). "Permit this unworthy son of perdition to share the sorrows of the Blessed."

Much to his dismay a voice all milk and honey answered him in excellent English: Go with God, Sahib. It is cruel to make jest with the wretched."

Gerhard flattered himself that he recognized a well-bred voice and cursed himself for a tactless idiot. "You are wrong," he fended apologetically. "Honest, now, you are very wrong. I desire nothing so much as to help, if that may be."

She seemed to weigh his words carefully, still sitting like Immovable Misery on her heap of stones. Very faintly came her answer at length: "It is nothing. Nothing at all, Sahib. Nor would it be permissible. . . ."

Gerhard lost the meagre remnant of such patience as he possessed. Women are everywhere alike. Impossible little fools. Why, the crazy girl would certainly come to a bad end if she persisted in this foolishness. "Nonsense!" he snapped. "Anything and everything is permissible at times." An indefinable quality, hard without harshness, compelling and irresistible — the genius of the Amuers—had crept into his voice. "Utter nonsense! Do you suppose I'd leave you here to be murdered for a pastime? As for propriety, your Ancient Wisdom upholds my commonsense. Doubtless you know the saying: 'Though the bow be crooked the arrow reaches its mark.' Well, then, may not a daughter of Righteousness ride a black camel to safety?"

How she might have answered will certainly never be known for without further parley Gerhard picked her up bodily and, with more determination than courtesy tossed her into the elaborate seat on the back of the protesting camel. Incredibly light she was and so little! A mere child, so it seemed to Gerhard. A gallant little child for she made never a sound at the mad procedure. He wondered whether she would die that way, silent and unresisting. But, once they were settled and the groaning beast had gotten into its stride she startled her self-appointed savior by a sudden burst of silvery laughter. "Ahi, Ahi," she giggled, "the great are as guileless as the simple. Who in Damascus knows not the rich Sahib and his black camel. It is sad, is it not, that silver rather than piety commends all favors—even the beast beloved of the Prophet. But, of course, the Sahib is wise . . . and very kind."

He shrugged and she laughed the merrier, the little ripples of music breaking upon the dark like elfin bugles. Then, as swiftly as it had come, the pretty mood passed. Dejection swept it away. She seemed to shrivel up, sink into herself and a world of fresh woe. Sighing wearily she whispered: "Sahib, it is the Street Called Straight. The furthest end of it. The shop of Omar the Weaver; the Persian weaver," she emphasized.

Gerhard's aristocratic heart behaved very badly. The girl's voice was extremely pleasing. Little honied trickles of tantalizing sweetness. He wished, boyishly, that the immovable East would renounce the inhuman habit of making its women hideous with reams of colored rags. He wondered what she looked like. Lovely, he hoped. Though much good it would do him

with that miserable veil between him and the desire of his eyes. Still, lovely she must be to fit the romance of the night. Surely the Allah of the Persians had given her a face worthy of such a voice. Out loud he betrayed less impertinent interest.

"A weaver!" he exclaimed in calculated surprise. "A weaver and a Persian. What luck! Believe it or not, a weaver is what I have been looking for. A craftsman of the old school!" Now what was there in that, he wondered, to bring a wail of misery from the little bundle in front of him?

"Ahi! Ahi! The little bundle swayed dangerously on the rocking camel. "Ahi! Ahi! Incomprehensible are Thy ways, oh Allah, the Upholder. Beneficent Sahib, forgive this weakness but the heart is a pain in my breast. Weeks, months, years; the venerable Omar plied his ancient looms. Weaving the eight-leaf fabric; the silken strand skipping seven, binding the eighth both ground and pattern. Painstaking labor, Sahib, such as his fathers did before him for the great Caliphs. But never a buyer blessed with discernment visited the shop of Omar. No one now cares for the old excellence. The young weavers work fast, their mixed threads and common five and three-leaf weave comes cheaper. . . . so they grow rich and dragomans. And the looms of Omar are silent——"

"Again I repeat, how fortunate for me. Rest assured the looms of the good Omar will soon be humming merrily. I know it for a certainty. In fact I know nothing so well at this particular moment of perplexities."

"Sahib, you are kind. Also it is common talk in the bazaars that the white prince buys generously. But for Omar . . . .Oh, Sahib, it is too late!"

"Too late?"

"Ahi! Much too late. Months ago, on the Night of Power, on the eve of the feast of Ramazan, my honorable grandfather (for such is Omar), departed for Mecca to implore the grace of Allah and the lifting of the long curse. It is for that I weep . . . he has not yet returned."

*(To be concluded next month)*

# An Office Romance

*Continued from page 48*

"I 'phoned her twice, yesterday and the day before and I wrote her umpteen letters and tore 'em all up. She's always out when I ring. Looks kinda funny."

"*You* look kinda funny sitting there imitating a business man," Craik remarked. "I presume you're speaking of Miss Grosvenor. Handsome girl, that. And knows her own mind, too. Can it be that she was ever romantically interested in *you?*"

"I can't get up the nerve to—to explain to her," declared Don. "You go over to the jam works and talk to her," he pleaded; "you've got a line and she'll listen to *you*. I'd only bungle it."

Craik snorted. He took up Don's hat and clapped it unceremoniously on that young philanderer's head.

"Say, I'm sick of seeing you lounging here in my office every day," he told him bluntly," and if you think I'm going to patch up your love troubles for you, you'll have to think again. Do your own fixing. Now get out-a here."

"Aw, Bill, lissen——"

"Come on, I'll go over with you, if it's moral support you need, but by gingery crickets you've got to do your own talkfest." Craik hauled him up and shoved him towards the door.

"She—she—I wonder what she'll say." Don hesitated and drew his tongue across his lips.

"Oh, if you ask me, she gave you up for keeps when she heard about that land you bought on borrowed money to build a bungalow on—*for another girl.*" Craik hummed an air from the latest vaudeville and steadily pushed Don ahead of him into the elevator.

At the door of his uncle's sanctum Don held back like a bashful schoolboy.

"Gosh, Billy, I—I think I'd rather be shot than have to tell a girl I can't marry her!" he wailed. "She's got my ring, too."

"No, she hasn't," Billy said. "She gave it to me."

"To *you!*"

"Yep. Want to see it?" Craik fumbled in his vest pocket.

"Ye gods! What did she do that for?" Don exclaimed.

"She asked me to give it to you," answered Craik. "So here it is." He handed the ring over and Don received it with a hand that shook a little. "Now, come in and do your stuff."

The boys walked into the Jam King's presence without further parley, Craik with his usual *sang froid* and Don in a state of warm perturbation, wiping the perspiration from his brow with a huge blue-spotted handkerchief. The big boss looked up from his desk and glowered.

"Step right out again, Mr. Craik," he boomed in his throaty bass. "That Parkland Heights property remains intact, you hear? That's my answer."

"Wow! That's a stinger, all right," said Billy, his face falling. "But that isn't what we came——"

"And pray what did you lug my nephew in here with you for? Think he's any treat to *my* eyes?" Jerome's heavy sarcasm was calculated to blister the hide of a rhino.

"But Uncle Walter——" Don was beginning.

"Shut up! You might also shut the door."

"Yes sir," Don said, obeying the last-named behest." I—it's very important, you see—I want to speak to——"

He looked around in search of Mabel.

For a moment or two he failed to locate her. She wasn't at her typewriter, and Miss Halkett evidently was out at lunch. Only Jerome was visible —until suddenly Miss Grosvenor loomed in sight over the Jam King's shoulder. She smiled radiantly at the two young men. At her neck, in the present fashionable spot just south of the collar-bone, she wore a glorious red rose. A bowl of the same passionate blooms stood on the big boss' desk and relieved the otherwise dull gloom of the office.

She had only just turned about from looking in the files for some document. Her hand rested—actually—on the shoulder of the boss, and she smiled obliquely down at him.

"Be nice to them—please," she coaxed.

Jerome smiled back and captured the hand and held it. Craik coughed delicately and looked out the window. Don gazed open-mouthed and backed slowly to the door.

"Sorry—interrupting, I guess," he mumbled.

"Oh, dont' run away," cried Mabel." *You* tell them," she whispered into Jerome's ear. Her manner was most unstenographer-like.

"No, you tell them," he said gruffly.

"I wish *you'd* do it."

"Oh, you'll do it better."

"You'll have to know soon, boys," began Mabel with a genuine English blush, "so you might as well hear it now. I—we—that is——"

*Continued on page 57*

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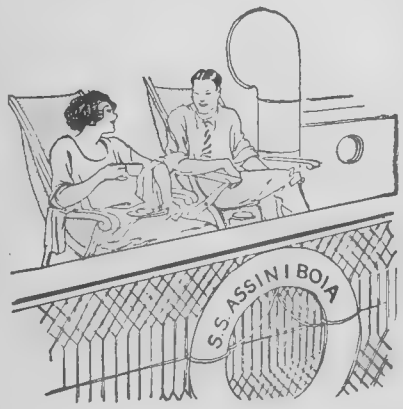


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# *Transactions of Mahk-so*

"You had your dinner?" she asked, still maintaining her air of indifference.

"Not yet," said Mahk-so.

"I cook him fish for you," she said.

Mahk-so, while she built a little fire, and prepared the fish, watched her, reflecting that she was really very pretty, and that he was quite a fellow to have brought her round. Mahk-so was twenty-four.

"I saw Sammattoo McKenzie by the lake," he began.

The girl drew the mask over her face again.

"Sammattoo is a fine fellow," he went on, "the best moose-hunter on Ostachegan Creek. He killed twenty-seven last fall, and kept the whole tribe in meat and leather. In the winter he took three hundred lynx besides other fur."

There were lines about the girl's mouth that ought to have suggested caution, but at that moment Mahk-so was too well fed, too pleased with himself to give due heed.

"And Sammattoo is the best boatman and all 'round tripper above the Crossing. He could make good money just as a guide. A good-looking fellow too. Clean-limbed and sound, and a good head on him."

"You pull Sammattoo out of the big river when the ice was running two years ago?" she asked abruptly. "Him sure drown?"

"Yes," said Mahk-so, "what of it?"

She shrugged with true savage hardihood, "Sammattoo can drown for me," she said. I got no use for 'im. Sammattoo look scare by me and talk very sof'. Him feel sorry when I act bad by him. I not want to live in a woman's tepee. I marry a man!"

"Rubbish!" cried Mahk-so. "You don't know one when you see him!"

An extraordinary look came into the girl's eyes. "Mahk-so," she whispered.

She was on her knees on the ground, sitting on her heels. She leaned toward him, and held out her arms in complete abandon. "Mahk-so," she murmured, "I want you. You are brave and pretty. You can beat with a stick, I not care. I want to go with you down the river, Mahk-so. There is Ancose Mackay down there. He is Justice Peace. He makes marriage; I good girl, Mahk-so."

*Continued from page 13*

Mahk-so continued to stare at her like a clown. He knew the sudden passions of the natives, like fire in tow, but nothing of this sort had ever been directed at him before.

She misinterpreted his horrified look. "Mahk-so, this is my old dress," she said hurriedly. "I got nice silk dress, Mahk-so, like outside made, and new blue shall. You will not be shame for me. I get them quick, and then we go."

Mahk-so grasped at it like a drowning man. "All right," he said.

She darted away.

An older man would probably have laughed at the situation, but Makh-so was full of horror. He expected Sammattoo to turn up at any moment. Instant flight was the only way out that suggested itself. It was half a mile back to the tepee, and allowing for Alma Toma's impetuosity, he could count on at least twenty minutes before she got back. Of what would happen when she found him gone he shuddered to think. He hastily gathered up his gear and flung it into the Acorn. As he was about to step after it, a dugout came nosing softly under the bank, and there was Sammattoo McKenzie. Once more Makh-so cursed his luck.

The redskin sprang ashore and grasped his hand. His face was wreathed in smiles now. "Him gone," he said. "I watch him. You are my friend and my brother. I thank you."

Mahk-so groaned in spirit. Above all meanness he hated disloyalty, and how was he to explain that it was not his fault? Then suddenly an idea filtered into his brain like a blessed ray of light.

"Sammattoo," he said abruptly, "I don't think she's worth having, but if you still want her——"

"I want her," said Sammattoo.

"Very well," said Makh-so, "sit down and listen hard, and do exactly as I say."

WHEN Amlan Toma came running back in all her best clothes, she found the two of them glaring at each other. She stopped short, her eyes widened, and a little sound of delighted fear escaped her. This was worth being a woman for!

Instantly upon catching sight of her they fell upon a dreadful quarrel. Each called the other lurid names. Finally Sammattoo sprang at Mahk-so. They grappled.

"Knock him down, Mahk-so," cried Amlan shrilly. "Throw him in the river."

Never was a scene better staged with so little rehearsal. Mahk-so and Sammattoo wrestled and staggered in a desperate breast-to-breast struggle. The girl followed every movement with bated breath and burning eyes. They went down with a thud, Mahk-so uppermost, but Smamattoo wriggled out of his grasp. They got to their feet again, slugging and clinching blindly. Step by step they neared the edge of the bank. The girl saw that the redskin was getting the best of it, and her allegiance shifted as lightly as a bit of thistledown. After all he was red, too.

"Sammattoo you let me go, you let me go!" cried Mahk-so in well-feigned accents of terror. Amlan's lip curled. "Put him in the water, Sammattoo," she cried, and I take you!"

There was a last desperate clinch on the edge of the bank, a mighty splash—and Sammattoo stood alone.

Musquasepi is about fifty yards wide at this place. Mahk-so swam across under water, and came up behind the overhanging willows on the other side for air. Peeping through the branches he saw Amlan in Sammattoo's arms, the latter looking extremely foolish. Amlan was incandescent with emotion. Mahk-so imagined her saying: "You are a brave man. I want you!" and he chuckled.

Amlan never even so much as looked to see what had become of him. The two went away hand-in-hand among the willows, and Mahk-so swam back to his boat. Changing his clothes, he proceeded down the river in a highly-satisfied state of mind.

"It certainly takes your Uncle Max to climb out of a deep, deep hole," he said to himself.

# *The Crystals*

*Continued from page 30*

scrambled after it, and a fourth and a fifth were trying to land, while the rest swam on. Then the ice-cake, top-heavy and rotten, capsized, and chaos began at the tail end of the herd. Some had received a ducking, and with the terror of drowning upon them were blind to all else. They tried to land on each other's backs; they pushed each other under, they lost their sense of direction, then headed for the nearest shore, which was the shore they had left. And there, at the timber-edge, ten pairs of eyes watched them, though the owners of those eyes were themselves unseen.

What happened next would not make pleasant reading, for things had worked just as the wolves had intended. Five deer had turned back, and within thirty minutes they lay along the margin just where each had tried to land—not together, for the current had weeded them out according to their strength, so that the last to fall was two miles lower down the river than the first. On this the five wolves fed, then went to the water's edge to drink.

To drink, I say, but they did not drink as a dog drinks, but as a horse drinks. That is, they sucked, rather than lapped, a trick their mother had taught them by dint of ready fang, though I do not pretend to understand her purpose. And when they had drunk they rolled delightedly in the snow, for it had been good hunting—four deer still untouched; enough for a week if the wolverines kept off.

ABOUT an hour later two men came down the river. They were forest rangers. Each carried a rifle and a pack, and when they saw the first of the dead deer they cursed viciously—cursed because they held for the wolves that bitter hatred of every woodsman, white or red. "Same as last winter," said one of them. "Always an old doe or a fawn killed at the edge of the running water. It gets me how the devils work it!"

The other nodded, and after a pause he said: "Same pack."

Both men were heavily clothed in fur, their huge mitts braced from the elbows, their huge snowshoes giving a grotesqueness to their movements, though they moved with the easy swing of those who set great distances at naught. After a while the one who had last spoken waved toward the timber-edge, where a barrier of logs, twelve feet high, lying criss-cross at all angles and bearded with ice, suggested adequate shelter.

"What about taking our sleeping-bags and waiting," said he. They may come at sundown."

"And they may not," replied the other. He took a tin box from his pocket, and went up to the dead deer. Without touching it he cut several slits through the skin with his ebony-handled hunting-knife, and in each slit he scattered a few crystals.

"I know a trick better than waiting," said he, laughing back at his companion; then, walking backwards, he carefully brushed out the marks of his snowshoes with his beaver cap, leaving everything as they had found it. And the carcass lower down they poisoned too, and yet the third.

THAT night the wolves came back. The she-wolf, for some reason, was ill-at-ease, and as her cubs approached the kill she drove them back, first one then the other. Mother instinct, I suppose. But they were as strong as she was, and finally they drove her aside, snapping at her forepaws, which

is the wolf's deadliest thrust, for a wolf with a damaged forepaw cannot hope to survive the winter. So she had to let them by, and she sat back watching them with her cold yellow eyes while they dragged at the kill. And overhead the aurora flickered and flamed and the silence played her ghastly music on her mute fiddle-strings.

Then suddenly one of the cubs turned away with a whine, and bit at the snow. The father and the other two did not heed him. He staggered drunkenly, then rolled in the snow, plunging his muzzle into it and ploughing a long furrow. A moment he sat, then with one fearful glance towards his mother he began to circle round her. But, even as he went, his hind legs began to drag, and then it was that his mother rose.

The why and the wherefore of it I do not know, for no man can read the soul of the indomitable north. And the soul of the wolf, be it for good or ill, is the soul of the north. I only know that his mother slew him.

And her second cub and her third she slew, as the deadly sickness came upon then, and as she had slain the first; then she looked into the eyes of her mate, staggering towards her, trailing his hind lgs, his eyes already glazed. But him she did not slay.

The strangest is yet to come, for when next the rangers passed that way they found five mounds of snow. Using their snowshoes as shovels, the first four they uncovered revealed three cubs and the old dog-wolf, and under the fifth, the largest of all, was the deer, and prone across the deer, having like the rest partaken of the deadly bait, lay the she-wolf.

## An Office Romance

*Continued from page 55*

"Actions speak louder than words," remarked Craik. "When is it to be?"

The Jam King smiled fatuously. Mabel put both arms about his neck and raised demure eyes to the astounded nephew.

"It's going to be a week from Wednesday," she said. "And we're taking a trip to California, aren't we old rusty-crusty," she cooed at the boss. "This precious old pet hasn't had a holiday in years and years. Just think of it! So now he's going to take time to play a bit, aren't oo?"

"My sainted aunt!" murmured Don, in a daze.

"Romance in a business office!" said Craik, with a look of wonderment. "I never knew there was any such thing. I hope you will both be very happy."

"I don't know just what it was that drew us together," said Mabel. "I don't think it was bugs—was it, dear? Although, it was while he had me out on a bug-hunting expedition, yesterday, that he proposed. Please don't laugh."

"I wasn't," Craik denied. "I now feel quite positive it is love—on his side at least. If Jerome could forget bugs long enough to get interested in a woman——"

"You will have to admit that she has excellent taste," Jerome put in. "She knows how to pick a husband."

"Wait till we get to California!" Mabel said, ruffling the boss' hair fondly. "They say there are oodles and oodles of beetles and bugs out there."

"Congratulations to you both," said Craik.

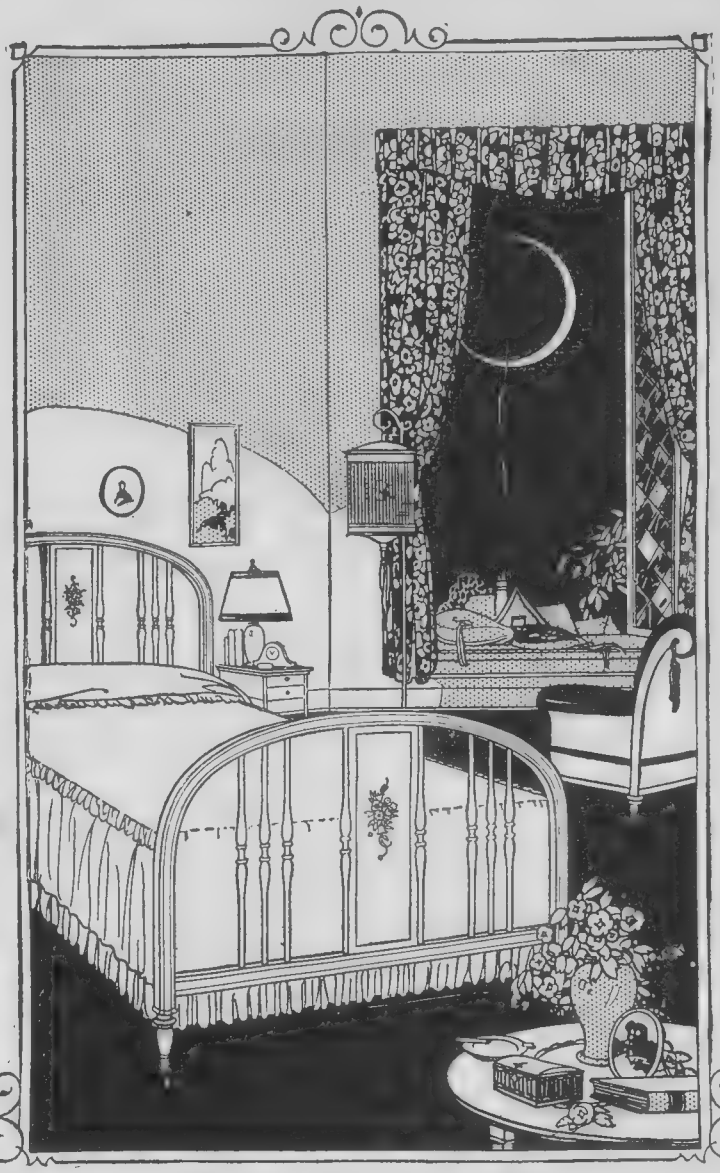
"Yeh. Same here," echoed Don dazedly. "I—er—I know Mabel's an awfully fine girl, Uncle."

"Bet your life she is," agreed Jerome. It was perhaps the first time in their lives that their opinions had coincided.

"Did you get the little parcel I gave Mr. Craik for you last night?" asked Mabel.

*Continued on page 68*


BUILT *for* SLEEP



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# *The Heart of Alix*

*Continued from page 34*

Mr. Manderton bent a frowning gaze upon the reporter.

"Where did this happen?" he demanded frigidly.

"At Node . . . this morning," replied Blake, rather abashed.

"I'll wring that Mallow's neck," declared the detective grimly. "He had my strict orders not to admit any of you press gentlemen to the grounds—"

"He didn't admit me," Blake said hastily. "The sea door was open, and as I wanted to see Mr. Vrogue I thought there would be no harm in my slipping in for a minute. . . ."

"What did you want with Mr. Vrogue?" asked Manderton.

"My editor gave me a card to him, and I wanted to present it. . ."

"You spoke of a mesasge. . . ."

"That was merely to say that Mr. Willis, that's my editor, hoped that Mr. Vrogue would give me all assistance in his power on the story."

"And Vrogue, what did he do?"

"He told me to clear out, that's all!"

"Here," said Manderton suddenly turning to Gerry, "you tell me about this."

Gerry grinned. "There's not much to tell really," he replied. "It was this way: Miss Dalgleish and I were sitting on the mound in the wilderness — I don't know whether you noticed it; it's a lookout point over the sea — having a sandwich after bathing, when we heard a sort of furious shouting at our backs. We turned round and, say, there was this guy on the walk leading up from the sea door, absolutely dancing with rage, and screaming at your friend here, 'Get out or I'll maim you for life,' or something like that. Mr. Blake didn't wait, and oh, boy, I don't blame him! He just passed out with old Vrogue bawling after him: 'You set foot in these grounds again and I'll break every bone in your body!'

"I thought I'd try to pacify the old nut, so I clambered down off the mound and ran through the trees. He was standing there on the path, with his proofs blowing all over the place, waving his arms above his head and talking to himself. He didn't take any notice of me for a bit, and then he said that all reporters were a pest, and that newspapers were the crying abuse of the century. He said that Mussolini was quite right to stop their mouths." Gerry began to laugh again. "Gee, he was wild. I'll say that bird's not courting any publicity, Inspector!" He chuckled and looked at his watch. "I guess I'd better be getting back!"

Mr. Manderton put his hand on the reporter's sleeve as the latter prepared to accompany Gerry. "Don't go for a minute, please, Mr .Blake." He drew Gerry aside and said: "About that other matter, Mr. Leese, I'll let you know in good time. . . ."

"Right," declared the American. "I'll stop by at Snook's lodgings on my way back and warn him to have the boat ready. Good-night!"

He nodded to Blake, and started off on the road.

WHEN he had gone Manderton turned round to the newspaper man.

"Is this story true? Was Mr. Vrogue in such a passion as this Yankee says he was?"

Blake nodded.

"As a matter of fact, he was. It's not anything to make a song and dance about, though. It's all in the day's work. I warned my editor that Vrogue wouldn't see me. . . ."

"Had you tried him before?" asked the detective.

"On Sunday afternoon. Vrogue sent my card back. I heard him roaring at the butler through the door. . . ."

"Why should your editor expect Vrogue to see you?"

"Because Mr. Willis, that's my chief, and Vrogue are intimate friends. They are members of the same club; they see one another frequently. . . ."

The detective made a meditative pause.

"Was Stanismore a friend of your editor's as well?"

Blake laughed. "Not on your life. Why, it's the *Daily Radical* that's been running this campaign to get rid of old Chesterham as the head of the party. Stanismore strongly disapproved of our attacks and said so repeatedly, both in public and in private. What made him and the rest of them so piping mad was that they couldn't deny the truth of our statements. Nothing went on in the party without Willis hearing of it. They knew it and yet they didn't seem able to do anything to stop it. . . ."

Manderton grunted.

"He must have been on to a damned good leak, that editor of yours," he commented. "Nevertheless," he went on, "old Ches was too much for you chaps, after all. You didn't get him out, did you?"

"Don't be too sure about that!" said the reporter darkly. "We don't print all we know, Inspector. Would you be surprised to hear that a fortnight before this thing happened old Ches had decided to retire and had privately promised Stanismore to use his influence to secure him the party leadership?"

"Ah!" was Manderton's sole comment.

"That means, of course," Blake pointedly added, "that Stanismore would have got it!"

"Much good it will do him now!" said the detective sombrely.

In silence they walked up the road together as far as the Bay Hotel, where Blake, who lodged at the Anchor, parted from the inspector. The detective's "Good-night" was gruff and distracted. When the reporter left him, Manderton went to the telephone and rang up Node House. Leese had not returned, so the detective left a message, asking the American to call for him at the Bay Hotel at 8.30 on the following morning to take him across to Portsmouth in the Sprite.

INSPECTOR MANDERTON had gone to London, but the atmosphere of doubt which his presence seemed to radiate hung in the wake of his passage like a noxious vapor. A miasma of suspicion rested low over Node House, a cloud of poison gas slowly seeping into the minds of them all.

A strange oppression held them in ban. They met for meals in silence as if each were privily aware of the sombre eye which watched them from afar, shunning speech for fear of what speech might disclose. All knew that this unfathomable man suspected one of their number—whom, none could with certainty affirm. No one of them had he specifically accused, but each of his questions, like a black and swollen rain cloud, was great with the promise of the storm. The whole household divined that the cloud would burst; none could foretell when and how the storm would break .

The weather had turned to wet, and the whole island seemed wrapped in a film of melting gauze when, next morning, after an early breakfast, Gerry Leese set out in the big car for Chine Bay to keep his appointment with the inspector. He did not return until the afternoon, for, having sundry commissions to execute for Lady Fubsy in

Portsmouth, he lunched there before starting on the homeward journey. Alix ran into him in the Wilderness as he was walking up from the sea door.

She was dressed for the weather; old Burberry over a golfing suit of tweed, woollen stockings and low-heeled brogues and a plain little sports hat. She carried a walking-stick, and there was clay on her shoes, as though she had been tramping about the country roads. The rain had ceased, but ugly brown clouds raced across the sky, and the woods were a weeping blur of dripping trees and sopping undergrowth. The damp had brought out a soft, rosy glow in her pale cheeks.

"You're back from Portsmouth, then?" she greeted him, stopping on the path. "Did the inspector say when he would—" she broke off abruptly, scrutinizing his face. "Why, Gerry," she exclaimed, "what's the matter?" She outlined a smile. "You're not going to tell me you've been seasick?"

His answering laugh rang rather constrained. "I'll say not!" he retorted. "I'm—I'm all right, thank you, Mrs. Barleston."

"You're nothing of the sort," she declared. You look as if you'd seen a ghost. You're not ill, are you, Gerry?"

"Truly I'm quite all right," he assured her. "Just a bit tired, I guess!"

SHE contemplated him anxiously as he stood before her: a slim, slight figure in his gleaming oilskins. His boyish face, richly tanned and barred by an ample band of freckles, peered out from under his sou-wester with an expression both perplexed and startled. But, more than this, he wore an air of dejection which was entirely foreign to the Gerry Leese she knew. It was his bubbling zest of life, this and his delightful manners, which had won him all hearts at Node. Now he seemed to have lost his buoyancy; it was as though a light in his face had been extinguished.

"You look ghastly," she affirmed. "Something's happened, Gerry. . . ." She put her hand on his sleeve. "Won't you tell me what it is?"

He turned his eyes from her. "I don't believe I will," he replied.

She glanced at him narrowly.

"It's that man," she announced suddenly. "Gerry, Inspector Manderton's told you something."

His bright brown eyes searched her face dubiously. He shook his head and wistfully looked away. "It's not that exactly," he said.

"Why, Gerry," she broke in, "it's nothing you have to keep from me, I'm sure." With a pretty air of confidence she slipped her hand under his arm and swung him around to face the sea door. "Come," she said, "let's walk a little way down the path and you shall tell me about it. . . ."

They took a few paces in silence. Then he said abruptly:

"Can I ask you an indiscreet question?"

She colored up and looked at him.

"If you ask it, Gerry, I'm sure it won't be indiscreet."

He hesitated. "You're fond of Ronald Dene?" he ventured.

Her face flamed. She was silent for an instant, then, very slowly, she inclined her head.

"He's a fine fellow," said the boy. "And I liked him from the first day we met. If you'd asked me, I'd have said he was a man I'd trust anywhere." He broke off confused. "Oh," he went on rather breathlessly, "I know I've got no right to criticise. I'm a foreigner in your country, and everything here is so different from what it is back home. But I guess our—our values are about the same. What I mean is that decent English people and decent Americans think pretty much alike on all the things that matter. And I thought I'd got Dene right. Then something happened today, something I dont' understand—"

"Something . . . something concerning Ronnie?" she asked in a small, tense voice.

He nodded. "Yes. And I don't know what to do about it. If I tell him, he'll think I suspect him. If I say nothing, I shall feel I'm playing him a low-down trick. It's not that I suspect him either; it's just that I don't trust my own judgment, I guess. If he were an American, I'd put my hand in the fire for him. But I feel such a stranger over here. Your outlook is so different from ours. It's so repressive, so—deliberate. It makes me want to scream sometimes. Look at this man Manderton! Does he ever get worked up? Does nothing ever bust inside of him? Why, out there in the boat this morning. . . ."

He broke off, frowning in perplexity. Discerning that he was overwrought, she had let him have his say until he was brought up short by this secret thing that oppressed him. But now she interposed.

"Gerry dear," she said. "I know Ronnie very well. Won't you let me advise you?"

He surveyed her gravely as her gray eyes anxiously scanned his face for his answer.

"If—if we're both mistaken in him," he said at last, "you won't thank me for telling you."

"I'll take the risk," she declared bravely.

"Well," he began, "it happened this morning, when we were going over to Portsmouth in the boat. "She's pretty wet when the sea's choppy the way it was today, so I thought I'd take an extra oilskin for the inspector. One or two cross seas caught her as we turned into the fairway at No Man's Fort and she shipped so much water that Manderton decided to put on the oily I'd brought for him. As he was wearing a raincoat and he's a large man, anyway, it was a pretty tight fit. Well, he was struggling into the oily when he stopped and said there was something bulky in the pocket. He tugged it out. It was a yachting cap." He paused and looked at her. "It was Stanismore's cap!" he added.

"Go on!" she bade him.

"Directly I saw it I knew whose it was," Gerry resumed, "and so did Manderton. The leather peak had been split in two and the badge torn away, and there was a great smear of blood on the white cover. And when we turned it over, there inside were his initials in gold letters: 'B.S.'. . . !"

"What did Manderton say?" she asked breathlessly.

GERRY wagged his head. "That bird knocks the sphinx for a goal every time," he remarked. "He just grunted and stowed the cap away in that brown bag of his. Then he asked me whose oily I'd borrowed for him. I told him I didn't know; I'd just grabbed one at random—there are half a dozen hanging up in that little room off the hall, you know. . . ."

As they talked they had unwittingly come to a full stop on the path. Absently she bored the soft soil with her cane.

"Was—was that the truth?" she said softly. She did not look up.

"No. I knew that Manderton was a big man, so I chose the largest. . . ."

The hand that had grasped the walking stick was suddenly still. In the pause that followed they could hear the raindrops pattering down from the branches.

"Ronnie's?" she spoke the name almost under her breath.

"Yes."

Again silence; and once more she fell to punching out a pattern in the path.

*Continued on page 60*

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**VIROL**


# The Heart of Alix

*Continued from page 59*

"Why . . . why didn't you speak . . . the truth?" she asked almost shyly.

The boy seemed to reflect before replying. "I couldn't, somehow. Ronnie's been awfully decent to me. Apart from that, I felt sure there must be some explanation, something I didn't know."

Always she kept her eyes on the ground. "Manderton," she said at last —"he's bound to find out, Gerry. . . ."

"Maybe he will. And try and rattle Ronnie with his find. That's the police game all over. But Ronnie's got to have a square deal, hasn't he? I feel he ought to be warned, so's to have his explanation, of course; he must have an explanation, mustn't he, Mrs. Barleston?"

Her chilly reticence was beginning to mystify him, and he flung his questions broadcast with growing anxiety in his voice.

"You do agree with me, don't you?" he asked shyly.

And then at length she raised her head. He was bewildered by her pallor, by the tragedy of her eyes. Her gaze drifted away from him, resting wistfully upon the trees all shining in the wet, upon the blurred mass of Node Tower rising, gray and forlorn against the mournful sky, from the foot of the path. "Why didn't God give us women you men's gift of trust?" she murmured brokenly. "At least the trust you bear each other!" She let her eyes linger probingly upon the boy's wondering face. "I love you for your great, big heart, Gerry dear," she declared impulsively. "Will you let *me* tell Ronnie what you say?"

"Why," he replied, flushing up, "you know you'd do it far better than I should. . . ."

Without warning she flung her arms about his neck and kissed him, then fled away into the gathering mists of evening toward the house. Gerry stared gravely after her. His face was damp where her cheek had pressed his. . . .

STRAIGHTWAY she sought out Ronnie. He was at his desk writing when, in response to his sharp "Come in," she stood framed in the doorway of his bedroom. On seeing who it was he sprang up from his chair and remained facing her silently.

"Gerry's back," she told him. "He says that Inspector Manderton has found—"

On the instant his face grew cautious. Before she could finish her sentence he walked swiftly to the door and peered out into the corridor. When he came back into the room he shut the door behind him.

"Don't do that," she protested.

"We can only discuss this matter behind closed doors," he rejoined firmly. "You needn't be afraid that Frankie will disturb us. Cantle and I put him to bed an hour ago. . . ."

She furrowed her brow. "I thought he had been drinking when he came in to lunch. . . ."

"He was much worse afterward. Now he's in Ned Fubsy's room with the door locked. We gave him a bromide to keep him quiet." His manner was brisk and hard. "What were you saying about Manderton?"

"He's found Mr. Stanismore's yachting cap in the pocket of your oilskin. . . ."

Leaning up against the bedpost, he contemplated her gravely. Her announcement left him unmoved. "Well?" was his only comment.

"What does it mean?" she asked nervously.

"I can't tell you!"

"But you must have some explanation. Gerry told me because he thought you should be warned. The inspector doesn't know as yet that it's your coat. And Gerry didn't give you away. . . ."

"That was thoughtful of Gerry. . . ."

She gave a little gasp of indignation. "Is that all you have to say? Don't you realize your danger—when Inspector Manderton identifies the coat? What are you going to say when he confronts you with it?"

"I don't know," he replied.

"Oh, don't fence with me," she cried wearily, her voice trembling. "I have my reasons for asking."

He glanced at her warily. "What reasons?"

"You think that Frankie killed Basil Stanismore," she said. "Are you sure of that?" She was watching his face and she saw it alter.

"Why do you ask me that?" he demanded quickly.

"Because," she cried desperately, "I want to give you every chance to clear yourself against the weight of evidence that is piling up against you. Do you think that I care what you say to Manderton of anyone else as long as I know the truth? Have I lied to you? You urged me to reveal a secret which was not mine to tell; I couldn't speak, but at least I never lied to you, Ronnie. But what chance do you give me? You leave me to make what I will of little driblets of truth that I find out piecemeal, and when I give you the opportunity of being frank with me you fence with me and parry with me at though I were not to be trusted . . ."

"DON'T misjudge me, Alix. . . ." he began in a warmly pleading voice.

She laughed bitterly. "I wish I might! You are judged by facts, not surmise, Ronnie. . . ."

"Facts?" he broke in sharply. "What facts?"

"Facts like the finding of this cap in your pocket; facts that lead me back step by step to things that have happened, to which I paid no heed at the time, but which now, that you've left me to struggle in the dark, rise up and stifle me! When Gerry told me this just now my mind went back to something Cantle said this afternoon. I was going out for a walk, and I thought I'd take Uncle Henry's blackthorn, the one that you often use down here. Cantle told me it was missing, said he hadn't seen anything of it for days. . ."

"That's true!" Dene was staring in front of him. "I haven't set eyes on it for a week. . . ."

If she heard his muttered interjection, she passed it over.

"And then I thought of your coming to my room that night. Why, that night of all nights, unless it were to bind me to silence?"

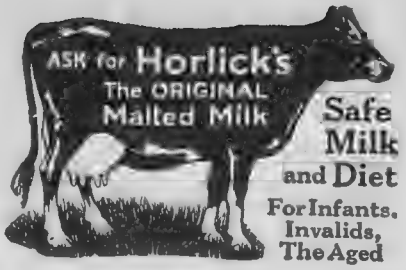
"Good God, Alix!" he exclaimed, "you don't think that of me?"

"I only know," she went on in a weary, listless voice, "that at a quarter past eleven that night Basil Stanismore was alive and that at half past eleven you came to my room. I know the time as the clock struck as you knocked. I was the only person to know that Mr. Stanismore was at Node, or, at least, you thought so. Don't you realize that you made it impossible for me, without compromising myself, to contest any account you chose to give of your movements that night?" She wrung her hands. "Oh, why do you leave me to think such things of you?"

"Listen!" he said. "You do wrong to doubt me. I did not kill this man. . . ."

"Then who did, in God's name?"

*Continued on page 61*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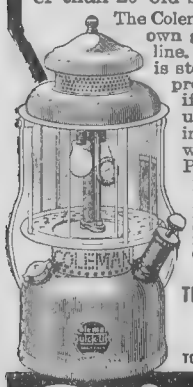

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Be sure to ask for the double strength Othine as this is sold under guarantee of money back if it fails to remove your freckles.


# *The Heart of Alix*

*Continued from page 68*

"I have my suspicions, but until they are a certainty I can't speak." He looked at her very tenderly. "Alix, won't you trust me? It won't be much longer now. . . ."

"Open the door and see if anyone's about," she said listlessly. "I must go and change my dress."

He glanced outside. The corridor was deserted. He signed to her, and with no further speech between them she went to her room, leaving him plunged in melancholy thought.

NOT until next day did Inspector Manderton come back. . . .

A telephone message from Scotland Yard for Gerry at breakfast time, asking whether the motor boat could meet the inspector's train at Portsmouth, at eleven o'clock that morning, was the first notification of the detective's impending return. It was not stated whether Mr. Manderton would land at Chine Bay or come straight across to Node, but soon after eleven, Gerry having started out an hour before, the different members of the house party, one by one, as if drawn by an unseen thread, began to drift into the morning room.

A flawless summer day had tripped in on the heels of the rain, a fiery sun blazing down out of a deep blue sky upon a scene like painted glass. In the glowing gardens, drowsy in the morning heat, the warm, damp flower beds exhaled their subtle fragrance and the scented air was burdened with the brisk chatter of birds and a constant undertone of humming insect sounds.

But within the house the atmosphere was oppressive. The long-drawn-out suspense was sapping the fortitude of them all. For thirty-six hours, under the ceaseless surveillance of shabby, silent men, gliding like shadows about the house, they had waited in ignorance, and now that Inspector Manderton's reappearance seemed to foretell the end of the ordeal the nervous tension became almost unbearable. For suspense is a two-edged sword: fear of its protraction and terror of the unknown are equally welded together in its blade.

Frankie Barleston had not appeared that morning, and Alix was the last to join the party. She found Sir Harry, that gentlest of men, pacing the carpet like a caged beast, and Lady Fubsy like an agitated hen, fluttering about him. Freckles kept darting to and from the gardens to watch for the arrival of Gerry and the inspector, while Ronnie stood on the verandah, his fingers beating a restless tattoo on the balustrade Vrogue had retired behind the *Times*, his huge frame almost filling the Chesterfield.

Alix did not sit down. She leaned against the end of the settee, fingering a string of white crystal beads about her neck and listening to the different sounds that broke the ominous hush: the clamor of the thrushes among the roses; the droning of a vagrant bee; the creaking of Sir Harry's shoes as he tramped the room; the rustle of Vrogue's newspaper.

Her heart was racing; her hands felt cold as ice. She knew that her courage was slowly oozing away; and to fortify herself, to hold frayed nerves in check, she began to count the beads as her fingers slipped over the keen, hard facets of the crystals. . . .

Flying footsteps on the verandah, and a vision of Freckles, cheeks heated, short skirts flying, long bare legs.

"They're coming up the walk from the sea door!"

As from afar off, Alix heard the fretful voice of Sir Harry:

"You leave me to deal with him, Ethel. . . ." His face seemed strangely magnified.

"Steady!" A voice sounded like an echo in her ear. She told herself it must be Ronnie; queer she had not heard him speak. Her arm was tightly gripped. Everything in the room seemed to slide back into position and remain like that. The dark eyes that gazed so solicitously into hers were now their normal size. She realized she had all but fainted, and made a gallant show of a smile in token that she was herself again.

Heavy footfalls reverberated on the parquet of the adjoining drawing-room, then Cantle's terrified face, like a sheeps' in the grasp of the slaughterer, bobbed in the doorway. The next moment the butler was shouldered aside and Inspector Manderton loomed large on the threshold.

He had exchanged his holiday attire for a dark reefer suit, and the sober dress lent him a more formal air.

HE WAS frowning, his jaw jutted, and from under his heavy eyebrows his eyes, lit by flames of determination, seemed to flash forth a persistent, angry challenge. His two acolytes accompanied him and at a gesture ranged themselves at his back, stiff as dummies in their clumsy suits of serge, twisting their hats in their large, red hands. One carried the inspector's bag, which he set down on the floor.

In an oppressive silence Mr. Manderton came forward and, with a gesture of stark defiance, slammed, with a hollow sound, his hard felt hat down upon the centre table. Then he let his gaze slowly circle the room until it rested upon Alix Barleston's pale and agitated face.

You must picture them as they were assembled there, eyeing that menacing figure with uneasy glances: Gerry and Freckles, visibly thrilled, right and left of the door; Lady Fubsy, in her black and white flowered silk, enthroned in the armchair next to Freckles; then Vrogue, with his totem face, on the Chesterfield; at his back the French windows open on the shady verandah and the gay gardens beyond; Alix, white and grave, in cool mauve linen frock, standing nearby; and next to her, Ronnie, with features sternly set. Sir Harry was on his feet in the centre of the room, nervously fingering his beard.

With slow deliberation Mr. Manderton walked up to Alix and halted in front of her. His deep voice shattered the silence:

"Mrs. Barleston," he said ominously, "what were you doing in Node Tower on the night of the murder?"

A thrill of excitement rustled round the circle. But this man dominated them all, and none dared interrupt. Alix gave the detective a glance of speechless alarm.

"Do you deny that you were there?" he asked, and paused for her reply.

Her lips moved, but no sound came forth from them.

"It's a dangerous game trying to bamboozle me," he told her threateningly. So you thought you'd go to the tower room, did you, and tidy up all traces of your visit? You're a very clever lady, ma'am, but you're not quite clever enough to hoodwink me. There were one or two little things you overlooked."

WITH a violent gesture he thrust out his closed hand and opened the fingers almost in her face. Two charred and crushed cigarette stubs

*Continued on page 62*

# Teeth Garrets—

## *sources of danger!*

Ever notice how cluttered up a garret becomes?

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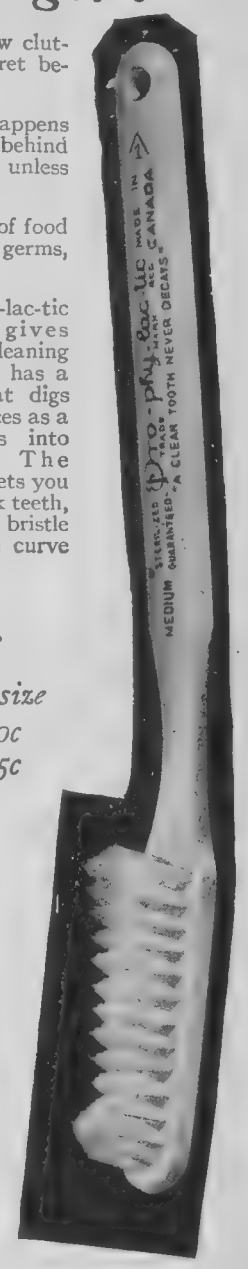


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## New Antiseptic Becomes Popular

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# *The Heart of Alix*

*Continued from page 61*

reclined in his palm. He pointed from one to the other with his finger.

"Will you compare these cigarettes? They're both Gold Flake, the brand you smoke. One I picked up out of the grate in the tower room; the other you discarded yesterday in Sir Harry Fubsy's study. Look at them, please! On each you will find a little smear of red. D'you know what that is? I'll tell you. It's rouge, Mrs. Barleston, lipstick I think you call it. Only two of you have access to this room, Vance, the maid, and yourself. Are you going to tell me that this elderly servant of yours rouges her lips and smokes?"

He paused and glared fiercely at her. "Well, what have you got to say about it?"

Still she did not speak. Her face was waxen in its pallor, and the shining beads that rested on her bosom rose and fell quickly.

With a menacing air he drew nearer to her, his hot eyes fixed on hers.

"The candlesticks wanted cleaning, didn't they?" he barked viciously. "Oh, your story was very glib, Ma'am. You didn't get rid of the burnt-out candle end, I suppose, and scrape off the fresh wax that had dripped down on the candlestick you had used? If you'd looked at the tablecloth a little closer, you'd have seen that it was stained with wax—fresh wax, Mrs. Barleston! It told me, anyway, that the room had been used recently. And used at night! Now, are you going to tell me why you went to the tower and why you were so anxious that I should not find out about your visit?"

She stood like an alabaster statue and said never a word.

He put an arm on his hip and nodded grimly.

"Then I'll tell you. You went to meet Basil Stanismore. And had your lover handy, just to see fair play!"

At that sneer, as he watched her, he perceived a change in her face at last. The color rushed into her cheeks, and her eyes grew angry. She was trembling from head to foot.

"It's not true!" she cried.

Sir Harry Fubsy's voice cut in, protesting, upon the detective's rejoinder:

"Inspector," he said sharply, "you force me to protect Mrs. Barleston. What right have you to speak to her in this fashion?"

MR. MANDERTON turned on him savagely.

"What right?" he thundered. "I'll let the lot of you know what right quick enough! From the outset this lady has obstructed the investigation to shield her lover. Evidence suppressed right and left; right and left I'm lied to. What right, indeed? Nobody's going to make a monkey of me and get away with it, I can tell you straight. And now, sir, I'll ask you to have the goodness not to interrupt me again." With sudden, deadly calm he turned back to Alix.

"You deny it, eh? Mr. Stanismore was not in the tower room shortly before he was murdered?" He thrust his face into hers. "You dare to tell me this when his footprints are on the path and on the doorstep of the room; when I've here in my pocket the cigar he threw away, identical with the cigars which were in the case in his pocket? You be careful before you deny anything I say to you!"

"I don't know . . . whom you mean . . . by my lover," she gasped out.

He laughed shortly. "Oh, yes, you do, Mrs. Barleston. And you know that he was present throughout your interview with Stanismore, concealed behind the screen. That was why you tried to hush up your sister's story. It was awkward to find that Captain Dene had been seen coming back from the tower——"

"That at least is not true," Ronnie broke in sternly. "I've never been in the tower room in my life."

Mr. Manderton gave him a bleak look.

"Then perhaps Mrs. Barleston will tell us who it was?" he suggested icily. But once more she had wrapped herself in her pitiful silence.

"Silence won't help you," persisted the detective. "The footprints are there in the dust behind the screen. If I'd lighted on you a few minutes later the other morning you'd have had them brushed away; I know that." He glanced toward Dene. "If you were not coming back from the tower, perhaps you'll inform me what you were doing in the gardens on Friday night?" he suggested.

"I told you before," Dene rejoined hastily, "I just went out to get a mouthful of air. . . ."

"That was at midnight, I think you said . . . after I had refreshed your memory?"

"Yes. . . ."

"Then where were you at twenty minutes to twelve?"

Manderton saw—they all saw—the prompt alarm that showed in Dene's eyes, and noted the fatal pause before his reply.

"In my bedroom, I suppose!" he answered at length.

The detective bent his brows at him.

"I suggest to you," he said very slowly and distinctly, "that you were present at the interview between Mrs. Barleston and Mr. Stanismore in the tower room and that at the end of it you followed this man to one of the paths in the Wilderness and killed him in an altercation on the subject of Mrs. Barleston. . . ."

There was a gasping cry from Alix. Ronnie laid a restraining hand on her arm.

"That's perfectly absurd," he declared firmly. "I didn't kill Stanismore, nor had I anything to do with his death. Why, I didn't even know the man. . . ."

"Mrs. Barleston knew him," the detective retorted significantly.

"Are you suggesting that Mrs. Barleston persuaded me to kill Stanismore?" demanded the young man hotly.

"Mrs. Barleston has only herself to blame for any interpretation I put upon her actions," was the prompt reply. "You deny the charge, then?"

"Of course I do. It's preposterous. . . ."

Mr. Manderton snapped his fingers at Mallow, who had his bag in charge. The plain-clothes man stooped to it and extracted a stained and battered yachting cap which he handed to the inspector. The detective held it aloft.

"Have you seen this before, Captain Dene?" he asked quietly.

"Yes, I have," was the resolute answer.

Mr. Manderton stared at the speaker, surprise, mingled with suspicion, in his whole attitude.

"Is that so?" he murmured in a puzzled voice. "Then you can tell us what it was doing in the pocket of your oilskin?"

DENE hesitated. The inspector, watching him closely, followed the young man's gaze as it travelled from Alix, tragically aloof, at his side, to Vrogue, who leaned back against the Chesterfield, his newspaper on his knee, with his grotesque features crumpled into an expression of close attention.

"You'd better ask Mr. Vrogue," Dene replied at last.

Mr. Vrogue shot abruptly into an erect position.

"I know nothing about it. I never saw the thing before in my life. . . ."

"Would you mind explaining that remark, Captain Dene?" the inspector's deep tones interrupted.

"I have nothing more to say!" Dene returned.

The detective raised a hand to silence Vrogue, who was fuming and throwing himself about on the settee.

"Come, come, Captain Dene," he remarked severely, "this sort of thing will do you no good. I think you'd better leave Mr. Vrogue out of it and try and realize your own position. I may as well tell you that I know the precise hour at which the murder was committed. Stanismore's wrist watch has been picked up near the scene of the crime. The glass was smashed and the strap broken, apparently by the blow that killed him. But the hands are intact, and they point to 11.39—twenty-one minutes to midnight. If you are innocent, why did you pretend to me that you never left your bedroom on Friday night? I don't have to remind you that you would have had sufficient time to dispose of the body and return to the house by midnight, at which hour you were seen by Miss Dalgleish. . . ."

"I tell you again," said Dene tensely, "I did not kill Stanismore. . . ."

"Very good, sir. You leave me no option. I am going to arrest you on a warrant I hold for the wilful murder of Basil Stanismore. You are free to make a statement, but I must warn you that anything you say may be used in evidence against you at your trial." He snapped his fingers behind him. "All right, Mallow. . . ."

HIS assistant shuffled forward, clutching his battered straw hat under one arm. With his free hand he fumbled at something that clinked in his jacket pocket. He went up to Dene and pointed with a significant gesture at the young man's wrists. Then an anguished voice cried: "Stop!"

Alix Barleston stepped between Dene and the plain-clothes man.

"Well?" he exclaimed impatiently. His tone was bluntly hostile.

Dene sprang forward.

"Alix. . . !" he cried warningly.

The inspector rounded on him as though he were going to leap at his throat.

"That'll do!" he snapped. "If Mrs. Barleston has anything to tell us, she can say it without any prompting from you!" With extreme deliberation he shifted his baleful glare to the woman's ghastly face. "Well?" he barked. "I'm waiting. What is it?"

She seemed to take a deep breath.

"I can tell you what Captain Dene would never have told you himself," she said in a low voice. "If he deceived you, it was through loyalty to me. From half past eleven until after midnight on Friday Captain Dene was with me in my bedroom. He was leaving my room when my sister saw him in the corridor. I—I didn't want my sister's story to come out because I feared the consequences to Captain Dene. I knew that he wouldn't be able to say where he'd been. If I'd known that the murder took place after half past eleven, I would have spoken before. At thirty-nine minutes past eleven, the hour at which you say Mr. Stanismore was killed, Captain Dene was with me and had been for nearly ten minutes. . . ."

"Ah!" The detective's bass shattered the glacial hush upon which her halting confession had fallen. "And did you and Captain Dene come back from the tower together?"

"No, no," she cried. "Captain Dene was never in the tower!"

"Then who was it?"

She glanced desperately about her.

"Come on, ma'am," said Manderton impatiently. "I know there was someone there. The marks are behind the screen to prove it. Who was it?"

"It was my husband," she whispered.

"Ah!" Mr. Manderton's exclamation was like a sigh of satisfaction. "And what became of the major while you and Captain Dene were together?"

Eyes haggard, lips trembling, with hands that fluttered in supplication, she paused while her gaze roved round the circle of awestruck faces, as though she sought there succor in her distress.

"He—he was in his room!"

"In your bedroom . . . with you and Captain Dene?" asked the detective incredulously, with deadly emphasis on every word—asked and waited.

She began to stammer: "I don't mean that . . . I . . .he . . ."

Mr. Manderton bounded forward and caught her by the wrist.

"No!" he said tensely. "This time we'll stick to the truth, Mrs. Barleston! If I can't get it from you, then I'll get it from your husband!"

His glance swooped round the room.

"Where's the major?" he demanded explosively.

"Wait!" said Alix suddenly. Mr. Manderton paused, expectant. Imploringly she lifted her dark eyes to the detective's angry face. "He will tell you what I cannot," she went on, "if you'll let me reason with him. Only let me speak to him first, and I believe I can promise you that you shall hear the truth!"

Mr. Manderton snorted.

"D'you take me for a fool?" he demanded indignantly. "I've had all the cooked-up stories I want, ma'am. I'm going to hear the truth all right, I can promise you that. But I'll get it out of your husband for myself."

But now Dene interfered. "One moment, inspector," he said, and drew him apart. "Before you do anything further, let me speak to you alone. Mr. Manderton looked at him curiously, then turned, opened the door and led Dene into the empty drawing-room.

"Don't you realize," said Dene, as soon as the door had closed behind them—"don't you realize that Major Barleston holds the key to the mystery? What's the use of bullying Mrs. Barleston? You can't use her evidence against her husband; I needn't tell you that. If you antagonize her, she's only got to advise Major Barleston to sit tight and deny everything and then where will you be? Let her go and talk to him, Inspector. You know as well as I do that anything she's done or said has been to cover him. If anybody can make him speak, it's she, not you.

Mr. Manderton seemed to ponder this advice, for he was silent for a moment. Then, with a rapid gesture, he opened the door.

"Mrs. Barleston," he called into the room. She called out to him at once and stood expectant before him, her eyes cast down. "I'll give you one more chance," he said dourly. "You can go and talk to your husband now, but it'll be best for the pair of you if you can make him understand that the jig's up. Don't be too long about it; I'll wait for you both here. . . ."

She bowed her head, and they heard the light tap of her heels on the gleaming parquet as she vanished into the hall.

THEN Mr. Manderton, putting his hand behind him, gently closed the door and faced Dene. To the latter's astonishment, the detective's eyes, which had so lately smoldered with

*Continued on page 64*

Paring Corns at Home

*Invites* THE GRAY SPECTER OF INFECTION

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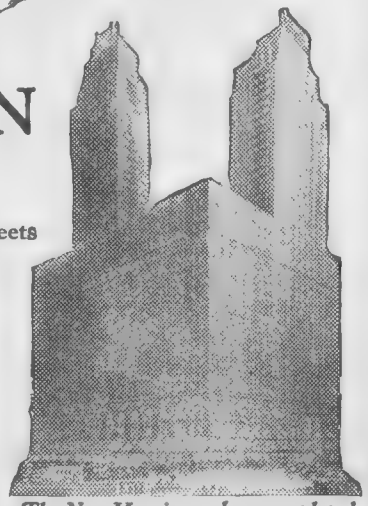

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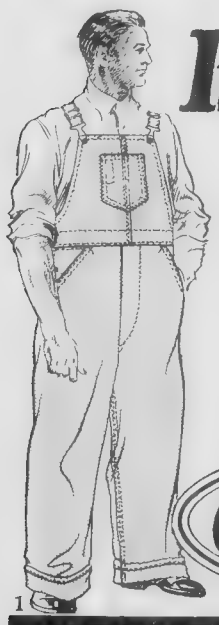

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# *The Heart of Alix*

*Continued from page 71*

wrath, now beamed amiably upon him. "No ill-feeling sir, I hope?" observed the inspector with a smile. "I had to frighten the pair of you or I'd never have got the truth. . . ."

"Then I'm not under arrest?" said Dene with a puzzled air.

Mr. Manderton stooped to his ear.

"Pure bluff!" he whispered. "I've got a warrant," he added in his natural voice, "but not for you." His eyes narrowed. "Now that we're alone for a minute," he added confidentially, "suppose you tell me just what you meant by that remark of yours about Mr. Vrogue?"

"Vrogue planted that cap on Barleston——"

"Ah!" remarked the detective. "Now, that's very interesting!"

". . . Yesterday afternoon, it was. I was in my room with the door open, when in the mirror I had a glimpse of Vrogue, who has the room opposite mine, sidling along the corridor with something bulging under his coat. I watched him creep into Mrs. Barleston's bedroom. I followed him to the door and saw him at the cupboard in the dressing room. I waited until he'd gone downstairs, then I investigated. In the cupboard, stuffed away behind an old kit-bag, was this cap.

"The next thing I knew was that you had discovered it in the pocket of my oilskin. . . ."

The detective nodded sagely.

"The major's hand, of course," he commented. He threw Dene a questioning look. "While we're waiting for Major Barleston," he added, "I think I'll have a word with Mr. Vrogue about this." As he spoke he opened the door. "Mr. Vrogue!" he called. "Hullo!" he exclaimed, peering about the room, "what's become of Mr. Vrogue?"

Sir Harry, who was talking in undertones with Lady Fubsy, looked up and glanced around.

"He was here a moment ago," he said, coming forward. "He may have stepped into the gardens for a minute." He passed through the French windows, and they heard him on the verandah calling for Vrogue.

"He's not in the gardens," reported Sir Harry, "and I had a look in the library; he's not there either."

"Well, where is he?" the inspector snapped. "He must be somewhere around."

"He may have gone up to his bedroom and forgotten all about us," Lady Fubsy put in. "You know how frightfully absent-minded he is, Harry."

"That's true," her husband agreed. "I'll go and see."

He went away through the drawing-room. Mr. Manderton began to fidget. In a minute the old gentleman came back.

"He's not in his room," he announced, "or in the study, or anywhere. I think he must have gone down to the Wilderness or the beach. . . ."

"Smith!" The plain-clothes man jumped to the inspector's sharp summons. "Have a look in the grounds. You'll find Mallow on the sea door. Ask him if he's seen anything of the gentleman. Don't waste time. If the party's nowhere about, come back here at once. At the double. . . .Understand?"

"Sir!" Smith touched his hat and darted away. Dene was looking curiously at the detective, who was frowning heavily at his boots.

"Inspector," said the young man at length, "have you found the weapon with which the murder was committed?"

Mr. Manderton gave him a sour stare.

"Not yet," he answered morosely.

"Then," Dene went on, "when Mr. Vrogue comes, why don't you ask him what's become of Sir Harry's blackthorn stick?"

"I usually carry it when I'm down here, but last Thursday—that's to say, the day before the murder—I couldn't find it when I went to look for it in the hall stand. Later in the day I saw Mr. Vrogue with it, and it's not been there since. . . ."

"Tchah!" cried the detective. "Why didn't you mention this to me before?"

"It never occurred to me to do so. I don't suppose I'd have given the matter another thought but that yesterday Cantle informed Mrs. Barleston that the stick had disappeared. When Mrs. Barleston told me about it, I remembered the incident at once. Coming on top of the affair of the cap. . . ." He paused and added thoughtfully, "It's a regular cudgel, a murderous-looking ——"

He broke off as Smith panted in on them.

"He ain't in the grounds, sir," he announced breathlessly, "and Mallow ain't set eyes on 'im, neither. . . ."

"Damnation," roared Mr. Manderton with such unexpected and explosive ferocity that his aide reeled backward. "What the devil is all this monkey business? He's got to be found, I tell you! He dashed into the morning room, "What's the meaning of this, sir?" he shouted at Sir Harry. "Where's Mr. Vrogue got to? Smith!" he trumpeted over his shoulder, "warn that uniform man on the drive that no one's to leave the house without my orders, and tell Mallow the same."

SUDDENLY his eye fell upon the enthralled, flushed and excited face of Gerry Leese. "Lord!" he exclaimed, smiting his brow, "the motor boat! I'd clean forgotten her. What's to prevent the fellow from shinning over the wall and getting down to the dinghy? You left it on the beach, didn't you? Smith!" he roared. But the plain-clothes man had rushed off on his errand.

"Don't worry," said Gerry with his easy drawl. "Snook's gone off to his lunch and won't be back till two. Without Snook that motor boat's as much use as a fan to an Eskimo to anyone in this house, barring me and Miss Dalgleish, who's one great little navigator. Vrogue can't even start her, Chief, let alone navigate her. . . ."

"H u m p h!" grunted Manderton. "There's something in that. But what the devil's to come of the fellow, that's what I want to know?"

As if in answer to this question a loud report resounded from the gardens outside.

It was followed by a woman's piercing scream.

*(To be concluded next month)*

### The Jam Breaker

Seething waters and swirling logs—
A jam—and the clamp of peevee-dogs.
A tumble, a break, a rumble and roar—
A bit of humanity borne before.
High in the spray on a rearing log,
He poses calmly with peevee-dog.
A flash of color, the plaided clothes—
He's out where the tranquil water flows.
—Stanley Foss Bartlett.

### Handy for a Jane

ONE nicely furnished room, excellent location, 8 minutes walk to congenial gentleman.—Ad. in Hattiesburg (Miss) paper.

### Familiar Hammer

"Ever get a knock in your automobile, Jim?"

"Often—when my wife rides in the back seat."—Boston Transcript.

# An Excursion to the Future

*Continued from page 19*

With crop rotation no longer merely preached but commonly practiced, with nitrogen captured from the inexhaustible air by leguminous plants and manufacturing processes, we shall have almost stopped the reckless destruction of our greatest material asset, the fertility of our soil.

Great manufacturing industries will be thriving in regions now almost wholly agricultural, creating a local market for vast quantities of farm produce.

The waste land in our farm holdings, as well as outside, will have been brought into use. The yield in dollars will at least have doubled. With intensive farming of all sorts, the small farmer will have come into his own, and will no more be offended at being called a "peasant" than the Perthshire man is when called a Scot.

Boys and girls will continue to leave the farm, which will, I hope, continue to raise a large surplus of them as of other first-rate crops. But a higher percentage of them will start farms of their own.

The cities themselves, improving greatly, will not lose their attractions; but the counter-attractions of country life for the normally active young man and woman will no longer be neutralized by primitive conditions, economic, social, and domestic.

Farm houses will not only be closer together on the map; for all practical purposes they will be as close together as friends and neighbors commonly are in town. Country roads will have improved beyond all recognition. The public autobus, the cheapened private car, the universal telephone, with television added—the radio, not to mention the gramophone and player-piano, bringing the same entertainment to the country home as to the town—these will have done the rest.

Practically every farmhouse will have its modern heating system, its bathroom, with constant water supply and drainage—it will be as comfortable as the city apartment, with the unspeakable advantage the apartment dweller lacks in a garden, a view, and opportunity for natural, healthy exercise at his very door.

Co-operation, as we perfect the art of living and acting together, will have been adopted by the vast majority, in buying as well as selling, both in town and country. The producer will not complain, nor will he suffer, when the selling agent of his co-operative organization has to deal with the buying agent of a powerful organization of consumers.

LEARNING to feed ourselves as suitably as we take care to feed our cows and hogs, by ceasing our traditional mistreatment of the human stomach we shall do more to ensure constant health than all the trained disease-fighters can do for us. And that is saying a lot, for in 1987 scientific aids in preventing infectious disease will have been so highly developed that doctors will seldom be called on to cure it. Physic will be out of date, and chronic ill-health will create a suspicion of chronic insanity.

We shall have learned to feed our mind as well as our body, instead of starving the one while glutting the other. Education will have learned to educate—to make us think and reason—to give us such a powerful and discriminating taste for knowledge, too, that books, chosen with at least as much care as we give to the choice of our hats and ties, will be as necessary to us as food and air. We shall no longer be content with the highly-spiced trivialities that we now read—when we read at all.

We shall still be electing men and women—a higher percentage of women than now—to make just and sensible laws and regulate the collection and expenditure of our taxes with strict fairness to the whole community. But we shall choose these representatives for their proved ability and resolution to do that alone, regardless of party labels and partisan advantage. Already the old differences between parties, like the difference between most of the churches, has nearly vanished—we see through it to the essential sameness beneath.

If only to avert a dictatorship, of an individual or a class, we shall insist on truly democratic government, in place of a log-rolling farce masquerading in solemn parliamentary forms. We shall insist on our representatives' voting on every occasion as they believe best for the country as a whole. Within the next sixty years we shall have a fairly near approach to this ideal.

Long before that time is out, the politician who abuses his trust by "patronage," diverting public funds for the payment of his partisan friends and the benefit of his party, will be outlawed along with the other varieties of thief.

We shall no more allow a man to be appointed a public servant on any ground except his superior qualifications for the post, than we hitch a pet pony to the gang plow as an excuse for giving him a double ration of oats.

WHEN all is said and done, however, we shall depend less and less for our prosperity on man-made laws, on government help, on pap from an official spoon, but more and more on ourselves.

In the growth of our knowledge, directing our work with greater ease and effect—in the widening of our interest and capacity to understand and sympathize with all our fellow-creatures, including the animals that feed us, clothe us, and slave for us,—in a newly-awakened appreciation of beauty in the familiar sights around us—we shall tap an inexhaustible vein of wealth and happiness that neither thief can steal nor government can tax.

The "high standard of living" which we ignorantly worship we shall find and enjoy, not in a high standard of wheat and cattle prices, but in a high standard of thinking and learning, of character, and of work.

# An Englishwoman in Canada

*"Molly, you run off to school,*
*Daddy's in a hurry.*
*Jimmy-boy don't play the fool,*
*I'll smack you if you worry."*
*It's afternoon in the Sussex home, I know.*
*The light comes slanting through the poplar row*
*Down to the lawn where my red roses grow.*
*The old grey house is waiting for me still.*
*And the white jassamine clambers up to fill*
*The cir that drifts across my window-sill*
*"Baskets full of ironing,*
*Cooking not begun;*
*Floors to scrub, and everything,*
*Calling to be done."*
*Wait! It's a simple melody, so clear*
*That I can see the fingers, slender, dear,*
*Rest on the keys. Never was home so near.*
*That was pot-pourri, like an oldworld spell*
*Coming from that old jar she loved so well,*
*Stood on the table made by Chippendale.*
*"Yes, I've packed your lunch for you;*
*Here's your stumping powder.*
*Baby-dear! And I'll cry too*
*If you scream much louder."*

—M. E. Palmer

***Their Answers to Questions on Mouth Hygiene Fully Confirm the Theory Back of Squibb's Dental Cream***

**THERE have always been contradictory claims as to what is really proper mouth hygiene. E. R. Squibb & Sons felt certain that their warning to guard The Danger Line from acids was correct. But they thought that in view of the confusion the public should receive official advice.**

**So Squibb caused an investigation to be made throughout the entire dental profession. 50,000 practicing dentists were asked certain questions. Their answers—the expression of the only existing authority on the matter—constitute a warning that no one should overlook. 95% say that:**

**(1) *Acids most frequently cause tooth decay and irritated gums.***

**(2) *The trouble that occurs at the place where teeth and gums meet—The Danger Line—is the most serious and difficult to control.***

**(3) *The best product known to neutralize acids in the mouth is Milk of Magnesia.***

**Squibb's Dental Cream is made with more than 50% of Squibb's Milk of Magnesia. Each time you brush your teeth, tiny particles of the Milk of Magnesia are forced into the pits and crevices where acids form. There they remain for a long while, neutralizing new acids as they form.**

**Squibb's Dental Cream cleans thoroughly—relieves sensitive teeth and sore gums. Contains no grit or abrasive.**

**Squibb's Dental Cream is on sale at all druggists—45c a large tube.**

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They only improve your complexion for a few fleeting moments. You must constantly resort to "touching up" to maintain the unstaple appearance they render. Moisture or perspiration destroy them utterly. Many women have found a more staple appearance of far greater beauty—the "24 hour complexion," rendered by

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Gouraud's Oriental Cream is antiseptic and astringent. Its use helps correct many blemishes and skin troubles. Made in white, flesh and rachel, also compacts.

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# Confederation and Destiny of Canada

*Continued from page 24*

national nature—grievances that have usually little basis in fact.

Any review of Confederation, however casual, seems to call for a summary of the situation sixty years ago, and of our achievements today, in order that we may realize our creditable past, solid present, and immeasurable future . . . Let us stop here and say it: in the past sixty years—less than the life of a man—we have become a nation.

Our basic industry in Canada is agriculture, with a production of over a billion dollars a year. Sixty million acres are under cultivation—or six times as much as at Confederation. Canada may now truthfully claim over all competitors to be the world's bread basket. Aye! Aye! this is a difficult road, and it was made by spadefuls.

Our trade has multiplied fifteen times since 1867, and now circles the globe. We have over 800 vessels in our merchant marine, and are become a nation of buyers and sellers in all parts of the world.

Today there are fifty cities in Canada as against twenty at Confederation.

Then, there were 123 branch banks—now, there are nearly 4,000. Deposits have grown to nearly two billion dollars.

In those days, there were no automobiles—now, there is one motor car to every fourteen persons. Canada takes second place in per capita possession of motors.

During the past twenty-five years four million immigrants entered Canada although they did not all remain with us. The tide has turned and presently, again, we will demonstrate the dictum that a nation can be born in a day.

At Confederation, we had only four thousand head of cattle. Today, including horses, cattle, sheep and swine—we have over twenty million.

Canada, of late years, has become the largest producer of pulp and paper in the world.

Our post offices number 12,000 as against 3,638, with a revenue of nearly thirty million dollars a year.

But why go further? It would take a long while and would stagger the imagination to tell of Canada's forestry, fisheries, fur industries; of our railways, irrigation, mines, manufactories, educational systems, courts of justice, national parks, electrical equipment, hydro power, harbor improvements, highways and public works, establishment of insurance companies, our shipping and multitudinous inventions, including discovery of several new kinds of grain which are making available vast areas of land for cultivation. Suffice it to say that this is Canada's century.

But not alone in material matters has Canada become great. We have produced writers, musicians, artists, teachers, philanthropists, and men great in the profession of medicine and law. Men of high spiritual attainments have left their impress upon the national mind so that the word Canadian, for the most part, is a synonym for integrity, industry, generosity and other of the manly virtues.

For a surety, it may be said of this nation that "our lines have fallen unto us in pleasant places—yea, that we have a goodly heritage."

When we have learned in this kingdom to make use of the tremendous man-power that, for eight months of the year, is unavailable to industry on the farms of Western Canada, we will add immensely—almost incalculably—to our national wealth.

At the beginning of the Great War, Russia called millions to her colors but had only rifles for one-tenth of her men. The futility of the situation is obvious, and in comparison with the Western situation, it is parallel.

. . . . In Canada, we are proudly claiming for ourselves the title of "Canadian plus," that is to say, with the fullest possible freedom of government, we have the added advantage of membership in the British Empire, the most powerful and beneficent international federation of all the centuries . . . . That was true, what Elbert Hubbard said: "By laying hold of the forces of the universe, you are strong with them."

In all ages, large unpopulated lands with great potential wealth have ever been a prey for greedy nations who require outlets for themselves and their children. India, even with her uncountable millions, has been overrun eight times and that nation which has held the key to India has, for the time being, held the key to the world. Here is a lesson to our reading.

It was only the other day that His Excellency Viscount Willingdon, the Viceroy of Canada, forespoke the place this nation is destined to hold in Imperial leadership—Canada, the heritor of whatever is best in Anglo-Saxon civilization. They are few and inconsequential who will contest his prophecy.

During the celebration of our sixtieth year of Confederation, many notable articles will be written and eloquent speeches made. In a little while we will have forgotten them all—that is, unless we get hold of the simple things and hug them to our hearts.

What we need to remember was said by a poet of a former jubilee:

*"Get ye sons your fathers got,*
*And God will save the Queen."*

. . . . This means that we need not fear for Canada if we are the right kind of people. If we produce great persons, the rest follows.

### The Last Putt

In Washington they tell the story of a golfing clergyman who had been beaten badly on the links by a parishioner thirty years his senior, and had returned to the clubhouse rather disgruntled.

"Cheer up," his opponent said. "Remember, you'll win at the finish. You'll probably be burying me some day."

"Even then," said the preacher, it will be your hole."—Christian Advocate.

### Knew What He Needed

An old colored man was arraigned befor a justice on a charge of assault. During the proceedings the judge asked him if he wanted a lawyer appointed to defend him. "No, no, judge," he replied, "I don't wan' no lawyer, but I sutinly would like a couple of good witnesses, if you got 'em."—Hardware Age.

### Blown In the Bottle

"What have you decided to say in your next speech?"

"As little as possible," answered Senator Sorghum. "My constituents now regard me as a standard article, and I don't require as much salesmanship as I used to."—Washington Star.

### Knows His Onions

"Do you believe in the survival of the fittest?"

"I don't believe in the survival of anybody. I am an undertaker. — Boston Transcript.


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# Federated Women's Institutes

## Saskatchewan

*Alingly-Fortsberg Club,* organized last August, has been doing excellent work in their community. They have beside their regular membership of 25, associate members (men) to the number of 21.

*Briar Mound,* Foam Lake, is taking care of their cemetery during the summer. Plans are made for a Cake and Apron sale.

*Banner,* a country club, had a two-day course in millinery which was well attended. They take an active interest in agricultural and fair work. They stand back of a girls' and boys' Pure-bred Stock Club and their boys and girls have won some distinction at contests.

*Bracken Club* re-appointed Mrs. D. C. McMillan as President and Mrs. H. R. Almquist as Sec.-Treas. This club has raised and expended $380.00 on a Red Cross Outpost Hospital, for which they have purchased a sterilizer, screen windows and doors, storm windows, doors and porch, rugs, sink, bed-screens, fruit for the sick. They also paid for labor for a cess-pool and piping and for painting and varnishing—also paid living expenses of maid for hospital. Beside this they have given gifts to members leaving the district.

*Cadillac* has elected new officers for the club year—Mrs. P. Whittington, Pres., Mrs. E. D. Sutherland, Sec.-Treas. This club erected a Public Ladies Toilet Room at a cost of $100.00. The caretaker cost them $18.00 annually.

*Craik* has organized a Homemaker's Club which promises to be a good live one.

*Coteau Plains,* Beechy, elected Mrs. Barton as President and Mrs. Geo. Batdorg as Sec.-Treas. The Beechy District is planning to have their District Convention July 5th.

*Dubuc* has done excellent work in helping new settlers with their problems and looking after the needy.

*Eyebrow,* which is a comparatively new Club, is bending its energies toward a Community Rest Room.

*Glen Bain* has been doing good work in meeting and welcoming new settlers. They have arranged for a tree-planting in the cemetery. Food sales and bazaars also talent money have been fruitful sources for a club income. The sick and needy have been well attended to in this neighborhood.

*Handsworth,* a new club, has been recently organized near Handsworth so that it will be neighbor to the Mountain View Club. They have already planned for a sale of work in June.

*Huronville* organized a club in March. Arrangements for future meetings were made and programmes planned. The following officers were appointed: President, Mrs. J. Harvey Lane; Vice-Pres., Mrs. Chas. Treble; Sec.-Treas., Mrs. Geo. Woodhams; Directors, Mrs. A. Callfas, Mrs. J. Turnbull, Mrs. E. Elder.

*Key-West,* Ogema, a new club is planing the making of quilts.

*Mount Murray Club* held their tenth anniversary meeting April 27th. Mrs. J. Wiltshire, one of the charter members, gave a history of the club, outlining its work and progress. Mrs. Kearns gave a monologue of her own compostion made up of a verse for each member and several for the club. Two delegates were appointed for the Annual Convention.

*Maymont* gave a Play, "It Happened in June," with great success.

*Mountain View Club* is adding to its library. They procured a wheel-chair for use of invalids in the district. At the Annual Meeting were appointed as officers:—Pres., Mrs. E. J. Bill; 1st Vice-Pres., Mrs. S. W. Hampton; 2nd Vice-Pres., Mrs. Geo. Sutherland; Sec.-Treas., Mrs. H. S. Crook. Directors: Mrs. J. B. Armstrong, Mrs. E. Hunter and Mrs. J. Wiltshire.

*Pinkham Club* donated some furniture and other necessaries to the Kindersley Hospital.

*Punnichy H. M. C.* elected officers for the new club year as follows: Pres., Mrs. Simon; Vice Pres., Mrs. Medland, Sec.-Treas., Mrs. Wm. Henderson, Asst.-sec., Mrs. Thorne; Directors: Mrs. Carter, Mrs. Medland and Mrs. Thorne. A hearty vote of thanks was given to the retiring president, Mrs. Larson, for her good year's work.

*Steward Club,* Bateman, contributed $1,000 toward their new Union Church.

*Summerberry* is donating eggs to the Indian Head Orphanage and to the Children's Shelter, Regina. They had a report of the British Immigration Conference from their delegate, Mrs. Emery, at their April meeting.

*United H. M. C.,* Macoun, has already appointed delegates to the Annual Convention and made arrangements with the Agricultural Society to send Girl's to the girls Camp in May. They are providing for the care of the cemetery.

*Welwyn Club* of 36 members held a wonderful Exhibit of Handicrafts and Antiques—also of home industries such as home-made cheese, canned goods, and home cookery. The exhibit also included the work of school children. They gave prizes of poetical works for essays on Responsible Government and League of Nations.

*White Heather Club,* Govan, held a "Home" meeting for April. Several appropriate songs and poems were given and a paper on the "Spiritual needs of the Home" also given. The Club is trying to help students to the Short Course in Home Economics to be given at the University in the summer. The Club has taken an Associate Membership in the Institute for the Blind.

*Davidson* maintains a rest-room which is found a great convenience for the farm women. They have added considerably to their already large and well-patronized Library.

*Drinkwater* conducts a free library and rest-room. The former now comprises 320 volumes. They have also during the year provided two circulating libraries.

*Eyebrow,* which is a comparatively new Club, is bending its energies toward a Community Rest Room.

## Manitoba

*Portage la Prairie* had a grand turnout of members at the May monthly meeting, each member responding to roll call with a tribute to our late Queen. Mrs. J. R. Hamilton gave an interesting talk on "Red Cross," which was much enjoyed. On May 14th a benefit tea was given, together with a sale of touchcraft in aid of the Blind Institute. The tea was well patronized by the people of Portage, and the touchcraft made by the blind very much admired. Portage hopes to be able to send two delegates to the Annual Convention this year, and two to the District Convention.

*Moore Park W.I.* held its May meeting on Saturday the 14th. The roll call was answered with a limerick on the W.I. Mrs. S. Sherris gave a very interesting paper on "Forest Preservation." Quite a lot of discussion on Red Cross work took place, and it was decided to send for layettes for members to make up. Mrs. R. Mansfield was chosen as delegate to attend the Convention to be held at Winnipeg in June. Seven dollars will be sent to the fund to furnish a ward in the new wing of Grace Hospital. Lunch was served by Mrs. S. Thomas.

## British Columbia

*Nalmalka Institute,* Oyama. Reports of the final proceeds of a series of card parties in aid of the local Agricultural Hall were read at the April meeting, showing a gratifying balance, after prizes had been bought and all expenses paid. The Secretary, Mrs. D. Heddle, reported her appointment as Provincial Convenor of Publicity and National Events, and was appointed delegate to attend the Conference in Chilliwack, in May. At the May meeting it was decided to send $15.00, most of this being the result of a sale of plants and seeds, to the Q. A. Solarium, and $5.00 towards Hospital Day in Kelowna. A very interesting and instructive essay on "Music" was read by Miss Dillon, who afterwards sang three songs, beautifully rendered as illustrations of her essay.


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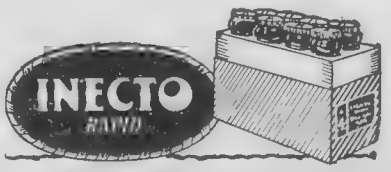


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# An Office Romance

*Continued from page 57*

Don nodded dumbly. His uncle looked at him quizzically.

"Winning over Uncle Walter, eh?" he said, and then laughed rumblingly.

"Did—did you tell him?" Don queried of Mabel. "Not that we need to care *now*."

"No, she didn't tell me. And since you ask, I may as well explain," Jerome went on, "that I knew all about you two from the start."

"What!" Don's surprises this morning were coming thick and fast.

"Yes. The very morning you and this estimable young lady got here I was sitting in the waiting-room of Dr. Wilson, the dentist, which is next to the offices of Pendleton and Craik, Brokers." Uncle Walter smiled quite amiably, for him. "The walls in that building must be rather thin, because —ahem—I chanced to overhear your whole scheme."

It was a full minute before the boys recovered from this jolt.

"Then you—you planned to cut me out from the first!" Don cried, torn with a variety of conflicting emotions.

"Oh, no. Not quite. I merely decided to fall in with your little plot to see what would happen. I did have a faint hope that it would result in your transformation—make a business man out of a confirmed idler. But I was too optimistic," Jerome senior sighed.

"Oh, give him a chance. He's young," pleaded Mabel, softly.

"Hear her?" asked the boss, sternly. "And allow me to further inform you, young man, that if it hadn't been for her you wouldn't have that raise you're getting from Monday next. She coaxed me into giving it to you, though God knows you won't earn it."

"Raise!" shouted Don, incredulously. "Did you say *raise?*" he rushed impulsively over to his uncle, grabbed that irascible old tyrant's hand and pumped it up and down. Then turning to Mabel he grinned wordlessly for a moment and finally blurted out: "Say, you *are* a thoroughbred! Thanks a million times!"

"That's all right," replied Mabel. "You can get married now, yourself. And old Mr. Winslow has turned Liberal, after being a lifelong Tory—it's all in the papers this morning—so your uncle is putting up no further objections to your marrying Eve. Isn't that sweet?"

A short silence, broken by Craik.

"But look here, Jerome," he said, anxiously, "what am I going to tell my client regarding the Parkland Heights property that you refuse to negotiate about?"

The Jam King smiled another of his newly-acquired manifestations of amiability and pulled his fiancée around and on to the arm of his chair. He placed an arm of his own around her waist.

"Tell your client," he shouted, "that he can't cut through that property under any consideration for I need it all myself! I intend to build a home on it right away."

# Legal Information

*Continued from page 44*

(Q)—The next year a granary was provided by the Municipality and hauled on a vacant lot near a widow's home and barn, for another man who mixed the poison. It soaked out around the edges of granary and five of widow's cows licked the poison and died. Can she collect; they refused her any redress?—M. B. J.

(A)—We cannot see that the Municipality is liable for the death of the stock. We presume that the Municipality were permitted by the owner of the property to use the vacant lot. They would be under no obligation to trespassers or their cattle as long as the Municipality took reasonable precautions to keep the poison from being scattered about unduly. In our opinion the Municipality could not be held liable in this case.

Saskatoon, Sask.

(Q)—I worked for quite a while for "A". He was not related to me but was very much interested in me. He had a life insurance policy for $5,000, and he made me his beneficiary. When he died the insurance company refused to pay this claim to me, claiming that it should have gone to his family. Should the insurance company pay me?—A. R. B.

(A)—If you were properly appointed as beneficiary under this policy the Company cannot dispute your right to the money payable thereunder. It would have been different if you had yourself paid the premiums, but as long as "A" paid the premiums he had a perfect right to nominate anyone he chose to receive the insurance moneys. If you paid the premiums you would have to show that you had what is known as an insurable interest in "A's" life. Such an interest would be created when he owed you some money or when he occupied a position in the continuance of which you had an interest.

Brandon, Man.

(Q)—I bought a horse from a farmer last March. When I looked at the horse I thought it looked in fair shape, but was not sure, so asked the farmer if it was sound in every way and he said that it was. I paid for the horse and now I find that it is no good at all. What should I do?—D. L. R.

(A)—In our opinion the representation that the horse was sound amounted to a warranty and if the warranty was false you should be able to set aside the whole deal and obtain a refund of your money when you deliver back the horse.

# Our Little Home

By Martha S. Lippincott

*There's a little love-lit haven,*
*Where my soul finds sweet delight;*
*For with love my darling greets me*
*When I'm coming home each night.*
*Tenderly her eyes are shining*
*With the love-light, oh! so sweet,*
*There is ne'er another like her*
*That I e'er, in life, shall meet.*

*Little children, too, are running*
*To give me a hug and kiss;*
*Is there any other father*
*That has ever known such bliss?*

*Like a little earthly heaven*
*Our dear home will seem to me;*
*And on earth there is no other*
*Place, that I so love to be.*

*Smiles and kisses e'er to welcome,*
*Loving arms to hug me tight;*
*Fill my life with greatest pleasure,*
*And my soul with sweet delight.*
*There can be no joys e'er seeming*
*Half so sweet as love and home;*
*And, from our dear love-lit haven,*
*I have no desire to roam.*

# Conquering the Heat With What We Eat

NO MATTER how hot the weather may be, our food is just as important to our well-being as at any other time. On a very hot day there may be a strong disinclination to eat, but, for the children especially, this tendency must be corrected. The food must be different, it must be tempting, and the labor of preparing it must not be a too great burden for the Mother. For two or three reasons we need less food than during cooler weather. There is less inclination for activity, which lessens the demand for food to produce energy. The surrounding hot atmosphere makes it unnecessary to produce so much body heat, which means a decrease in heat-producing foods. Children should not be allowed to lose weight during any part of the year, although the normal increase may with safety be a little less during the very hot days than during other seasons. No adult should allow himself to lose enough weight to imperil his health. The heat-and-energy-producing foods may be decreased, often considerably, but there are others which must be used as freely as at other times of the year. Fortunately, the tempting cool foods are also those which contain the foods elements which we must have. Soda fountain products are not the cooling foods. A dish of ice cream or a malted milk, on a real hot day, instead of cooling us, only adds to the trouble, by giving us more of the very foods which add to our discomfort. Fats and sugars are the most important energy and heat producers, so are the chief of those to be eliminated from the diet. Ice cream is made largely of cream and milk and eggs, so when used should be considered the chief source of fat. Frozen fruit juices in the form of sherbets, etc., will be found more refreshing and for those who wish to "reduce", much less fattening. However, ice cream is a very valuable food if we remember to give it its proper place in the meal-planning, instead of consuming unlimited quantities of it between meals because the coolnes of it is so pleasant at the moment. Particularly is it an excellent means of inducing the children to take plenty of milk and eggs, if it is made principally of these ingredients.

For the children, their body-building foods, the proteins, are just as important as in winter, and must not be decreased. Neither must the minerals and vitamines. The body must be regulated at all times of the year, and perhaps this is even more important in the summer than at other times, when the vitality is lower than during cooler days.

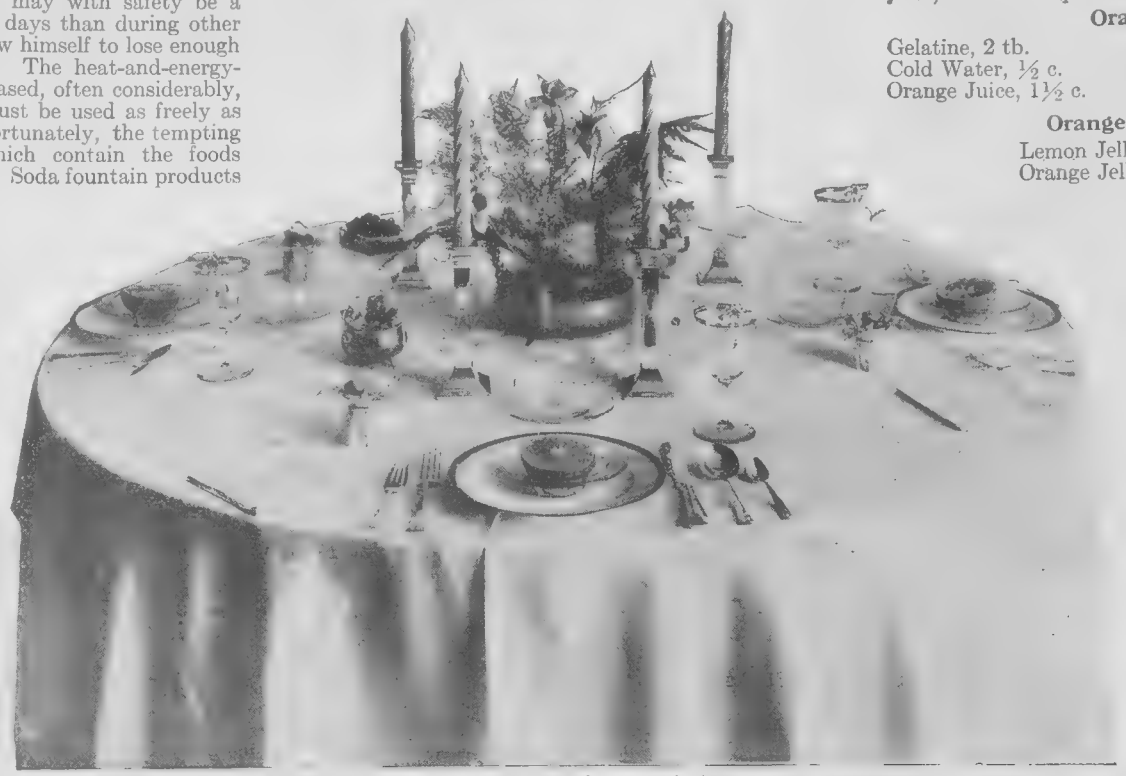
Butter is one fat which should not be cut down owing to its richness in growth-producing vitamines. We may use less fat meat, gravies, pastries, fried foods, etc., and in this way reduce the amount of fats consumed. Cream, either plain with other foods, or frozen, may take the place of butter.

Smaller amounts of bread, potatoes, and cereals may be eaten each day than when one is hungrier, thus cutting down the starches.

Nature evidently intended us to eat largely of the green vegetables and fresh fruits, during the hot months, because that is the season when she has given us these perishable foods. These are our best sources of minerals and vitamines. The greater amount of perspiration in hot weather, which is one of Nature's ways of cooling us, makes it necessary to drink considerable liquids. This moisture may well be supplied, partly by fruit juices, which are so rich in minerals. A deplorable habit of the present day is the excessive drinking of various bottled drinks which are probably harmful, certainly of no benefit whatever, and expensive. Cool water of known purity would be infinitely better.

As protein foods spoil readily in hot weather, great care must be exercised in keeping and using them. Meat may well be decreased and eggs, milk and cheese used in place of it.

Especially in summer should the habit of eating between meals be discouraged. No child who eats an ice cream cone or two at half past four in the afternoon will have any appetite for the wholesome simple supper which he should eat at six.



*Dainty service for the informal luncheon is essential, particularly when the thermometer is soaring*

Dainty service of meals is essential to their enjoyment, particularly when the thermometer is soaring. This may mean less formality, with a lightening of the work of preparing them. Doyleys may be substituted for table cloths, paper napkins may be used part of the time. Picnic meals may be very frequently planned, with a minimum number of dishes to wash. One-dish meals may be often served.

Gelatine is one of the housekeeper's best friends in the hot weather. It helps to make so many other foods more attractive, is so very little trouble to prepare, and is itself so easily digested.

One may use either the gelatine itself, combined with flavors, etc., or one of the numerous prepared jelly powders, which are already colored, flavored and sweetened. The latter is less trouble, but is more expensive than when one combines one's own ingredients. Care must be taken, in combining milk and gelatine, to use the plain gelatine which contains no acid.

It may be used in the main dish, a salad or a dessert.

If one is afraid that cream will not whip, two or three hours before required it may have a little gelatine (about a teaspoonful to a pint of cream) dissolved in it.

In very hot weather, it is desirable to use a little less liquid than at other times, to be sure that the jelly will stiffen. It is not necessary to wet the mold with cold water as we used to do, because we dip the container of jelly in hot water for a moment, before turning out the jelly, so why go through an unnecessary process? If only a little hot liquid be used to dissolve the gelatine, then if the measure be filled up with cold liquid, the cooling process will be hastened.

### Lemon Jelly

Boiling Water, 2½ c. Gelatine, Granulated, 2 tb.
Cold Water, ½ c. Sugar, 1 c.
Lemon Juice, ½ c.

Soak the gelatine in the cold water, add the boiling water and stir till dissolved, add the sugar and lemon juice, and if not quite clear, strain into a mold.

### Orange Jelly

Gelatine, 2 tb. Boiling Water, 1½ c.
Cold Water, ½ c. Sugar, 1 c.
Orange Juice, 1½ c. Lemon Juice, 3 tb.

### Orange-Lemon Jelly

Lemon Jelly Powder, 1 pkg.
Orange Jelly Powder, 1 pkg.
Boiling Water, 2 c.
Cold Water, 2 c.
A little more sugar if desired.

### Coffee Jelly

Gelatine, 2 tb.
Boiling Water, 1 c.
Strong Coffee, 1½ c.
Cold Water, ½ c.
Sugar, ½ c.
Lemon Juice, 2 tb.
Or use
Lemon Jelly Powder, 1 pkg.
Strong Hot Coffee, 2 c.

### Cider Jelly

Gelatine, 2 tb.
Hot Sweet Cider, 2 c.
Cold Water, ½ c.
A little sugar if needed.
Or
Lemon Jelly Powder, 1 pkg.
Sweet Cider, Hot, 2 c.
A little salt and sugar if needed.

### Rhubarb Jelly

Orange Jelly, ½ recipe
Cold Water, ½ c.
Rhubarb, 1 lb. Sugar, ½ c.

Wash the rhubarb and cut in pieces, carefully. Mix the water and sugar, and pour over the rhubarb in a bake dish, and cook till tender but unbroken, or cook in a double boiler. Cool. When the jelly begins to thicken, put the rhubarb in it, and mould. Serve with cream or with boiled custard.

### Grape Jelly

Boiling Water, 1½ c. Acidulated Gelatine, 2 tb.
Grape Juice, 1 c. Sugar, ¾–1 c.
Cold Water, ½ c. Tokay Grapes, 1 c.

Soak the gelatine in the cold water, add the boiling water, sugar and grape juice. Add the grapes, cut in halves and seeded, when it begins to set.

### Jellied Custard

Make a soft custard of 2 c. milk, 2 eggs, ¼ c. sugar, a little salt. Cool. Set 1 pkg. of lemon jelly, and when it begins to thicken, fold in the custard. Mold. Serve with fruit or cream.

### Pineapple Delight

Boiling Water, 2 c. Lemon Jelly Powder, 1 pkg.
Marshmallows, 6 or 8 Pineapple, Canned, 4 slices

When the jelly begins to stiffen, stir in the drained pineapple, and the marshmallows, cut in cubes. Stir

*Continued on page 77*

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THE WESTERN HOME MONTHLY, WINNIPEG


## Better Cookery

*Continued from page 69*

again to prevent settling to the bottom. Serve in glass dishes.

### Apricot Fluff

Salt, ⅛ t. Apricot Pulp, 1 c.
Lemon Jelly, ½ the recipe

Use fresh or canned or dried stewed apricots, and mash to a pulp. Fold into the cooled jelly, and when it begins to thicken, beat with an egg beater till it will hold its shape. Pile in sherbet glasses, and chill till set.

### Pineapple Bavarian Cream

Lemon Jelly, 1 pkg. Boiling Water, 1 c.
Canned Pineapple Juice, 1 c.
Grated Pineapple, 1 c.
Cream, Whipped, 1 c.

When the powder, water, and pineapple juice begins to thicken, beat till frothy, fold in the whipped cream and the grated pineapple.

### Cherry Marshmallow Fluff

Boiling Water, 1 c. Marshmallows, 6 or 8
Strawberry Jelly Powder, 1 pkg.
White Cherries, Canned, 1 c.
Fruit Juice, 1 c.

Use canned cherry juice or any available. Cut the cherries in two and the marshmallows in four pieces. When the jelly begins to thicken, beat to a froth, and stir in the cherries and marshmallows.

### Snow Pudding

Strawberry Jelly Powder, 1 pkg.
Whites of 2 Eggs Boiling Water, 2 c.
Custard

When the jelly begins to thicken, whip till frothy, fold in stiffly beaten egg whites, and continue to beat till it holds its shape. Pile in sherbet glasses and serve with custard sauce.

### Raspberry Bavarian

Raspberry Jelly Powder, 1 pkg.
Boiling Water, 2 c. Lemon Juice, 2 t.
Cream, ½ c.

Fold in the whipped cream as soon as the jelly begins to thicken.

### Banana Sponge

Lemon Jelly Powder, 1 pkg.
Bananas, 3 or 4 Boiling Water, 2 c.
White of 1 Egg

Fold in the beaten egg and the mashed banana pulp. Garnish with slices of banana and whipped cream.

### Jellied Peaches

Orange Jelly, 1 pint
Halved Canned Peaches

Put the halves of peaches, cut side down, in cups. Pour over them the cold jelly. Set, and unmold on pretty plates. Fill the hollows of the peaches with whipped cream.

### Chocolate Sponge

Gelatine, 2 tb. Sugar, 1 c.
Cold Water, ½ c. Whites of 2 Eggs
Boiling Water, 2½ c. Vanilla, 2 t.
Chocolate to taste, (2 tb.)

Set the gelatine. When it begins to thicken pour it on the well-beaten egg whites, beat in the melted chocolate and vanilla, and set in a ring mold. Turn on a large plate to serve, and fill the centre with whipped cream.

### Fruit Compote

When a package of strawberry jelly powder begins to thicken, stir in a mixture of any available canned fruits, such as peaches, pears, apricots, cherries, etc. Turn on a flat dish.

### Jellied Prunes

Gelatine, 2 tb. Sugar, 1 c.
Prunes, ⅓ lb. Lemon Juice, 2 tb.
Cold Water, 2½ c.

Wash the prunes and soak them overnight in 2 c. of the cold water. Cook in the water till tender. Remove from the juice and pit them. To the juice add enough boiling water to make 2 cups full. Soak the gelatine in the other half cup of cold water, and dissolve in the hot prune juice. Add the sugar and lemon juice, strain and add the prunes cut in quarters. Chill. Stir to prevent the prunes sinking to the bottom of the mold. Serve with whipped cream.

*Continued on page 71*

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# BETTER COOKERY

*Continued from page 70*

### Oriental Cream

Lemon Jelly, 1 pkg. Cream, 1 c.
Boiling Water, 1 c. Pineapple Juice, 1 c.
Cubes of Pineapple, ½ c.
Chopped Preserved Ginger, 4 tb.

Set the jelly power in the water and canned pineapple juice, and when it thickens, beat with the egg beater, and fold in the cream whipped, the pineapple and ginger. Pile in sherbet glasses, and chill.

### Cocoanut Custard Jelly

Make a custard of 2 c. milk, 5 tb. sugar, yolks of 3 eggs. Add to it 1 tb. gelatine soaked in 4 tb. cold water. When it begins to thicken add 1 t. vanilla, a little salt, any desired amount of shredded cocoanut, and the beaten whites of the eggs.

### Ginger Ale Salad

Boiling Water, ½ c. Ginger Ale, 1½ c.
Any chopped fruits or vegetables
Lemon Jelly Powder, 1 pkg.

Peas, celery, carrot rings, string beans, green pepper rings, pimento or cubes of apple, slices of banana, halves of white cherries, Malaga grapes, may be used.

## USE YOUR ICE CREAM FREEZER

### Angel Parfait

Boil 1 c. sugar and ½ c. water till it spins a thread from the tip of a fork. Pour slowly over the stiffly beaten whites of three eggs, and continue to beat till cool. Add two cups of cream beaten stiff, 2 t. vanilla, pour into a mould, bind the edge with a strip of cotton dipped in oil or melted butter, and pack in ice and salt, for three hours. Serve with crushed pineapple.

*Moulded Fruit Gelatine Salad*

### Maple Whip

Gelatine, 2 tb. Hot Water, ½ c.
Cold Water, 1½ c. Egg Whites, 2
Maple Sugar, 2 c.
Chopped Nut Meats, ½ tolc.

Make a syrup by boiling the maple sugar and water 5 minutes. Add to the gelatine which has been soaked in the cold water, pouring it on while stirring. When nearly set, fold in the beaten egg whites and nut meats. Mold and serve with whipped cream or custard.

### Neapolitan Marshmallow Cream

Gelatine, 1 tb. Cold Water, ½ c.
Boiling Water, ½ c. Whites of Eggs, 4
Nut Meats, ¼ c. Pink Coloring
Sugar, 1 c. Vanilla, 1 t.
Lemon Extract, 1 t. Red Cherries, ¼ c.
Chocolate, 1 square or a little more

Soak the gelatine in cold water, then dissolve in the hot water. Add the sugar. Beat the egg whites very stiff, add the gelatine mixture to them very slowly, continuing to beat. Divide into three parts. To one add the vanilla and the cherries, cut in pieces; the second part is colored pink, flavored with the lemon, and has nuts added to it. To the third part add the chocolate, melted, and vanilla. Mold in layers in a square or oblong pan. To serve, slice like brick ice cream.

### Jellied Macedoine Salad

Dissolve a package of lemon jelly in 1½ c. soup stock or bouillon made with cubes. Season with salt, pepper, onion juice, vinegar or salt. When it begins to set, mold in it any desired vegetables, well-drained. String beans, rings of carrots, peas, celery rings, are good. Serve on lettuce leaves with salad dressing.

### Jellied Fruit Salad

Lemon jelly may have any fruit cut in cubes molded in it. Apples, pears, peaches, pineapple, fresh strawberries, grapes or cherries may be used. Serve with dressing on lettuce leaves.

### APPLE-NUT SALAD

Gelatine, 2 tb. Sugar, ½ c.
Cold Water, 1 c. Apples, 3 or 4
Lemon Juice, ½ c. Celery Rings, 1 c.
Nut Meats, ½ c. Boiling Water, 1½ c.

Cut the apples in cubes, the celerv in rings, break the nutmeats.

### Apricot Bombe

Line a melon mold with plain ice cream. Fill the space in the centre with apricot sherbet, cover the top with plain ice cream, adjust the lid, and pack in ice and salt for three hours.

### Mint Sherbet

Boil for five minutes, 2 c. sugar and 2 c. water. Pour over finely cut mint leaves (one bunch). Cover and let steep for an hour or a little longer. Strain and add to 1 c. each of lemon and orange juice. Add the beaten white of one egg, and green coloring if needed, and freeze.

### Other Sherbets

Similar fruit sherbets may be made by using two cups of any desired fruit juices in place of the orange and lemon juice, and omitting the mint. Some too-bland fruits may require a little lemon juice. Currant, strawberry, cherry, are all good, and make a beautiful pink sherbet. For a yellow sherbet, apricot or peach may be used.

### Rhubarb Sherbet

Wash the rhubarb, and cut in small pieces, and cover with an equal weight of sugar and water; cook in the double boiler till tender. Strain. To two cups of the juice, add the juice of one lemon, pink color, and if needed, more sugar. Freeze and serve.

### Lemon Milk Sherbet

Surround the can of the freezer with ice and salt. Pour into it one quart of milk, and chill. Mix two cups of sugar and the juice of three large lemons. Add slowly to the milk, and freeze. Even if the milk and lemon do curdle, it will become smooth again when frozen. Or the sugar and lemon may be heated enough to melt the sugar.

### Fruit Granite

Make a syrup by boiling 2 c. sugar and 4 c. water for five minutes. Scald fresh fruits, either berries or sliced larger fruit, in the hot syrup. Skin the fruit out, then add 2 c. of fruit juice to the syrup. Freeze partially, then add the fruit particles and continue freezing.

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# Keen's Popular Recipes for Summertime

**People should eat sparingly of heavy dishes during the warm summer days. Salads, fresh vegetables, dainty sandwiches, cheese toasts, devilled eggs, tomatoes and other light, but nourishing foods please the palate and lessen the burden on your digestion.**

The following recipes will help to make meals more appetizing. Clip them for future reference.

### HOT CHEESE DREAMS

½ lb. American cheese or 1½ cups grated; 1 tablespoon melted butter; ½ cup milk; ½ teaspoon Keen's Mustard; ¼ teaspoon paprika; 1 teaspoon salt; 1 egg:

Mix all the ingredients together into a smooth paste. Spread between slices of bread. Fry the sandwich in butter in a frying pan until nicely browned on both sides. This filling may be prepared and kept indefinitely. A slice of bacon may be used as a garnish.

### TOASTED CHEESE SANDWICH

Prepare a filling as for hot cheese dreams, but toast sandwich on both sides.

### FRENCH DRESSING

½ cup oil; 2 tablespoons vinegar; 1 teaspoon paprika; 1 teaspoon powdered sugar; ½ teaspoon Keen's Mustard; 2 teaspoons salt; dash cayenne:

Place all of the ingredients in a bottle or cruet, chill, shake vigorously just before serving. A little onion juice, garlic or Worcestershire sauce may be added if desired.

### DEVILLED TOMATOES

3 large tomatoes; 2 tablespoons butter; 1 egg yolk; 1 teaspoon Keen's Mustard; 1 tablespoon vinegar; ¼ teaspoon salt; few grains pepper:

Cut the tomatoes in half and over the cut surface of each half spread the butter mixed to a paste with the other ingredients. Bake half an hour in a moderate oven.

### OLIVE AND NUT SANDWICHES

Chop finely an equal quantity of olives and nuts and add to it a good mayonnaise made with Keen's Mustard. Spread this preparation between slices of well buttered brown bread and a leaf of lettuce.

### NEW MAYONNAISE

Give your mayonnaise a new zest by adding 1½ level teaspoons Keen's Mustard for each egg yolk, blending them before you add the salad oil. For boiled dressing allow 1 level teaspoon Keen's Mustard to each egg yolk.

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# *It Is Hot Today—Eat a Cold Meal*

*By Betty Barclay*

WINTER is dead—Long live the Spring!

Spring is delightful only if it may be enjoyed. When Spring fever, a Spring cold, or an attack of "hot weather laziness" steps in, however, Spring is not exactly what it is cracked up to be.

One of the saddest things about the present generation is that although it has learned to jazz, to laugh, and to teach the last generation many things, it has not learned to eat.

Skimpy blondes invite illness by making themselves more skimpy. Willowy brunettes try this and that to become more willowy. To be billowy is now a sin. To be willowy is an art. The happy medium has been passed by with a cheer for Dame Fashion—and Nature smiles sadly.

This applies largely to the younger set. The older set still cater to the stomach and as a rule overeat—particularly during cold weather. During the winter we can eat quite heavily and still be relatively healthy—for the body needs a great deal of fuel to keep warm.

As the weather becomes warmer, the amount of food, or at least the amount of heavy foods, should be lessened. We should cut down our meats and fish, our white bread and potatoes, and our sweets. But to this we should add something. We should eat even more heavily of fresh fruits and green vegetables. Twenty years ago Spring tonics were in vogue. Today the average student of food and feeding, prefers a morning glass of orange juice and a noon salad with plenty of green vegetables, to all the sulphur and molasses that could be produced from Sulphur Springs and New Orleans combined.

One thing else we can do when hot weather comes—and that is eat an occasional cold meal. This does not mean that hot dishes are to be entirely taboo during the summer. Not by any means. But the cold meal may very easily be made a salad, vegetable and fruit meal—and that is the kind of meal we need. Then again, the cold drink means a glass of milk, one of lemonade, or a fruit punch of some kind—and again we are adding minerals, salt and vitamins to our diet.

Here are several typical cold meal recipes that may well be tried time and time again as warm weather gives place to hot, and Spring fever is being warded off:

**Mock Lobster Salad**

2 cups cooked haddock
2 cups diced celery
2 tablespoons lemon juice
1 cup mayonnaise
2 tablespoons minced pimento

Mix cold, flaked haddock with remaining ingredients and serve on crisp lettuce leaves.

**Lemon Jelly Fruit Salad**

1 pint lemon jelly
2 apples (an excellent fruit)
1 cup diced celery (needful green)
2 tbs. lemon juice (relieves acidity)
2 oranges (filled with vitamins)
Head lettuce (eat it constantly).

Cut celery and apples into small pieces and cover with lemon juice. Pare and dice oranges. Cover salad plates with head lettuce, place on each a 1-inch slice of lemon jelly, combine apple and celery with orange and cover lemon jelly with this mixture. Serve with cream mayonnaise and garnish with chopped nuts.

Note the bracketed comments in the above recipe. It is a good habit to study your ingredients in any recipe, to see whether or not the finished dish is to be a balanced one, and the kind of a dish you need. Many may be surprised to see "relieves acidity" after the lemon juice. In spite of the fact that the lemon is known as an acid fruit, the fact is that it relieves acidity rather than causes it, for, like the orange, it has an alkaline reaction when taken into the stomach.

**Onion Salad**

On a bed of lettuce leaves arrange a thin slice Bermuda onion, add one-half inch slice pared seedless orange, another slice onion and a second slice orange. Garnish with green pepper and watercress. Serve with French dressing.

**Spring Tapioca**

¼ cup quick cooking tapioca
Grated rind ½ orange
3 seedless oranges. ¼ teaspoon salt
½ cup sugar 2 cups water

Cook tapioca, sugar and salt with water until transparent. Remove from fire and add grated orange rind. Cool slightly. Pare oranges, divide into sections, removing membrane. Pour tapioca mixture over orange sections and mix well. Serve cold with Orange Puff Sauce, made as follows:

Whites of 2 eggs 1 orange
Few grains salt ½ lemon.
2/3 cup powdered sugar

Beat whites of eggs with salt until very stiff. Add sugar slowly, beating constantly; then add grated rind and juice of the orange and juice of the lemon.

# *The Important Garnish*

*By Phoebe Cole*

IT was a little New York City school girl who raised her hand in the cooking class when the teacher asked, "What is a garnish?" and all the rest of the class looked dumbfounded.

"I know, teacher," piped Yetta. It's parsley."

There are a good many women like Yetta, who think that parsley is all there is to the entire subject of garnishing foods to make them more attractive.

Dietitians, psychologists, neurologists, all agree that food does more good, is more readily digested and assimilated, if eaten in pleasant surroundings, in a pleasant mood, and if it is appealing to the eye as well as to the palate. The garnish, in other words, is as much a matter of good digestion as of style.

The garnish should be edible as well as pretty, whenever possible, and most garnishes, with the exception of the frilled paper tips placed on chops and crown roasts, are good to eat.

Parsley and lemon are the housewife's stand-bys for garnishes, because they are always obtainable, twelve months out of the twelve. The housewife who has not access to large markets can grow her own parsley in a spot on the kitchen window sill. Of course lemons are always to be found in every well-stocked kitchen, and there is scarcely a day when they are needed for something. Fish, whether canned or fresh, is one meat which seems to demand a few drops of lemon juice to bring out its flavor, and for such garnishes the lemon should be cut in sections lengthwise, six sections from one lemon. These long sections are much easier to use than slices are, though slices are decorative.

Cold meats look very tempting when carefully arranged on a large platter garnished not only with parsley, but with other decorative food as well, such as slices of firm red tomato, each with a slice of olive in its centre, disks of carrots or cucumber, rings of sweet green pepper or onion, or tiny disks of sliced sweet gherkins. Tiny red radishes, either plain or cut into buds, and whole olives are always good looking, either on a platter of cold meats or decorating a salad.

In garnishing salads and desserts, nut meats and candied or maraschino cherries are a pretty garnish. Stiff jelly may be cut into tiny cubes with a sharp knife, or scooped into balls with a vegetable scoop. This little tool is very useful, in making balls of apple, banana, watermelon, beet, etc., to rim up various dishes. Capers and tiny pickled onions are also piquant as well as attractive garnishes.

It costs thought rather than very much money to send foods to the table with the attractive garnishes that make hotel meals so delightful for the average "home folks." There is really no good reason why even a fairly busy housewife should not treat her "home folks" to prettily garnished dishes.

## *Before and After the Union*

*Continued from page 6*

governments or legislatures was permitted to hold a seat in either the Senate or Commons at Ottawa. Ontario and Quebec had other views. They not only permitted, but at first encouraged their leading public men to sit in both the Provincial Legislature and the Federal Parliament. John Sandfield Macdonald, the first premier of Ontario, sat in the House of Commons with all his government colleagues: John Carling, Stephen Richards, Matthew Crooks Cameron, and Edmund Birke Wood. Premier Chauveau, of Quebec, was there in like fashion, supported right and left by members of his cabinet: Ouimett, Dunkin, Beaubiere, Archambeault, Irvine, and others. Mackenzie, Blake and other members of the Ontario opposition also held dual seats. During the sessions of Parliament, there were three governments in Ottawa, representing in their administrative capacity three-fourths of the people of what was then Canada. And these three governments were closely allied under the supreme leadership of that astute statesman Sir John A. Macdonald. For three or four months of the year Ontario and Quebec were ruled both in Federal and Provincial affairs from Ottawa. Thus, in close daily touch as well as in alliance politically, this combination seemed irresistible. It was a unique feature of the First Parliament.

Another distinctive feature was the absence of cohesion amongst what constituted the opposition when the first Parliament met. Mr. Mackenzie, the leader of the opposition, was an Ontario Liberal. Hon. Joseph Howe, the leader of the Nova Scotia contingent, with most, if not all of his following, were Liberals. But Liberalism meant something different in each of the Provinces. The Western Liberals could not, of course, accept Howe's program of repeal, and he and his followers cared nothing for the issues which divided the Reformers of the West from the Liberal-Conservatives who were united under Sir John A. Macdonald. No opposition in any Canadian Parliament, since that day, has been so wanting in cohesion, or so hopelessly divided.

The result proved that they could not assimilate. And yet in numbers this heterogeneous opposition, made up of 36 from Ontario, 20 from Quebec, 18 from Nova Scotia, and 8 from New Brunswick—a total of 82—was quite a formidable body in a house of 181 members, leaving the Government at the outset with a certain majority of no more than 17. This was afterwards increased somewhat, but the majority was indeed few enough for a government that had so formidable a task before it. That task was not only to prevent the threatened disruption, but to fuse together and consolidate heterogeneous elements and make of these one great Dominion imbued with a national life, and a national spirit.

It was also worthy of note in passing that no succeeding Parliament has contained so many men eminent in the public life of their Provinces as that which assembled at Ottawa with the first fall of snow in November, 1867. Each of the four Provinces had sent a goodly quota of its ablest men. There were among them no fewer than 12 or 13 premiers or ex-premiers of provinces. A very much larger number had served, or were serving in provincial cabinets.

Be it observed also that most of these men were either young or in the prime of vigorous manhood. A few only were comparatively advanced in years. Honorable Joseph Howe, "The Old Man Eloquent," was 63, and his

*Continued on page 74*


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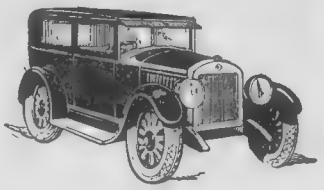

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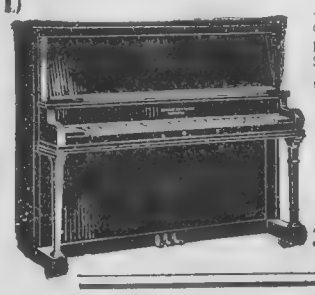

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*Tender folds that need this powder-lubricant*

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To keep sensitive skin-folds always safe and comfortable, here is a powder-lubricant—Johnson's Baby Powder. Like healing cream, it smooths into chafed surfaces, anoints roughened areas. Yet it is the daintiest of talcum—clean, fluffy, soft—invaluable to sprinkle on after the baby's bath, every time diapers are changed.

The reason Johnson's Baby Powder is safe is that its base is pure talc, a flaky substance that breaks into the softest particles imaginable. When delicate perfume and boracic compound have been blended in, the result is this remarkable protective, used by mothers, physicians and hospitals more than any other baby powder.

Now, while your baby's body is perfect, give him the care that will keep him always beautiful. Every day, guard his tender skin with Johnson's.

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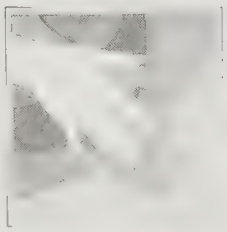
*Rub your palms together briskly and notice how the skin grows warm and moist. Repeat the motion, using Johnson's Baby and Toilet Powder. There is no friction, no ensuing warmth.*



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# Before and After the Union

*Continued from page 73*

somewhat scanty locks were growing white. Sir Francis Hincks was 60, and his still abundant bushy hair and beard were somewhat snowy, Sir George Cartier, although but 53, was also showing some appearance of age, his iron-grey hair being combed back from his lofty but somewhat receding forehead. Sir John Macdonald, the central figure among them all, was 52, but his curling locks were brown and his every movement was marked by the alertness of youth. Tilley was 49, Dorion 49, Dr. Tupper, as he was then called, was 46, McDougall 45, Alexander Mackenzie was 45, the granite-faced leader of the opposition. Mackenzie Bowell had numbered 44 years, Peter Mitchell 43, Thomas D'Arcy McGee, destined to death before the first session had ended, was 42; Hector L. Langevin was 41, David Mills 36, Edward Blake 34, showing a ruddy face beneath his broad-rimmed, slouched hat; Richard Cartwright 32, and always immaculately dressed. The venerable Senator Work, who lived to see the first year of his second century, was then of the age of Joseph Howe.

*J. E. B. McCready*

Scores of others might be named, all of whom have passed from life's activities; others known only to the present generation as old grey-haired men, when they sat in the first parliament were then only in their thirties and forties.

There were giants in those days, giants in their fullest vigor, many of them already famous and awaiting greater fame.

The leading spirits of the first Parliament were of the stamp that gave promise of that prediction's fulfilment. No one can ever deny that they possessed the grasp and forecast of true statesmanship. And the gift of eloquence was not wanting. Indeed, that was the golden age of Canadian oratory. On field nights we were privileged to listen to the picturesque and engaging eloquence of Howe, the tremendously energetic and forceful deliverances of Tupper, the melodious voice and classic periods of McGee, the stately diction of Blake, the music of the silver-tongued Huntingdon, the moving oratory of Hilyard Cameron, or the chaste and pleasing discourse of John H. Grey. These and many others in the first Parliament were gifted with rare power to sway the feelings and the minds of men.

SO FAR the Canadian Union had been fruitful not only in consolidating the Provinces of British North America and bringing about a development of their natural resources and extending their industry and trade to an extent that otherwise would have been impossible, and Canada's great example had resulted in a like development of the resources, industry and trade of the greater oversea dependencies of the British Crown. They, like Canada, had leaped forward in a career of unexampled progress, that would have been impossible but for the reorganization of three governmental systems.

Nor was this all, for the time came when this reconstruction of the British communities beyond the seas became vital to the salvation of the British Empire. When the Great War shattered the monarchies and toppled down the thrones of Europe and Britain was engaged in a life-and-death struggle for her very existence and for the liberty of the world, there came to her aid half a million, the best, bravest and strongest of the sons of Canada, and from Australia, New Zealand and South Africa an almost equal number, equally valorous and resourceful. And who is there who will venture to say that without this reinforcing tide of living valor from beyond the sea, the war could have been won? And who believes that these heroic legions would thus have rushed across the thousand leagues of sea and land, had not each cluster of "colonies" been united under central governments, loyal to the British Crown?

Is it not worth while for the young men and women of Canada to consider how a great State has arisen in North America, some of the difficulties it has encountered and overcome, and from what materials it has sprung? They are the custodians of Canada's future and must soon take up the great duties and responsibilities which we, their seniors, shall have laid down.

It was a great work to undertake the building of a transcontinental railway when westward of the Great Lakes there was but a handful of Canadian people. Our rich and enterprising neighbors did not venture upon so great an undertaking until there were half a million of their citizens resident on the Pacific Coast. But the Fathers of Confederation saw that to really unite the provinces, the means of modern transportation between them must be provided. Unless this were done the union would be merely one of paper.

Not only has a great state been created here, but a great galaxy of British Federations now existing spans the globe from the Arctic to the Antartic Circle. Is it not a step forward toward "The Parliament of Man, the Federation of the World" of which Tennyson dreamed? Who can tell? He foresaw that men would fly when after a thousand ages they were still compelled to walk or drive upon the surface of the earth.

In closing this discursive article may I say I conceive that Canada's greatest need is a closer unity of spirit and purpose between the sister provinces and greater faith in the future. It can best be expressed in the eloquent words of D'Arcy McGee, when speaking in the first Canadian Parliament:

"This faith wrongs no one; burthens no one; menaces no one; dishonors no one; and as it was said of old, that faith moves mountains, so I venture reverently to express my own belief that if the difficulties of our future were (though I cannot yet see) as high as the peaks of Etna, of Tollima or Illimani, yet the pure patriotic faith of a united people would be all-sufficient to overcome and triumph over all such difficulties."

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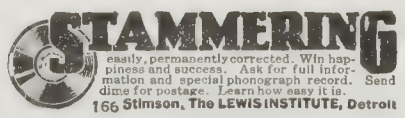


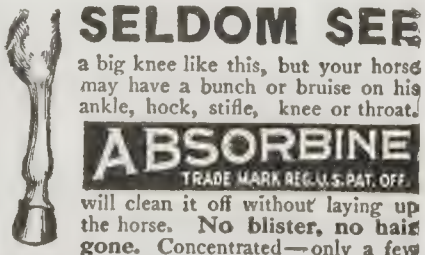

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*That the waistline is creeping up seems hard to believe, in view of the many "top of the hip" models, but bands, belts, upward shapings and girdles, suggest the waistline nearer the natural line.*

*Excepting for bouffant skirts on evening dresses, skirts still remain short. Matrons wear their dresses as short as is becoming, and youthful figures find the length as near the knee as possible very desirable.*

*We have with us, such attractive styles for one and two-piece frocks in the sports mode. Straight-line plaited skirts, in sports fabrics and sports colors, cardigan jackets, and sweaters.*

*The warm days will bring out simple soft tailored dresses in the new small prints. Dresses of printed crepe de chine are shown with shirred full skirts, square cut necks on bloused waist, finished with large bows.*

*The "crazy" neck is new and attractive. It is cut on a slant from the top of the right shoulder, to about 3 or 4 inches lower at the left shoulder.*

*Short jackets are shown to wear with sports frocks. They are in contrasting color, and sleeveless unless the frock is sleeveless.*

*Black is in vogue for garments for sports and country wear.*

*White is also smart, as are also the light pinks, beige, yellows, and sea shade blues.*

*Red, black or navy are combined with white.*

*A new beige in a rose tone, black and gray, gray blue and a light green are good colors for city wear. A new lipstick red is also attractive.*

*A straight skirt with plaits at the sides, a hip length jacket with patch pockets and shawl collar makes a youthful tailored suit, to be worn with a soft blouse of crepe or a waist-coat or chemisette of lingerie.*

*Striped material lends itself most effectively to the making of a pretty one-piece frock. With front and back in lengthwise stripes, a vestee belt and collar may have the stripes crosswise.*

*Light weight flannel is in vogue for children's dresses.*

*The slip-over blouse and straight skirt, with plait formation of some sort continues in favor as a two-piece style.*

*Yoke-shaped smocking, at the neck of a soft dress of challie or crepe de chine is most popular in one-piece styles. The smocking is repeated on sleeves and at the waistline.*

*The compose note may be introduced in a dress by means of bands and a collar of contrasting material.*

*Saddle and raglan shoulders are in evidence, not only for a grown-up but also for children's dresses.*

*Crepe de chine is a material both practical and classic for children's frocks. The French neckline is especially pleasing in such dresses.*

*A smart frock with a tiered skirt and low waistline is of black lace with a smart bow at the left shoulder, and a broad sash girdle with a huge bow at the hips.*

*Bolero fronts on a sleeveless dress made with a circular skirt are a distinctive feature of a model in metal brocade.*

*Fringe is used extensively for evening and dance frocks.*

*for* WOMEN WHO APPRECIATE THE FINEST IN PERSONAL APPOINTMENT

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From the tailored vests whose straps just won't slip, to the picturesque pajamas of quaint design, you'll find this beautiful underwear ideal.

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Underarm perspiration. So disagreeable! Often you have been repelled by this unpleasant odor.

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Name.....

Address.....


# *Togs for Small Folks Which Are Easy to Make*

**5839**—Gingham in green and white with facings of green is here shown. The dress is a two-piece "jumper" model. The pattern is cut in 4 sizes: 8, 10, 12 and 14 years. A 12-year size will require ⅞ yard of 36-inch lining, 2⅞ yards of gingham 36 inches wide, and ½ yard of contrasting material for facings on hip bands, collar, pockets and cuffs. Pattern mailed to any address on receipt of 15c in silver or stamps.

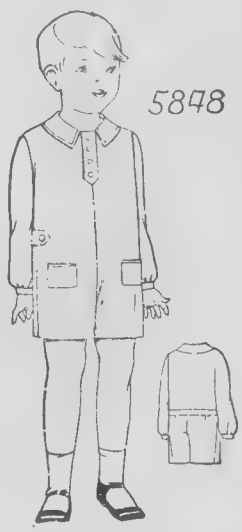
**5825**—Printed and plain crepe is here combined. Pongee or tub silk would also be suitable. The pattern is cut in 7 sizes: 34, 36, 38, 40, 42, 44 and 46 inches bust measure. A 38-inch size requires 2⅝ yards of plain material, and 1⅛ yard of figured material 40 inches wide if made as shown in the large view. The width of the dress at the lower edge with plaits extended is 1⅞ yard. Pattern mailed to any address on receipt of 15c in silver or stamps.

**5829**—Dotted foulard is here shown, with georgette for trimming. This style is also pleasing in crepe, tub silk or jersey. The pattern is cut in 7 sizes: 34, 36, 38, 40, 42, 44 and 46 inches bust measure. A 38-inch size will require 4⅞ yards of 32-inch material together with ½ yard of contrasting material 32 inches wide for facing on collar and vestee. The width of the dress at the lower edge with plaits extended is 3⅛ yards. Pattern mailed to any address on receipt of 15c in silver or stamps.

**5827**—Black satin is here combined with white crepe. The collar may be omitted. The pattern is cut in 9 sizes: 38, 40, 42, 44, 46, 48, 50, 52 and 54 inches bust measure. A 42-inch size if made as illustrated in the large view, will require 3⅝ yards of 40-inch material together with ½ yard of contrasting material for facing on vestee and collar. The width of the dress at the lower edge with plaits extended is 1⅞ yard. Pattern mailed to any address on receipt of 15c in silver or stamps.

**5833**—Printed voile or georgette as well as figured silk may be used for this design. The pattern is cut in 3 sizes: 16, 18 and 20 years. A 16-year size will require 1⅛ yard of 32-inch lining, and 3¾ yards of 32-inch material together with ⅜ yard of contrasting material for facing on yoke, cuffs, and belt. The width of the dress at the lower edge is 1¾ yard. Pattern mailed to any address on receipt of 15c in silver or stamps.

**5851**—Printed and plain voile are here combined. This style is also attractive for batiste, crepe de chine or nainsook. The pattern is cut in 5 sizes: 1, 2, 3, 4 and 5 years. A 4-year size will require ⅝ yard of plain and⅝ yard of figured material 40 inches wide if made as illustrated in the large view. If made all of one material 1¼ yard is required. Pattern mailed to any address on receipt of 15c in silver or stamps.




**5848**—Linen, Indian head, kindergarten cloth, gingham or jersey could be used to develop this model. The pattern is cut in 4 sizes: 2, 3, 4 and 5 years. A 4-year size will require 1½ yard of 36-inch material. Pattern mailed to any address on receipt of 15c in silver or stamps.

## *Notice!*

Any of these up-to-date patterns may be obtained for the small sum of 15 cents each from the Western Home Monthly, Winnipeg. When ordering do not forget the necessity of stating the size correct.

# Make Amazing Gray Hair Test

***In 10 minutes natural shade begins to return. This test is free. New, colorless, water-like liquid makes this way safe and simple.***

GRAY hair is proved unnecessary. A new safe way, called Mary T. Goldman's Hair Color Restorer, has been found to bring back natural shade—to remove the faded streaks and restore graying parts.

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*Name*.....
*Street*.....
*City*.....
Please print your name and address

**For Anyone With Weak Digestion**

**BOVRIL**

***is Excellent***

D

**BLACKHEADS**

Blackheads go quickly by a simple method that just dissolves them. Get two ounces of peroxine powder from your druggist, rub this with a hot, wet cloth briskly over the blackheads—and you will wonder where they have gone.

**A CLASSIFIED ADVERTISEMENT BRINGS RESULTS**
Over 300,000 readers turn to this page each issue.

# A Smart Collection of Very Useful Modes

5849—Crepe, percale, linen and gingham are excellent for this design. The pattern is cut in 4 sizes: 2, 4, 6 and 8 years. A 6-year size will require 2¼ yards of 36-inch material together with ¼ yard of contrasting material 16 inches wide for facing on collar. Pattern mailed to any address on receipt of 15c in silver or stamps.

5836—Crepe de chine and silk lace are here combined. Batiste, radium silk, voile or rayon are also good for this model. The pattern is cut in 4 sizes: small, 34-36; medium, 38-40; large, 42-44; extra large, 46-48 inches bust measure. A medium size will require 2 yards of 36-inch material. If shoulder straps are made of ribbon one yard is required. Pattern mailed to any address on receipt of 15c in silver or stamps.

5842—Dimity or voile would be nice for this dainty model. The fulness in the front at the neck may be shirred or smocked. This pattern is cut in 4 sizes: 6, 8, 10 and 12 years. An 8-year size will require 2¼ yards of 32-inch material, together with ⅛ yard of contrasting material 12 inches wide to face sleevebands. For a sash of ribbon 2 yards will be required. Pattern mailed to any address on receipt of 15c in silver or stamps.

5838—Cambric, crepe, flannel, albatross or flannelette may be used for this model. The sleeve may be short, or in wrist length. The pattern is cut in 5 sizes: 4, 6, 8, 10 and 12 years. An 8-year size will require 2⅝ yards of 36-inch material together with ⅜ yard of 27-inch material for facings, if made with long sleeves. If made with short sleeves 2¼ yards of 36-inch material will be required, and ⅜ yard of 27-inch material for facings. Pattern mailed to any address on receipt of 15c in silver or stamps.

5386—Voile, crepe de chine or chiffon as well as taffeta may be used for this model. The pattern is cut in 4 sizes: 6, 8, 10 and 12 years. A 10-year size requires 3 yards of 40-inch material. Pattern mailed to any address on receipt of 15c in silver or stamps.

5832—For golf or country wear this design is ideal. It may be developed in sports silk, pongee, flannel or linen. The pattern is cut in 3 sizes: 16, 18 and 20 years. To make the dress for a 20-year size, without sleeves, will require ⅞ yard of 27-inch lining and 2⅞ yards of material 40 inches wide together with ¼ yard of contrasting material 40 inches wide for facing on collar and belt. If made with sleeves ⅛ yard more will be required. The width of the skirt at the lower edge with plaits extended is 56 inches. Pattern mailed to any address on receipt of 15c in silver or stamps.

5847—Kindergarten cloth, jersey, linen, crash or velveteen may be employed in the making of this model. The pattern is cut in 3 sizes: 2, 4 and 6 years. A 2-year size will require 1⅞ yard of 36-inch material, if made without contrast and with long sleeves in the blouse. If made as illustrated in the large view it will require one yard of one material for the trousers, and for collar and cuff facings, and ¾ yard of other material for the blouse. Pattern mailed to any address on receipt of 15c in silver or stamps.

### Uplift Item

Mrs. X: "I do believe this is a bad quarter, John."

Mr. X: "Think so? Well, then, I guess we'd better drop it in the church box; perhaps good company will reform it."—Boston Transcript.

### We Like It

The prevalence of dyspepsia among the rich seems to point to the indigestible quality of dough.—Boston Transcript.

### Shell Shock

A fine way to break your back in the spring is to walk into the living-room in the dark and sit down where the davenport was yesterday. — Detroit News.


Watson's New Undersilks

*Exact Duplicates of Paris Models*

If you could visit the smart shops on the Champ de Elysee you would see the very lingerie models which Watson's are today offering Canadian women.

The same beautiful lines. The same silken delicacy. The same exquisite pastel shades and alluring designs.

Amazingly wearable, too! You may launder them without fear of broken seams, or of injuring a single one of the fine, strong strands.

In finest rayon—vests, slips, step-ins, bloomers, pyjamas and nighties—everything for a complete lingerie wardrobe.

13M

Watson's

SPRING NEEDLE LINGERIE

*You will really enjoy using DUCO*

IT'S not like the old painting job that had to be carefully guarded for days before it was dry.

With DUCO there are no long waits before you can get your home back in shape after painting. The amazing quickness with which DUCO dries makes it indispensable for brightening up the home and like the DUCO finish on fine automobiles and furniture it wears and wears and wears.

Good dealers everywhere can supply DUCO in a wide range of colors, Clear DUCO and four beautiful stains.

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*Made in Canada solely by*

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*SINCE 1882*

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The ROLLAND PAPER Co., Ltd.

MONTREAL, P.Q.

*Mills at St. Jerome, P.Q. and Mont Rolland*


# *Trail of the Telescope*

*Continued from page 22*

They were close to the Northwest Fur Company's post now. Fort à la Corne was only a day's paddle up the Saskatchewan, and Thompson and Oman timed their canoemen's blades to pass it in the night. The Northwest post was a blaze of light against the velvet-black loom of the high-bluffed shore, and across the water sounds of much activity came to the Hudson's Bay Company's brigade.

"It sounds like a full post yet," commented Thompson, interpreting the commotion as he read forest signs. "I feel that we have justified ourselves. I am almost certain that we have stolen a march on Peter Fallon. For that activity indicates to me a departure from the post. What do you think yourself, Thomison, and you, Oman.

"It seems very much like it," agreed Thomison, listening keenly.

"Indeed it does," coincided Oman. "Certainly it is not an arrival at Fort à la Corne or we would see some evidence of it on the river."

They are handling canoes and loading them," Thompson deduced. I can hear the thud of packs, the creak of birchbark hulls and the rattle of paddle blades. Fallon is getting everything ready for the morning. The start will be at dawn. Of course I may be mistaken. Tomorrow will tell the truth. Now let us push on quietly. We must travel till midnight."

The lights of Fort à la Corne vanished behind them. The post noises died in the dark. Till midnight and for an hour after they held on, made a brief bivouac on the Saskatchewan's bank and were off again before daylight. All the way up river Thompson's keen eyes were bent upon either shore, and he read the signs imprinted thereon easily as ordinary men read a book. He marked where tepees had stood, where camp-fires had burned, and he knew the very age of the ashes, the number of the occupants of the deserted camps. As the brigade progressed his interest increased. The scent was plain. The trail was hot. Nearing the point where the Battle River debouched into the Saskatchewan he nodded significantly to Thomison and Oman and waved the Hudson's Bay Company brigade ashore.

"Our journey's end," he told them. "Here is the summer camp-ground of the Crees. Look yonder."

Faint, solitary signs that Thompson could read his two companions often had failed to read on the way up, but here the signs were magnified and multiplied, deeply printed in the earth by the annual foregathering of a mighty concourse of tribes, and Thomison and Oman had no trouble in interpreting them.

"A most strategic point," glowed Thompson, as he pointed out its advantages to them. "Mark how the trails from the plains and the parklands meet here; how the Western waterways converge. There is much more material for my map. But hurry and unload. Set up our own camp. I'll survey the site at once. If Peter Fallon started from Fort à la Corne this morning it will not be long before he arrives. We cannot have too much done when he comes."

HURRIEDLY the canoes were emptied and the tents pitched. While Thomison and Oman oversaw the canoemen and superintended everything, Thompson made haste to set up his instruments, take his observations and run his lines before dark. Hardly had he completed the preliminary part of the work, driven his stakes and stretched his twine for the fort foundations when they heard the sound of singing and the thump of paddles down-river. Staring through the dusk they saw a Northwest brigade swing in from mid-river. It was manned by Crees in charge of a swarthy, black-haired, black-eyed, muscled half-breed with a long, ragged moustache drooping over his grim mouth. The moment the bow of the leading craft touched the bank the half-breed sprang out, his body all tense, his dark eyes blazing in sudden anger.

"Who are you?" he demanded in Cree.

"I am David Thompson," the explorer answered him in the same dialect, which he had picked up in his journeys with the Indians.

He left his quadrant to get a closer look into Fallon's face.

"These are my friends Thomison and Oman. And you, I take it, are Peter Fallon from Fort à la Corne."

The half-breed's face worked in surprise.

"You know me?" he cried. "And you are Hudson's Bay Company men by your packs."

Thompson nodded. "I know many things, and I have come to build a new fort."

"But what right have you to build it here?" flashed Fallon. "It is the summer camp-ground of our Crees. It is my trading-place with them. It has been so for years. You cannot build a Hudson's Bay Company post on my ground."

"The ground of the West is all open ground," spoke Thompson truthfully. "It has never been mapped or surveyed. I am the first to do it. Once it is mapped and surveyed it is taken and it belongs to him who takes it. The Hudson's Bay Company will build here."

"I tell you, you will not!" stormed Fallon. "I will drive you off. Stop surveying that camp-site or I will break your instruments."

Fallon made a plunge for Thompson's quadrant, but it would have been far better for him if he had slapped the explorer in the face. Personal injury could not arouse Thompson's ire so much as the laying of a destructive hand upon his precious instruments. He jumped like lightning between the half-breed and his quadrant. His left hand caught Fallon's extended arm with a vicious twist that threatened to tear it from its socket. His right fist smote the half-breed squarely in his swarthy face, knocking him headlong back among the Cree canoemen who had crowded ashore at his heels. With a roar of rage and a command in dialect to his canomen Fallon leaped up again and at the head of the Crees charged down on the Hudson Bay men's camp, attempting by a quick rush to overturn the tents, drown the camp-fires, pull up Thompson's stakes and cut his lines. But Thompson had a cool head in an emergency. He had whisked his instruments out of harm's way behind the screen of some trees, and, axe in hand, sprang to meet the Northwesters.

Thomison and Oman were right at his back, Thomison with a six-foot ash paddle for a weapon, Oman with a long spruce pole used for poling up the shallows. Their own canoemen were armed likewise with paddles, poles and axes, and they met the rush of the Northwesters with a clash of wood and metal. They laid on spruce pole, edge of paddle blade, flat of axe without mercy, flailing, belaboring, smashing Peter Fallon and his Crees back from the camp-ground. Foot by foot they hammered them back down the slope of the bank to the water's

edge. Hemmed in there, the Northwesters either had to take flight or be beaten into unconsciousness, and the hot-blooded Fallon from Fort à la Corne was forced to use discretion and break away.

"Into the shallows," he commanded. "Board the canoes."

The Crees leaped into the river, splashing and plunging, fighting their way to the craft which the Hudson's Bay Company men strove in vain to reach, pulling themselves dripping over the gunwales and paddling like mad back to their own fort. When he had reached a distance and noted that no Hudson's Bay canoe was in pursuit Fallon looked back and shook his fist in the firelight.

"I will drive you out yet," he vowed.

"You can't do it, Fallon," laughed Thompson. "You are beaten here and now in fair fight, and you have no more men at your fort to draw upon. I know because I passed your post and listened to your labors last evening."

"The tribes are with me," shouted Fallon. "I go to gather the Crees. We will trample your post into the dust before you have time to raise your palisade."

Fallon shook his dishevelled head vindictively and disappeared with his brigade down the Saskatchewan.

"Fallon will keep his word," Thompson told Thomison and Oman. "How long it will take him to gather the Crees I do not know, but they will be hunting not far away, and they will come like a rising storm. We must have good protection before they attack or they will wipe us out and the Hudson's Bay Company's project along with us. Come on. Bring the axes. Get the timber down. Raise the palisade first. We can work on the fort behind it and fight also. It must be complete by morning to prevent a surprise assault."

ALL night the steely song of the axes echoed on the Saskatchewan's banks, the thud-thud of the big beetles boomed in the dark. At dawn the palisade loomed complete, eighteen-foot palings driven deep, encircling the space of ground on which the post buildings would stand. At the corners they ran the palings even higher, roofing them over to form towers slit with firing-slides, and when this was finished they paused only for a hot meal and proceeded, sleepless, with the erection of the fort itself. All that day and the next and the next they worked like beavers. A wide gate, strongly constructed, braced and barred, had been built in the palisade. It was set wide open and through this gap the foundation logs were hauled in and rolled into their places. Like magic the tiers went up shoulder-high. Then the skids were placed to slide the timbers still higher up to the eaves. The Hudson's Bay men were divided into parties. One party finished the walls, another laid the roof, another fashioned and fitted the heavy doors and windows. Within a week the fort loomed imposingly behind the palisade, complete except for the flooring, the shelving, the counter-making, the filling-in of the grills and the partitions of the fur lofts, all of which was work for leisure moments along with the planning of the smaller outer buildings.

Manchester House was up, and Peter Fallon had not yet made good his boast. It had taken more time than he thought to gather all the Crees. Thompson had stationed men on watch all the time they labored to catch the first glimpse of the Crees' approach. Hitherto these outposts had reported nothing alarming, but late on the afternoon upon which the Hudson's Bay men finished the fort, as they paused to contemplate the structure and wipe away the sweat, the watchful outposts fell in upon them suddenly.

"The Crees come!" was their word; "a large fleet, a great host, paddling up from Fort à la Corne!"

Instantly the Hudson's Bay men flung down their tools and grasped their rifles. Thompson darted from end to end of the palisade, seeing that the gate was barred, that all the palings were in shape to withstand assault, stationing men on the firing-steps and in the corner towers, placing his forces to the best advantage.

"They will make a vicious rush," he predicted. "If we can break it at the start we can stand them off. It is Indian nature not to charge more than once across the open. Look well to your shelter. Do not expose so much as a hand needlessly. We have no lives to gamble away. Now, everyone to his station. Yonder they come."

Round the bend of the Saskatchewan broke Fallon's great fleet, a long procession of yellow canoes shining like gold in the slanting rays of the westering sun, and Thompson saw at a glance that Fallon had made good his boast. He had gathered the Cree tribes. In a horde hundreds strong they poured out on the Saskatchewan's banks just beyond rifle range and swiftly arranged their forces for an advance under Fallon's leadership. They formed in three ranks, the front line armed with brass-bound trade guns, axes and knives, the second line carrying small tree-trunks with the branches lopped off to be flung like ladders against the palisade, the third line bearing bundles of faggots to fire the fort and drive the defenders out like smoked rabbits. Widely spaced, they attacked on the run, taking what cover they could find behind the shrubbery and dips of the river bluffs, increasing their speed every minute. The sound of their rush rose higher and higher like a furious wind rising. The ground shook under their feet. Then as they came within range pandemonium broke loose among them. Their shrill cries split the heavens. Their trade guns barked like rolling thunder and the bullets hailed against the palisades. Fallon at their head, wildest demon of them all, hurled his half-brothers forward like a thunderbolt with his exhortations.

The Hudson's Bay Company men were holding their fire, awaiting Thompson's word. Not till the tree-ladders crashed against the palisade did Thompson give it. Then at point blank range those on the firing steps and towers poured a devastating volley into the Crees and closed with them hand to hand on top of the palisade, hurling the tree-ladders with their human load to the ground, smiting back all who tried to climb over. The battle raged thick and fast, conflict violent, primitive, and here and there and everywhere Thompson was in the forefront of it. Warning his men not to expose themselves above the palisades, he himself was reckless of exposure, yet he bore a charmed skin. Although in spite of precautions several of the Hudson's Bay force nursed flesh wounds already, Thompson had not received a scratch. His great anxiety was the gauging of the weight of Fallon's attack. The half-breed had lost several killed and wounded in the close-range fighting. Scores more had been bruised and hurled eighteen feet to earth, but they came up again as if the ground had yawned and spewed forth fresh forces. They wedged their tree-ladders and scaled them in spite of all the Hudson Bay men's efforts. Already the burning bundles of faggots were soaring over the palings, searing men's faces in their fiery flight, threatening destruction to the newly-raised fort itself. An endless circle of steel axes hewed at the palisade top and

*Continued on page 86*

"GUTTA PERCHA" TIRES

"Built Better to Wear Better"

All Over Canada

*Dealers Conveniently Located all over the Dominion*

**Gutta Percha & Rubber, Limited**

PHOTOGRAPH OF A SANE MAN PHONING TO HIS DENTIST

*"Just want you to look them over, Doctor. Nothing wrong, I think. I've kept them . . .*

# CLEAN"

HE is not scared. His sound sense tells him to see his dentist twice a year—and in the meantime, he keeps his teeth *clean*.

The same good sense tells him to buy and use a dentifrice for the purpose of keeping teeth, gums, and mouth *clean*—not to cure some frightful or imaginary disease of teeth or gums.

You couldn't frighten him into using a dentifrice. Since boyhood he has known that the surest way to healthy teeth and strong teeth is *clean* teeth. When he chooses his dentifrice he selects one made to clean—one made with the sole purpose of cleaning, and cleaning better.

Most people use the same dentifrice he uses. Most dentists recommend that same dentifrice. It is Colgate's Ribbon Dental Cream—designed by Colgate & Company with the express purpose of doing the one thing that leading dental authorities agree a dentifrice must do.

Ribbon Dental Cream is made to clean teeth, and it cleans them better by the following method: As you brush, it breaks into a sparkling, bubbling foam; in this foam is calcium carbonate, a finely ground powder which loosens clinging food particles, and polishes all tooth surfaces. Next, this foam, in a detergent, washing wave, sweeps over teeth, tongue, gums, washing all surfaces, removing the very causes of tooth decay.

Colgate's attempts to do no more than clean, because dentists say that a dentifrice *should* do no more. Rely on your dentist to cure your teeth—rely on Colgate's to keep them clean.

Colgate & Co. Limited

FREE to the readers of this publication—a sample of the dentifrice most people use.

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95, St. Ambroise St.
Montreal.

Please send me a sample of this cleansing dentrifice.

Name .....

Address .....

City ..... Province .....


# Children's Cosy Corner

CONDUCTED BY BOBBY BURKE

"IN READING THERE IS KNOWLEDGE"

### Something To Learn
### Canadian Streams

O rivers rolling to the sea
From land's that bear the maple tree
How swell your voices with the strain
Of loyalty and liberty!

St. Lawrence whose wide water laves
The shores that ne'er have nourished slaves
Swift Richelieu of lilied fame!
Niagara of glorious graves!

Thy rapids, Ottawa, proclaim
Where Daulac and his heroes came!
Thy tides, St. John, declare La Tour,
And later, many a loyal name.

Dread Sageunay, where eagles soar,
What voice shall from the bastioned shore
The tale of Roberval reveal
Or his mysterious fate deplore?

Annapolis, do thy floods yet feel
Faint memories of Champlain's keel,
Thy pulses yet the deeds repeat
Of Poutrincourt and d'Iberville?

And thou, far tide, whose plains now beat
With march of myriad westering feet,
Saskatchewan whose virgin sod
So late Canadian blood made sweet!

And muddy Red that bore Verandry's bands
Upon whose banks the towers twain still stand,
Where Indians passed stone forts in swift canoes
Now blossom cities and a mighty land,

Your bulwark hills, your valleys broad,
Streams where de Salaberry trod,
Where Wolfe achieved, where Brock was slain,—
Their voices are the voice of God!

O sacred waters, not in vain,
Across Canadian height and plain,
Ye sound us in triumphant tone
The summons of your high refrain.

Chas. G. D. Roberts.

(One verse has been added to Dr. Robert's lines which were written many years ago. It would be a fine thing in this jubilee year for you to try and trace up all the names in this poem and see what each one did for Canada.)

### Just A Few Words From Bobby Burke

Dear Boys and Girls:—

This is one time of the year, and one special year when everyone will forgive us for talking about ourselves. When a country has reached the age of 60 years, and has become such a country as Canada we are right to be proud of it, and to perhaps boast about it a little You boys and girls who read the Children's Cosy Corner are the people who in ten or fifteen years will be the voters of Canada, the lawmakers of Canada, the members of Parliament, the storekeepers, and the aldermen and business men and women generally. On you will depend what Canada will be when she is 100 years old. What do you mean to do with this Canada of ours? Are you going to make her a better, richer country (rich in the things that count, good homes, fine, honest upright people) or are you going to let her become a country without a soul, with nothing in her thoughts but Money! I don't think you are. People who can write poetry like you do, who read and want to read, who love nature and beautiful things, are going to do big things for your country, and when your turn comes to govern her, see that you do your share to make her more glorious, so that in the far off year of 1967 you may celebrate her centenary with even greater happiness and pride than you celebrate her diamond jubilee.

Do you know that Bobby Burke can remember another diamond jubilee, that of the great Queen Victoria? I can remember how all the papers and magazines were full of pictures of her, stories of her great and wise life, and the tributes paid to her by other countries, many of whose kings of wealth and grandeur have gone for ever. I remember the scribblers that we all bought for school in those days, very gay things with pictures of blazing crowns, and the Queen herself with a diamond crown on her head, a broad blue ribbon blazing with diamond orders across her chest, and the words 1837-1897, Sixty Years a Queen, across the top of the picture. I wonder how many of you will remember this Diamond Jubilee in years to come?

Happy holiday to you all, and don't forget to Stop, Look and Listen!

### Forest Fires

The greatest and best friends we have in this country are our trees. Did you know that it was largely owing to the fact that the trees had been destroyed at the river heads that the great flood waters swept down the Mississippi and destroyed thousands of homes and farms, and caused the death of many people? It is quite true though. Do you know that trees build our houses, our furniture, our barns? That they make our newspapers, writing paper, and silk dresses? That they are homes for birds (who destroy insects) and for squirrels? That they shelter our homes from wind and storms?

That they give grateful shade in summer and most of all they give us beauty. Under the tree's shade grow the daintiest flowers, the softest mosses, the greenest grass. Under their boughs we may picnic and lie looking up at the sky through the lacery of green leaves, breathing in beauty and rest and quiet. When we have enjoyed all this loveliness though, have we the heart to destroy it so that no one else may enjoy it? To leave for a fluttering green forest, a collection of charred, smouldering stumps? And yet this is what often happens. Some one builds a picnic fire, and some one forgets to stamp it out or pour water or sand on it. A tiny little breeze blows up as the sun goes down; it fans the embers to a flame, the flame catches the dead leaves; the leaves catch a bush, the bush a tree, and where green quiet once reigned, there is nothing but the roar of flames, the crackle of branches, the blackness of smoke. You, through carelesness have destroyed beauty.

After the war one of the saddest sights in France were the long avenues of what had been beautiful trees, and were now only gray ghosts, with stiff arms pointing to the sky. Gas and shells had destroyed their beauty. Now once again the beautiful French countryside has its long tree lined avenues, thanks to the British, who replaced every destroyed tree in France. We cannot plead war for our burned forests, we can only say, "Carelessness". See that you are not one of the careless people who make this horror.

### Stop! Look! Listen!

Don't forget your diary, and remember there are some nice prizes for Keeping Still, Using your Eyes, and Making your Ears do their work! That should be easy, shouldn't it? Look up the May number for full particulars.

### Something To Do In The Summer

The other day a girl came to me and said, "I live in a pretty little town where there are a lot of nice boys and girls, and no one has anything to do in the summer time. Can you tell me what we can do?" I thought for quite a long time and a few ideas came, and I am going to give them to you, for perhaps your town is like that, there is nothing for active boys and girls on holidays to do. To begin with, is there a school tennis court? If there is, couldn't you arrange a series of tournaments for different ages? Every one who plays paying five cents, and the money being spent on prizes? If there is no tennis court you can use, has any one a croquet set? You can have good fun playing a croquet tournament. Then how would a hiking club strike you? I am very much afraid that if people don't be careful they will get so used to motors that they will forget how to walk. Suppose in the morning while it is still cool or after six when the sun is not too strong,

*Continued on page 93*

*Scribbler climbed up the cornflower stalk to get aboard the dragon fly.*

*Illustrations by Carle Michel Boog*

# The Princess in Search of the Wonder Flower

*By William Thompson, F.R.G.S.*

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FAR away in the Land of Somewhere there blooms a flower as white and soft as the wing of a moth. Its leaves are everlasting green, and the flower fadeless. It grows so far away that few seek the magic of its perfume, but to those who find the flower, and breathe its fragrance, all the world becomes changed, and they understand nearly all things. If they should speak to the rocks, they would answer, and the truth would always be in their reply. If they should speak to the stars, the trees, animals, or insects, they, too, would reveal all their secrets.

Princess TeeNee had heard of the Wonders of this flower, and being a very curious little fairy (in fact she had been named Princess Curious by all her subjects), said to Scribble Sprite: "Today, we leave for a very long journey. Tell Mr. Dragon Fly to be ready at my call, and advise my people that we may remain away for many days." Looking very sad, she added: "We will leave at sunset."

So old Sprite, the Scribbler, hobbled off to tell the Fairies their Princess was to leave for another country, perhaps for another world, for Fairies may go anywhere they wish.

Promptly at sunset Dragon Fly flew to the fairies' nest in the great oak, and began to tap with his wing on the little door leading to the private apartment of her Royal Highness, the Princess.

"Who is there?" she asked.

"I am at your service," answered the Dragon Fly.

"What provision have you made for food during our journey?"

"One honey-suckle blossom, a rose leaf and two drops of water."

"We can never use so much, no matter how long the journey," replied the Princess, "but don't bother to take them back to the pantry; we may meet someone to whom they will be welcome."

Night was beginning to draw her curtain over the sky. "Peek-a-boo," said the stars to old Dragon Fly who did not make any reply for he was vexed because the Princess had taken so long to prepare for the journey. Now he would have to fly in the dark, and this he did not like, for he was afraid of bats, and the Princess and old Scribble Sprite were so small that a bat could swallow them at the first gulp, and he would go at the second; but being a loyal subject of the Princess, he was resigned to do what she commanded, even though he lost his life in her service. Then, too, he was a single man and had no one depending upon him for support; so he fluttered his wings and waited patiently for Her Highness.

Pleased he was when she appeared, dressed in the most beautiful garment of flowing silk that matched the blue of his wings—this he took as a compliment, but it was not intended as such, as the Princess had not given his apparel the slightest consideration when making her toilet.

Scribbler was busy making little quills of the smallest humming-bird's feathers, and they were so large he could hardly write with them, he was so small. He

depended upon the berries as they passed on their way for his writing fluid, and he expected to need a lot, as there was, he felt, much to happen before they returned.

"ARE you ready," asked the Princess, who had stepped daintily aboard the Dragon Fly, and adjusted her costume so it would not interfere with the action of his wonderful wings. "Go down to Scribble," so Dragon Fly flew down, alighting just behind a corn-flower stalk. Scribble climbed up the stalk and took a position at the extreme end of the tail. This annoyed the fly, which he indicated by a wiggle of his smooth body, that almost caused Scribble to slide off. So Scribble changed his position to one near the Princess.

"Are you ready?" asked Fly, "and in what direction, Your Highness?"

Toward the moon, just behind that dark cloud near the horizon. My! how dark it is!" replied the Princess.

"Shall I go back to the hangar for a couple of lights?" asked the Dragon Fly.

"I fear we must," said Her Highness.

So back he flew, alighting softly so as not to jar his royal patron, and asked Scribbler to command, by order of the Princess, a couple of fireflies, which he called "Lanterns of the Twilight," to join them for a long journey. This Scribbler did, and they took a position just forward of the part where the wings are attached to the body. They were so excited at the possibility of a long outing that they forgot to turn on the lights, so Scribbler called out:

"Light up there, old chaps, the Princess is timid."

On came the lights, so bright they almost blinded the Fairy, but when she became accustomed to the glare, she looked so pleased, and smilingly said: "I feel better now."

"We are charmed," chorused the insects, bowing in polite recognition of the contented mood of the Princess. The Dragon Fly, in trying to turn his head to make a bow to Her Highness, gave his nose a sharp stroke with his left forewing, which made him blink and miss nearly one hundred strokes; this made him tilt a little to the left, causing the passengers to slide just a mite.

*Throwing up her little hands, she said: "Now I may comprehend all the mysteries of life, the secrets of nature, the language of flowers, of the birds, of the moths and all insects.*

The lady passenger was at first annoyed by the loud buzzing of the machinery, but she soon grew accustomed to it, and fell asleep. Scribble Sprite kept open a watchful eye to see that Her Royal Highness did not slip off and fall to earth. The Fireflies kept a faithful watch, and all night the lights burned brightly.

TOWARD dawn, Dragon Fly increased his speed, going so fast that the wind cried about them. As day broke, amid the great plumes of the trees that waved below, played the shafts of the morning sunlight.

"We are in the land of the Wonder Flower," murmured the Fairy Princess, opening her eyes and looking toward the wood and far-reaching meadows. Below them, among the bluebells and wild poppies and other smiling things, they saw a little white flower growing in lush profusion, and rising from it came a fragrance they had never known before. They looked at each other, drawing in long breaths of the wonderful perfume.

"Land here," said the Princess excitedly. "This is the place." So Dragon Fly flew to the open space and the party alighted, the Princess running to a spot where clusters of the mystic flowers grew. The scent was to her almost overpowering, but as she picked a bunch, a strange spell possessed her. She stood a moment, then throwing up her little hands, she said:

"Now, I may comprehend all the mysteries of life, the secrets of Nature, the language of flowers, of the birds, of the moths, and all the insects. I will go back and tell my people the secrets of all creatures and things."

Calling to Scribble Sprite she said: "Get your writing material ready, for there will be lots to do when we return." She flitted over the tall grass blowing a kiss to the surprised flowers that looked up and smiled as her fairy shadow danced in ecstasy.

"Hurry home," she said to the Dragon Fly. "We have much to do." And they flew back to the Fairy Palace in the great oak where lives the little Princess who had such wonderful adventures among the bees, ants, butterflies, daddy-long-legs, and other insects you know so well by name and sight, but so little of what they do and think. For old fogies say they have only instinct, but Princess TeeNee who knows, says, they reason as do little two-legged people.

Discussing suicide among college students, Madame Galli-Curci says students of music never commit suicide. She might have added, however, that sometimes her neighbors do.—Macon Telegraph.

# *Pinkity Winkity Stories* *By Marion Wathen Fox*

## *Pinkity Winkity's Presents*

NOW, by the side of the little house that was Bright Eyes' home was placed a little ladder. Grandfather Joel had left it there when he was painting the roof. So, when it was time to expect Bright Eyes and her grandfather back from their long journey to the mountains, Pinkity Winkity, two or three times a day, climbed the ladder to watch for their coming—from the top of the ladder she could see much farther out over the low green valley.

At last one night, near sunset time, she was standing on the top of the ladder when, away off, she spied something white, moving.

"Oh, I believe it's Big Sister—Bright Eyes' white goat!"—she called down to her mother.

She waited till it came a little nearer, and then she was quite sure it *was* the white goat, so down the ladder she rushed, calling out, "Oh, mother, they're coming! They're coming! Hurry—and let us run to meet them! Oh—I do wonder if Bright Eyes is cured! I hope she is—I hope she is! Hurry, mother!"

"Run along dear," answered her mother, "I'll stay here and get them a nice supper, for I know they'll be very hungry and tired."

So, off went Pinkity Winkity.

When she got near enough to see them plainly, to her great disappointment she noticed that Bright Eyes was lying in the little red cart.

"Oh, dear, she can't walk yet! The doctor hasn't been able to cure her!" sobbed Pinkity Winkity, and sat right down by the side of the road and cried as though her little heart would break.

When she was wiping the tears away she heard someone laugh. She looked through her tears and—there was Bright Eyes, out of the red cart and running to meet her.

"*I'm cured Pinkity Winkity! I'm cured Pinkity Winkity!*" laughed Bright Eyes, throwing her arms around Pinkity Winkity's neck, and kissing her again and again. "You see I had to ride part of the way because it's so far, but the minute I saw you coming I got out of the cart," she explained.

And such a fuss as they were all making—Little Sister cackling, Plucky barking, Grandfather Joel trying to explain all about their trip, the two little girls laughing and talking! so that they never noticed Pinkity Winkity's mother coming until she lifted Bright Eyes right up in her arms and ran off with her to the house, laughingly calling out, "Now, not another word out of any of you until you've eaten my nice supper, for I know you must be nearly starved."

And while they were eating their lovely supper, every now and then someone would laugh and say, "Oh, it seems too good to be true, that Bright Eyes is back home and able to walk and run about!"

And Bright Eyes would laugh back and say, "Oh, doesn't it! doesn't it!"

Then all at once Bright Eyes remembered, and said, "Oh, Pinkity Winkity, I've a present for you."

"A present for me! Oh, thank you, dear Bright Eyes," answered surprised Pinkity Winkity.

But it isn't *my* present," explained Bright Eyes, "I met an old friend of yours in the mountains and he it was who sent you the present."

"An old friend of mine? Why, we know nobody in the mountains—do we mother?"

"Well, you'd better open your present," laughed Bright Eyes; and Grandfather Joel handed Pinkity Winkity a large parcel wrapped in brown paper.

"Oh, whatever can it be? Whatever *can* it be?" exclaimed Pinkity Winkity, so excited she could scarcely pull the string off. But at last it was open, and there inside lay—her green coat, her green cap, and her green shoes with the silver buckles that her Godmother had given her.

"Oh,—Oh! why, that horrid troll had them on when the white donkey ran away with him—don't you remember, mother? I never, *never*, expected to see them again. Now I can visit the fairies agian. But—wherever did you get them?"

"The magic doctor who healed me sent them to you."

*The magic doctor who healed you*, wherever did *he* get them? And how did he know they were mine?"

"Why the magic doctor who healed me *was once the troll.*"

At this Pinkity Winkity was so surprised she just dropped her lovely green clothes in a heap on top of Confort the cat, and stepped right on the poor thing's tail.

Then, before Pinkity Winkity had got over her surprise Grandfather Joel told her, "The doctor took your doll for his pay all right."

This made Pinkity Winkity both glad and sorry—it would have been terrible if the doctor had refused to cure dear Bright Eyes because they had not enough money to pay him with, and then again—she just couldn't bear to think that she'd never, never again see her wonderful doll that could blow its nose.

But just when she was thinking these things, Bright Eyes said, "But don't you see, Pinkity Winkity, there's another parcel that was wrapped inside of the green coat! See, there's a note pinned to it! And you were to read that before you opened the parcel."

So Pinkity Winkity read the note that was pinned to the other parcel, and it said:

"Dear Pinkity Winkity—Please accept what's in this parcel as a present to make up for the time I was so bad to you and took your green clothes away, and for keeping them so long.

'I am a good friend of the fairies now—Bright Eyes will tell you how it happened—so, the very first night the moon is full, be sure and put on your green clothes and visit the fairies again and wish for the pink china teapot for your mother, and you will get a wonderful magical teapot that will bring you much good luck. Doctor Kindheart."

But by this time Pinkity Winkity's fingers were trembling so with surprise and excitement that she had even a harder time opening this little parcel than she had opening the big one. But, at last it was managed, and there, inside of the paper, lay—*her doll that could blow its nose.*

# Children's Cosy Corner

*Continued from page 82*

you start off in a party to walk to a certain spot? Suppose you make it two miles the first time, then next time a little farther, until you get it up to at least five miles. Perhaps there is another town not too far away from you, and you might make it your ambition to walk to that town, after lots of practice walks. Picnic teas, or everyone carrying their own package of sandwiches to be eaten before you start back will make you enjoy everything. The Hiking Club, once formed might start also to rehearse an outdoor play. Any of the well known fairy stories, like Cinderella, Sleeping Beauty, etc., might be made into plays by the writers of the group (there are always one or two) and then you could give the play on some one's lawn or in a barn, and you could either do as we did when we were children, charge two pins, or if you want to make some money for the hospital or some other fine institution, charge ten cents and give the money away. Then another thing the Hiking Club might do. There are in every town sick people, sometimes in the Hospital, sometimes in their homes. Why not one morning a week get up early and before the sun is hot gather flowers, meet, and tie them in pretty bouquets, put them in some one's cellar in cool water until they are all fresh and lovely, then take them to the sick people. Are there not a lot of things to do if you begin to think about it?

### Puzzle Peaks And Merry Mount

Here are a series of funny puzzles. We are going to give you a few every month. I am sure you will enjoy them, and I want to tell you something that will make you appreciate them all the more, they were all invented by a blind woman. I would like some of you to write and tell me how you enjoy these puzzles and riddles and I shall be glad to pass your letters on to the wise and clever person who thought of these to amuse boys and girls.

### Puzzle Paul's Puzzle Party
### By Margaret Helen Connell

Damon and Pythias, the Bridegroom and Bride,
Went for a walk by the fair river's side.
Mary and her lover, Alice and Paul,
Mark and his sweetheart, dainty and small.
The Bridesmaid and Groomsman gallant and tall,
And the party was four—just four, that is all.

### Puzzle Peaks And Merry Mount

Puzzle Paul of Puzzle Peaks,
And Merry Mirth of Merry Mount,
Roamed through their world of fun and joy,
To give your world a fun account.
For Puzzle Paul and Merry Mirth,
Live in the Puzzliest place on earth.

### Merry Mirth's Merry Maidens.

Margaret and Daisy, Marguerita and Pearl,
Catherine and Elenor, Hilda and Belle,
Mary and Marion, Minnie and May,
Annabelle, Hildabert, Katie and Nell,
Those six merry maidens, climbed up Merry Mount,
Now scholars discover how Merry Maids count.

### Something Received

Dora Sanny of Pollockville, Alta., writes us a very interesting letter. She is busy making a flower bed, and has planted a tremendous list of seeds. If they all come up I am afraid she will have a wilderness. Last year she had violets, pansies, and tulips, and had some flowers for her mother and her teacher. She has two brothers and a sister who wish to join. (You must all try some competition Dora, and win a gold button.)

Cleo Palmer of Wildesk, Sask., is nine years old and in grade five at school. I am sure she would like to have some girls and boys write to her.

Margaret Vopni of Tantallon, says she can hardly wait until the W.H.M. comes every month, she loves the C.C.C. so much. She sends us a candy receipt which sounds so good I will give it to you:—

1 cup of sugar
¼ cup molasses
½ cup butter
1 tablespoon vinegar
2 tablespoons boiling water

Boil together until mixture turns brittle in cold water. Pour on buttered pan, and when partly cool mark into squares. Margaret drives six and one half miles to school every morning in a van. (We are glad to hear from you Margaret. You are the right kind of member, so enthusiastic. Write again, won't you?)

Mabel Rose of Pelly, Sask. says they had a lovely April, and she has been very busy helping to plant gardens. They have scarlet runner beans all around their house. I think it must look nice. Pearl Kortzman of Torlea, Alta. wants to send us in a poem. We shall be very glad to have it, Pearl, and shall certainly consider you a member. You get a button by winning a prize in a competition.

# How Should We Celebrate July 1st

*Continued from page 14*

measured rhythmic tread of martial feet with stirring music. It is Richard le Galliene who says:

*"When I heard the pealing fife*
*I cared no more for human life."*

War could never have been carried on without uniforms and music.

But in our Dominion Day celebration we have no place for destructive forces, or sad memories, or old bitterness, or inflamed passions. We must sound the note of thankfulness for God's good gifts to us; we must try to deepen the ties of neighborliness; give a welcome to the stranger, and make known the good news that we have room in our country, and room in our hearts for the people of other lands. But we want them to bring to us their best traditions and their highest culture.

We want to create an atmosphere in which all the gentler arts will grow and where the fever of faction will die out and be superseded by a larger fellowship and a deeper understanding.

It can be done!

# Portraits

By Kathryn Pocklington

*Here is a painting of him as a child,*
*So grave he looked—I've heard he never smiled;*
*I think reluctant he had left abode*
*Where Beauty is, to travel Time's strange road.*

*The little tintype on the mantel shows*
*Him twenty-four; though serious still his pose;*
*Expectant the expression of his eyes,*
*He must have hoped, Time held some sterling prize.*

*Upon his birthday—he was fifty-one—*
*They took this photograph, now faded grown;*
*He seems to me a trifle tired, and old,*
*He'd found that Time deals dross, it has no gold.*

*This portrait of him just a little while*
*Before he went—you see his radiant smile—*
*Shows that he waited death as friendly guile,*
*To lead him safely back to Beauty's side.*

WHATEVER you do, wherever you go, you need a reliable watch that's sturdy enough to stand up under the strain of everyday wear, especially these out-door months.

Pocket Ben, the Westclox watch, tells the truth about the time, whether you're at work or at play.

Pocket Ben is made in the same Canadian factory as Big Ben and other Westclox. You'll find him worthy of that trade-mark which is your assurance of good timekeeping.

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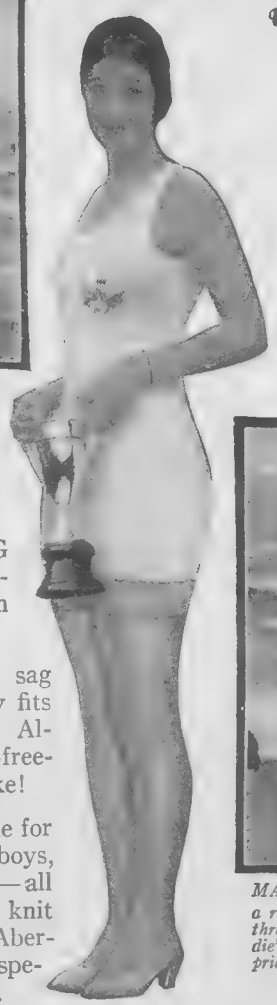
# Leading Canadian swimmers choose Aberleys!

*They double the thrill of water sports*

*JOHNNY WALKER, Swimming Coach, Granite Club, Toronto, wearing a Men's Life-Guard Aberley, No. 900, priced at $4.00.*



*"MISS TORONTO" wearing the stylish Aberley in which she won the cup at the 1926 Beauty Contest at Sunnyside. The "Miss Toronto" style is priced at $4.50.*

*MASTER PETER PURDY, a real swimmer at less than three years, wearing a Kiddie's Life-Guard Aberley, priced at $1.50.*

IT'S SWIMMING weather! Get into the swim in an Aberley!

With nothing to sag or bind, an Aberley fits like your own skin! Allows perfect muscle-freedom for every stroke!

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Smart, graceful styles with a dash and snap to their design. Bright colors that stay bright.

Swim in an Aberley this summer.

You'll never know how well you'll look in a swimming suit until you get into an Aberley.

**"How to Swim the Crawl"**

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*100% PURE WOOL*

*form-fitting* **Swimming Suits**


# *The Trail of the Telescope*

*Continued from page 81*

an ominous row of brass-bound trade-guns boom-boomed behind them, tearing away huge chunks of the protecting wooden wall. This vicious first assault, instead of weakening and breaking as Thompson had hoped, actually was gaining momentum and pressing formidably and more formidably for a breach of the palisade, and Thompson knew that if a breach was once made all was over.

IN THAT critical moment his mind flew back across half a continent, across a whole ocean to the Greycoat School in Westminster. Here was the long trail the Greycoat lad had come, struggling up from his poverty, emigrating to the new world, striving to conquer the wilderness of that new world, to fix it for the Hudson's Bay Company and for all future generations upon the map, endeavoring to rise in the company's service, to build its posts and finally wield the high authority of its factorship. He saw the whole interminable trail stretched out behind and himself at the summit of his desires suddenly confronted with the spectre of failure. To fail! Great Heavens, to come so far and fail! It was heartrending to him. He could see that the Hudson's Bay forces were outnumbered five to one. Of too scientific a mind to harbor delusions, Thompson gauged the situation accurately and realized that they would be overwhelmed.

He was not afraid to die. He would have welcomed death with a song on his lips if the sacrifice would have saved the post or conserved his work. But to be snuffed out in a breath to no purpose, to have his achievements trampled into oblivion in the blood-stained earth under the feet of these ignorant Crees was what galled him. He travailed in supreme despair, and when a dozen of Fallon's Crees beat down the defenders beside him and started to top the palisade, he sprang at them single-handed, his discharged rifle clubbed as a weapon.

A ring of weapons flashed in air opposing him. Several trade guns poked into his chest, but the bronzed fingers quivering on the triggers never pulled them, and the raised axes and knives flashed down as swiftly as they had flamed up. The band of Crees stared at Thompson as if they had seen a spirit, and an expression of consternation, of fear, convulsed their faces.

In a babel their voices broke forth.

"It is the man who reads the stars!"

"It is he who raises the wind by looking through the long glass (telescope)."

"It is he who keeps good weather for our hunting and the tending of our traps in his shiny boxes. Harm him not!"

Thompson's rifle butt halted in mid-air and poised there. He was dazed, astounded. Expecting instant death, the action of the Crees was incredible to him. But suddenly their shrill words penetrated to his intelligence, and the pictures of their bronzed faces in the faggot-light were reproduced abruptly by his memory-gallery. He knew them. He recognized Burning Brush, Spotted Deer, Wind of Autumn, Frozen Sun, and several more as Crees once attached to the Hudson's Bay post of Cumberland House, who had come down the Churchill River to Fort Churchill with the company's brigades. They had worked with him one season, paddling as canoemen on his surveying expeditions, and they, like the rest with whom he had come in contact, were steeped in superstition regarding his scientific work. Strange that science had brought him reprieve in the crisis! But he did not stop to ponder on its strangeness. He seized the amazing opportunity to retrieve the situation.

"It is well, Burning Brush, Spotted Deer, Wind of Autumn, Frozen Sun," he spoke oratorically in Cree, naming the whole dozen he knew. "You dare not harm me nor the post I dwell in."

"We did not know who built here," they stammered. We did not know what Hudson's Bay man we fought. Fallon did not tell us."

"I believe you," Thompson nodded. "Fallon had his reasons for not telling you. What you have done I forgive. But go back to your camps and take all your Cree brothers with you. Spread the word. Remember, if you are not in your tepees by morning, you will never see those tepees again. I will look through my long glass tonight. I will gaze into the stars. I will send the thunder and the lightning to slay the squaws and papooses in the tepees and a great rain to flood the Saskatchewan and wash the bodies away. Go, and come not again till you come to trade in peace with the Hudson's Bay Company at Manchester House."

THE Crees needed no further threat. They had witnessed Thompson's prowess in the wilderness scores of times, and with a howl of terror they dropped off the palisade, chattering their discovery to their brethren beneath. Burning Brush, Spotted Deer, Wind of Autumn, Frozen Sun and many of the others were men of standing among the Crees and chiefs of the tribes. Their word carried weight. Their superstitions were universal. Their decision was law. With one accord they all broke off the attack and, dragging their dead and wounded with them, rushed for the canoes. They believed in Thompson as they believed in the Great Manitou. They had to sight their tepees by dawn or they would never see tepees or families again, so with all their strength they plied their paddles, their yellow craft flying like arrows back down the Saskatchewan.

Fallon, deserted, left without a single follower, cursed them for their superstitious ignorance, fired his last shot into the palisade, ran to the water's edge and launched off for Fort à la Corne in their wake. While Thompson, victor at last, drew a long breath as he watched from the top of the palings and laughed weakly into the smoke-streaked faces of Thomison and Oman appearing beside him to stare.

"By the stars, Davy, your science has saved all our lives," Thomison breathed gratefully. "It is a God-sent gift."

"It is that," concurred Oman, "for no power on earth could have turned them back. Raise the flag of victory, Thomison."

Thomison leaped away to run the Hudson's Bay Company's blood-red flag in air over the fort.

Oman lifted his hat as a signal to the defenders.

"Long live the Company," he shouted. "Three cheers for the Factor of Manchester House!"

With a vociferous roar the Hudson's Bay men gave three cheers.

Then their long rifles up-pointed and blazed a salute.

# European Poetry

*Continued from page 49*

O eyes serene and shining,
Why, if I pay the tender tribute of a glance,
Do you return my gaze with angered utterance?
Could you but known compassion
Would paint your beauty to a charm far higher,
You would not flash in ire
But look upon me in a fairer fashion.
Ah, the torment of passion!
Your eyes, serene and shining,
Have mercy, or remove your stern maligning!

The next two centuries in Spain, as in other Romance countries, suffered from the blight of reaction. The Romantic Movement of the nineteenth century brought poetry in again on the crest of a wave of revolution. Its finest figure, Jose de Espronceda (1808-1842), was a reckless combination of Byron, Shelley, and Guy Fawkes. An irrepressible rebel at home, later an incendiary exile in Portugal, England, and France, he burned himself out in frenzied efforts in the cause of Spanish Liberalism. This same elemental force of passion, coupled with the intellectual enlightenment gained abroad, makes his poetry the most significant in all Spanish. The following sonnet, "Roses and Hopes," reflects his estrangement from Teresa Mancha, a vivid Portuguese girl who accompanied him in many of his exiled wanderings:

Gracious adornment of the garden whence
Its soft perfection breathes itself away,
Swaying a galliard on its spiny spray
The newborn rosebud scatters frankincense.
But if the sun assault with savage fire
In the fierce onset of the dog-star's hate,
Fragrance and fairy petals meet their fate
And withering down the gusty winds expire.
Such is the brief florescence of my love,
Nursed in the living perfume of a dream
That lulls the senses into ecstasy,
Alas, too soon to pass, for griefs blaspheme
The flower of tender hopes I thought to prove,
And drive its faded petals down the sky.

Since the passing of the Romantic Movement, the French Parnassians and Symbolists have had their Spanish counterparts; but these are not so important as to force an entry into so brief a sketch.

### Portuguese Poetry

EARLY Portugal produced a great host of beautiful songs in the troubador style, beginning with the twelfth century, but the first major epoch came with the coincident culmination of the Renaissance and Portugal's great period of world discovery. At the dawn of the sixteenth century, the Portuguese were the most illustrious of the world's explorers and colonizers. Bartholomeu Diaz had doubled the Cape of Good Hope, and Vasco da Gama had circumnavigated the globe. Colonies were established in East and West Africa, Persia, India, and South America, and trading stations in Siam, China, and Japan. At home, it was a golden age of painting, humanism, science, and architecture. It was likewise a time of climax for Portuguese poetry.

The supreme figures in that poetry were Gil Vicente (1470-1539) and Luiz de Camoens (1524-1580), respectively the Shakespeare and the Milton of Portugal. The former is noted for some forty-four powerful dramas (chiefly religious or comic) and the latter for a great Portuguese epic, "The Lusiads". Camoens spent much of his life in exile, and in many of his shorter poems expresses his bitterness under the symbolism of a Babylonian captivity. So in the following sonnet:

I sat beside a stream in Babylon,
Reflecting sadly in my memory
On the brief joy and glory fair to see
That from thy courts, sweet Zion, now are gone.
An alien, marvelling my grief upon,
Asked: "Why dost thou not sing the history
Of thy past joy, and of the victory
That o'er misfortune thou hast always won?
Knowest thou not that unto him who sings
Ills are forgot, however dark and dire?
Sing then, and cease from all thy sorrowings!"
Sighing, I answered: "When the bosom's grief
Knows such a past, it can no song desire.
Death, and not song, alone can bring relief!"

A Spanish conquest and the rigors of the Inquisition then inflicted upon Portugal an extermination of culture that recalls the blight of Turkish tyranny in the Balkans. Only in the later nineteenth century did the tide of inspiration come flooding in again. Among the rare spirits of that time was Anthero de Quental (1842-1891), whose poetry expresses the quintessence of a vague melancholy that is peculiar to almost all Portuguese poets. The spirit of the following sonnet is typical not merely of its author but of the whole sadly melodious tradition of Lusitanian verse:

Spirit that wakest when the weary wind
Sleeps on the ocean and the moon is low,
Son of the silent night, serene and slow,
Thou art the sole soothsayer of my mind.
Faint as a far-off song thy light lip sighs,
Low as a lute and lingeringly sweet,
Lulling my fluttering bosom's fevered beat,
Laying thy peace upon my panic eyes.
Thou canst discern the dream that broke my rest,
Flooding the darkness with a fierce desire
To seek dead joys in ghosts of long ago;
Thou canst discern the sorrow of my breast,
Its nameless fester and consuming fire,
And thou alone canst heal its haggard woe.

### Catalan Poetry

AS ALREADY indicated, the five million Catalan-speaking Spaniards of the eastern provinces have a distinct literary history of their own, centred about the ancient cities of Barcelona and Valencia. Their poetry begins with three centuries (1250-1550) of troubador poetry, inspired by the movement in Provence and often written in a hybrid Catalan-Provencal idiom. Catalan has no Renaissance or classical verse, for Spanish political supremacy induced an exclusive use of Castilian for poetry during the next three hundred years. Only about the middle of the nineteenth century was the spoken language again taken up by Catalan poets. Today their activity in the vernacular is greater than ever before, and while they have not yet produced a poet of international magnitude, there are many poets of high gifts and promise. The following poem by Emili Guanyavents (born 1860) is full of a profound realization of Catalonia's venerable past:

### The Old Bridge

About the bridge's crumbling piers
The quiet river ripples by;
We lean to hear its liquid sigh:
Its ancient story fills our ears.
It tells of lovers long ago
Who loitered on this parapet,
And learned, as we do, how to let
Love sway them like the stream below.
It tells how, with the years that glide,
Matrons, once maids, passed here again,
Pale with maternal care and pain,
Their tender children by their side.
It tells how centuries unguessed
Have rolled by slowly since the day
It saw them, hearse-borne, take their way
Across the bridge to their last rest.
Alas, how soon we too are gone!
That babbled message chills the blood:
Man fades down time's lethean flood;
Earth's crumbling arch lasts dully on.

---

### Call Her Ma

A little dear is running around at night in the vicinity of Seneca Junction.—Olean (N.Y.) paper.

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### Reward of Virtue

The British shoe and leather trade has developed a stainless woman's shoe.—Burlington (Vt.) paper.

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### Haberdashery Note

An interstate commerce commission hearing on the proposition got underwear today.—Pittsburg Gazette Times.

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### Ephemeral Glory

Song to the dress suit: "I know you belong to somebody else, but to-night you belong to me."—New Haven Courier-Journal.


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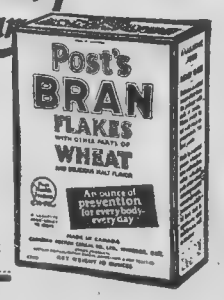


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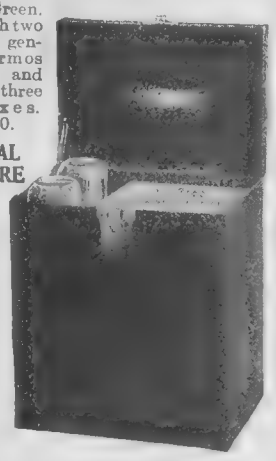

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# Dollars and Cents

*Continued from page 45*

present. Would John Jones who had been highly successful in growing crops and disposing of them at high prices, through his ability to sell at his own time, give up these special advantages to assist Thomas Brown who had not been so successful and whose finances did not permit of his holding his grain but necessitated an immediate sale at prevailing prices, be they high or low?

These indeed were difficult questions to contemplate and far more difficult to answer. Like many another problem of gigantic dimensions, it was solved by an event over which those so deeply concerned had no direct control. It required the advent of a great war, during which the nations of the world vied with each other in mortal combat for world supremacy. To achieve this, it was necessary that not only should the main power of the nation be at the control of the authorities but also every available source of food supply for the sustenance of the nation. This was the genesis of the Wheat Pool. During the latter years of the war, the wheat crop of Canada passed into the hands of one group whose duty it was to distribute, sell and regulate its price. We say it was the genesis of the Wheat Pool in the sense that it did show that unity was possible, even though the cause of that unity was the national peril.

Encouraged by this example and imbued with a conviction of future success the leaders of the movement sought to have continued the War Pool after the termination of the War, but their appeals to the federal authorities fell upon deaf ears and in desperation recourse was had to the Provinces. Their slogan cannot be better explained than from the following clause incorporated in one of the charters. To improve methods and reduce costs of marketing grain; to reduce speculation, manipulation and waste, and all unnecessary transactions in such marketing; to increase consumption, build up new markets and develop new uses for grain; to market same directly and with regularity, "so as to furnish it economically to the users thereof, and to preserve for the growers and the public their proper profits".

It is to the credit of Alberta that she, of all the Provinces, was the first to put the plan in operation; for in 1923 some 46% of the Alberta wheat acreage was signed up under contract. This gave the necessary fillip to the movement and in 1924 Manitoba and Saskatchewan followed suit. Eeach province has its own pool and is responsible for the delivery of members' grain to the terminal elevators at which point it is taken control of by the Central Selling Agency, which is really a selling committee composed of representatives from each of the Provincial pools. Their duty is to see that the grain is sold at the best possible price and, moreover (and this is the most important point), that the delivery of grain to the consumer is so regulated that at no time is tnere a glut of the commodity in any particular place with a resultant drop in price. In fine, their object is to bring about an even distribution throughout the year and the maintenance of a stable price.

Is the Pool a success and will it survive? Is it an example of agrarian socialism and communism, as critics of the Pool allege? —or is it, as the Pool leaders declare, an honest attempt to remedy a situation that was felt to be arbitrary and unfair? There are no more burning questions in Western Canada than these. On one side there are a hundred and forty thousand members, with many business and financial men supporting them, who regard the Pool as a long-sought for panacea.

On the other side, there is of course the old established system of grain marketing, also with friends and supporters who condemn the Pool as a mere fad and an experiment likely to wreak incalculable harm upon those for whose benefit it was created.

It is somewhat early to make any wide prediction, but the growth of the movement has been certainly phenomenal. In 1923-4 the Alberta pool handled 32,000,000 bushels of wheat representing pool payments of $32,000,000; in 1925-6 the Central Pool controlled over 187,000.-000 bushels of wheat and over 28,000,000 bushels of coarse grains, involving payments over $273,000,000. At the outset none of the pools had any country elevators. Today Alberta has 42, with 100 more in contemplation this season; Manitoba has 30 with 25 to 30 more arranged for; while Saskatchewan has 587 with 82 more in course of acquisition. In addition, the pools either own outright, or have under lease, terminal elevators with a total capacity of over fifteen million bushels.

These are impressive figures and must be regarded as tending to support the view that the pool has justified the faith of its founders; that it has come to stay as a permanent feature of our commercial and agricultural existence and that it has benefited the farming community as a whole, both from the monetary viewpoint and particularly because it has given to the farmer a spirit of independence and freedom in the disposal of the products of his labour and a feeling of the interdependence of every man in the community. It is an illustration of the law that man cannot live unto himself alone and the further law that in union lies strength. Its founders regard it as the "largest producers' co-operative marketing association in the world," and without doubt this claim is based upon sober facts. If the present rate of progress is continued, it should become the dominating figure in the sale and distribution of that commodity which is essential to the welfare of every individual throughout the world, "A mighty task well begun."

# The Coming Canada

*Continued from page 46*

Take transportation as yet another measuring rod. The men of '67 were limited in transportation facilities. The railway had only been started in a land of wide distances and remote settlements. Little more than two thousand miles served the new Dominion as against over 40,000 now. While it would be unwise to prophecy a doubling of this mileage in the next span of the Dominion, yet the two main railway systems of the present are building or planning nearly a thousand miles more at this very time. Is the country over gridironed with tracks of steel? Not if the extensive sections are noted on the map where settlement demands railway facilities. Is the day coming when steam as a propulsion agency will give way to electricity? There are signs of that kind. The horseless carriage was unknown and undreamed of fifty years ago. If nearly a million automotive vehicles now honk their way over the roads of Canada, has their production and use ended? And will there be two millions within the lifetime of the middle-age Canadian?

Or lift your eyes skyward and more marvels will appear that are vastly significant of the future. Flying machines; Shades of Darius Green and the era of balloons. Every daily paper records a new conquest of the air. Continents are spanned in a few hours, as Canada has been, oceans are no barrier, and the claim is made that the aerial routes of travel are on the whole safer than by land or sea. What are we coming to?

Will every family have its own aerial flyer as it has a flivver now? Will neighbor Brown hop over from Ontario to Manitoba to visit his friend? Will the commercial travellers of Eastern Canada do business with the merchant of the West by this quick way of the sky lanes? The idea is as fascinating as it is terrifying.

What evolution will come in government? In empire and world agreements. By what system will men conduct national affairs in the twenty-first century? Will there be old time political parties, ins and outs and many in-betweens? What will be the relations between Church and State? Will the nine provinces of today be increased, for there is land enough for nine more?

The coming Canada? One wonders—and dreams, and the wonder is alluring and the dreams bright. If the coming Canada continues to expand as in the past, what a wonderful Canada lies in the womb of the future.

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## *Canada's Economic Situation*

*Continued from page 2*

lesson when in later years again embarked upon a period of widespread railway construction. The Canadian Pacific was justified politically, and being built, it had to justify itself economically, which it could do only by developing a country and a population to support it. Through the years that followed the Western "boom," the Company labored hard at this task and when deflation had run its course the country had, in a measure, caught up with itself, and moved on to another period of comparative prosperity and renewed progress. Then came the proposal to build the Grand Trunk Pacific, urged on by extravagant hopes of national development more rapid than anything we had yet seen, and before the business expansion that naturally followed upon that outpouring of wealth had time to run its full course, the war broke, and inflation swung to heights never before dreamed of to be followed in due course by a period of readjustment as prolonged and severe as the false prosperity preceding it had been far-reaching.

This, in briefest possible outline, sketches the high points of Canada's economic history from Confederation until almost the present time and now we are faced with a new condition characterized by evidences of returning prosperity based upon different and sounder premises than those which precipitated past periods of marked advancement. A comparison of the Canada of today with that of sixty years ago justifies the wonder that the country could have developed so far in the face of the difficulties that then and since have existed. Industries based upon natural resources have been steadily developed and the general machinery of economic life has been tremendously broadened and made more efficient. As an indication of this it might be pointed out that between 1871 and 1926 Canada's wheat crop has grown in value from $16,993,265 to $445,180,000; manufactured products from $221,617,773 to $2,948,545,315, and the total export and import trade from $144,844,412 to $2,242,684,523, while the capital invested in electric power production has increased since 1901 from $11,891,025 to $726,721,087. It is perhaps safe to say that at no time in the country's history have basic conditions been sounder.

It is but sixty years back to Confederation and something less than that time since the advent of the Canadian Pacific started the development of the West. When we think of the magnitude of the task to which the statesmen and nation builders then set their hands we have reason to wonder at their courage, but no less should we be proud of what they and their successors have accomplished in the short intervening space of time. We can now see something of the problems they then faced. When a little while ago business was not moving as well as it might and the country seemed to be standing still we heard much of national problems, but how small they appear today as against those of sixty years ago. The geographical difficulties, the long distances between centres of population have dwarfed amazingly in that time, and who shall say that another sixty years shall not altogether eliminate them as difficulties. Canadians in different parts of the country are beginning to fairly well understand the views and aspirations of those of us who live far away and with understanding comes sympathy and unity of effort in national endeavor. This has been brought about by travel within our borders and by improved communication as well as by development of resources. As time goes on these factors will become more general and still more effective. Canada has no problems and no difficulties that the sound common sense of her people cannot solve. This year of Confederation's Jubilee with its full promise of further progress in the future and a rich history of achievement over sixty years is a fitting time in which to reflect upon the past with a very real pride and to look toward the future with renewed and solidly founded confidence.


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*1867-1927*

FOR nearly a century after the American Revolution the scattered communities across the northern half of this continent that remained British did not come clearly in sight of the united future which was their destiny. The creative wisdom of the men who laid the foundations of the Confederation sixty years ago gave proof of itself in the manner in which they made foreseeing use of the conditions of the time. They were men of inspired vision and hope but not even the most foreseeing and hopeful of them could have looked forward in 1867 to such a sixty years' record of Canadian achievement as we look back over in celebrating this Jubilee of the Dominion. Sixty years ago there were only the local patriotisms of those scattered communities, of which only those which are now Ontario and Quebec called themselves Canadian. Today all the world is aware that there is a spirit of united Canadianism and that in the consciousness of Canadian nationhood we have an assured confidence in the greatness of our country's greatness within the British Empire.

## *Facts from the Figures*

THE population of the Canada of sixty years ago, which ended at the western boundary of the Province of Ontario, was less than three and a half millions. Between Ontario and the Pacific Coast there were then barely two white people for every fifty there were in the new-formed Dominion. Now there are nearly ten million people in Canada, and practically one-third of them live west of Ontario. The average length of life in Canada now is five years longer than it was at Confederation. Two other facts to be dug out of the statistics are that the proportion of Canadians of British racial origin sixty years ago was 60 per cent., and that it is now 55, and that the percentage of Canadians of French racial origin was 31 at Confederation and is 28 now. The racial stocks other than British and French have thus nearly doubled, rising from 9 per cent to 17. Canada has grown in population nearly four times faster than the world as a whole. The present inflow of population bids fair to show a return to the rate between 1900 and 1910, when Canada had a greater increase of population than was shown by any other country in the world.

## *For the World's Welfare*

THIS Jubilee of our Dominion should serve to make us Canadians realize the importance of the place we hold among the English-speaking peoples. It is the plain truth that the peace and welfare of the world depend on the speakers of English. There are a few demagogues on this continent, south of the international line, whose stock-in-trade is the little knowledge of history which is one of the deepest forms of ignorance. Fortunately they are few and their ignorance and prejudice have no widespread influence. Between the two great divisions of the English-speaking family understanding and good-will are steadily growing stronger.

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*Cover Design*

The frontispiece of this number portrays in full figure, to the left, Sir John A. Macdonald, who for eighteen years was Prime Minister of Canada, and to the right George Brown, two of the most prominent figures in the Confederation negotiations. They were strong political opponents but sank their differences on this great issue for the sake of a united Canada. Surmounting the figures is what is now accepted as the official crest of the great Dominion that the wisdom of our leaders of 1867 made possible.


*The*
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LONDON, W.C. 2


## *We Can Let Others Praise Us*

WHILE we Canadians, it cannot be denied, have some good reasons for patting ourselves on the back and having "a guid conceit o' oorsels," we can refrain from even moderate vaunting, in celebrating this Jubilee of our Dominion. We can well let others praise us. For instance *The New York World*, which says:

> "Americans are seldom accused of a lack of self-complacency. It is well to be reminded that just across an imaginary line to the north lies a people of the same speech, the same traditions, the same conditions of life, who do rather better with some of their national problems than we do."

And the *Kansas City Star says*:

> "Such American institutions as the race riot and the lynching bee cannot exist in the Canadian atmosphere."

These plain statements of fact we can take modestly. For we know that

*The Pharisee gives thanks to God*
*He's not as we are. And it's odd*
*When we likewise give thanks that we*
*Are different from the Pharisee,*
*We fool ourselves and fail to see*
*We're not unlike that Pharisee.*

## *What Can Be Done With Books*

MID pleasures and palaces there's no place is home where there are no books. Hear what that good and wise man and doctor, Dr. David Stewart, Superintendent of the Manitoba Sanatorium at Ninette and Professor of Medicine in the University of Manitoba, says:

> "Books can people solitudes. For Bunyan in his cell or Raleigh in the Tower, the lone pioneer in mountain cabin, or the woman homesick amid prairie wilds, or for the man or woman sentenced to bed, the very best of comradeship may always be summoned from out between the covers of books. A book can do even better than make a solitude into a peopled place. To get away from distractions and commonplaces, from tiresome people and tiresome things, we have but to creep between the covers of a book and be as solitary as hermit in cell."

What people who do not read books and lack the things to think about and talk about which books give every man that is alive—what such people can find to clack and twaddle and chatter about all the time The Philosopher cannot imagine, and doesn't want ever to know.

## *The Right Age for a Jubilee*

LIKE the Dominion, every Canadian should have a Jubilee at sixty. Why at sixty?" you may ask. Well, because that is the right age at which to have a Jubilee. Consider the different stages of human life. Growing children seem happy to the adult, because he knows they are untouched by the real problems of life; he is sure he would be happy, if it were not for the problems of life. But children, not knowing they are having an easy time have a good many hard times. Adolescence is a glorious period, but it has its distresses and unhappinesses. From maturity to middle age we make many mistakes, but they help in the acquiring of wisdom. In middle age, if we are fortunate, we go forward in the acquiring of wisdom, until at sixty we arrive at the right time for a Jubilee.

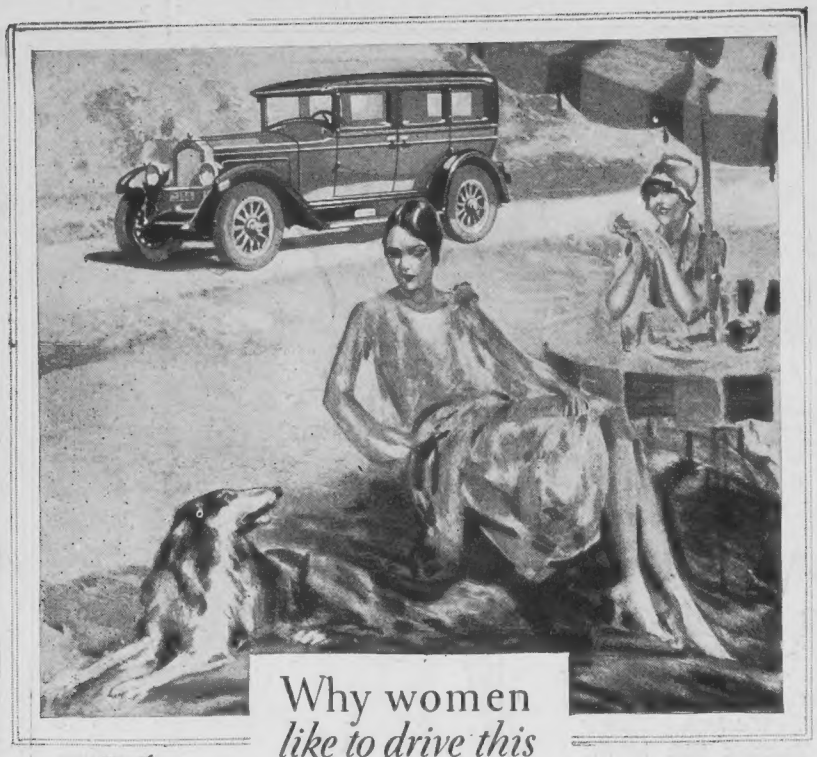
# 1899 - 1927

## 28 Years in Action

*THIS represents the period of time that has elapsed since The Western Home Monthly made its humble bow to the Western Canadian reading public. During these years many magazines and publications have come and many have gone. The fact that this publication has braved the storms and adversities incidental to the publishing business can be ascribed, not so much to any superior ability on the part of its publishers, but to the fact that they at least had wisdom enough to discern what was the acceptable magazine literature for the average western home. Having ascertained that the people wanted a publication informative, wholesome, cheerful, and dealing intelligently with the problems affecting a new and growing country, they resolutely adhered to that policy.*

*The first issue of the magazine consisted of but eight pages. Today, thanks to its 75,000 subscribers and to some 335,000 readers, the publishers are enabled to present from month to month a magazine ranging up to one hundred and twenty pages and taking second place in its editorial, art, fiction and departmental sections to no other Canadian publication. Its growth has not been hectic but gradual and enduring. Nor has its circulation been obtained by any extraneous methods but entirely by the goodwill and good word of its readers. The value of a circulation so secured is, of course, inestimably greater than that obtained by high pressure methods. Its leading position in its own great territory from the Great Lakes to the Pacific Ocean has been regularly sustained, and for years it has been the accepted advertising choice of manufacturers both in Canada and the United States to whom the West, with its untold resources is of interest.*

The Western
Home Monthly



Why women *like to drive this* car

WOMEN like to drive this car because of its sparkling activity in traffic . . . its easy steering . . . its convenience in parking. They enjoy the perfect safety of 4-wheel brakes and the extra driving security of narrow front corner posts.

Speed between 60 and 70 miles an hour. Lightning pickup—amazing power on hills. Plus quietness, smoothness, flexibility, that only the patented, Knight, sleeve-valve engine can give.

New and finer body design is at once apparent when your examine this car. Lower, more graceful lines. True symmetry, perfect proportion. Roomier and more comfortable interiors. With fitments and refinements that women particularly enjoy.

See this fine car today—any Willys-Overland dealer will gladly arrange a demonstration.

NEW LOW PRICES

*"70" Willys-Knight Six Prices from $1,625 to $1,945; Willys-Knight Great Six, from $2,365 to $2,830; 7-passenger Sedan, $3,800; Limousine, $3,925; F.O.B. Factory, Toronto, Taxes extra. Willys-Overland Sales Company, Limited, Toronto, Ontario. Branches: Toronto, Montreal, Winnipeg*

"70"
WILLYS-KNIGHT
SIX

WITH THE ENGINE THAT IMPROVES WITH USE

*Attention of Western Home Monthly Subscribers!*

Notice of Change of Address Must be Sent in By 10th of Preceding Month.


# *What the World is Saying*

**Especially If It's Mental**

It is dangerous to drive an automobile in a fog.—Vancouver Province.

**A Burden Lightened**

Fashion has lifted a considerable burden off the clothes-line.—Saskatoon Star.

**The Too Talkative Legislator**

The member who talks too much never counted for much in any parliament.—Toronto Star.

**Six of Crime's Causes**

Crime is caused by filth, poverty, wretchedness, greed, gambling and bootlegging.—Montreal Gazette.

**"After You, My Dear Alphonse."**

Disarmament is in one respect like the Golden Rule. A holds back from trying it, because he is afraid B won't.—Minneapolis Journal.

**Legislators as Weeders**

The legislature put through a noxious weed bill in 90 minutes. If the home gardener could dispose of his weed crop in that length of time it wouldn't be a problem at all.—Selkirk Record.

**A Memory of the Past**

Come to think about it, the world is improving. It is months and months since we have seen a long hair in the butter.—Sault Ste. Marie Star.

**Agreement with the Bishop**

"I believe the young people of today are better than those of previous generations," says the Bishop of Litchfield. This confirms the opinion already held by the young people of today.—Punch.

**Timber Resources**

It is estimated that a block of wood containing twelve cubic inches will produce enough pulp for a twelve page daily newspaper. It takes a slightly larger block, however, to produce the editorials.—Toronto Telegram.

**Neither Happy Nor Unhappy**

It is folly to say that people in general are either happy or unhappy, because, for the most part, they are neither. They do not feel enough for happiness or think enough for unhappiness.—London New Statesman.

**Sounds Not Unreasonable**

A Bengalee scientist has discovered that plants can be shocked, doped and revived. But this knowledge has long been in the possession of cafes and restaurants. How else account for the numbers of shocked potatoes, doped celery, and revived asparagus that one meets?—Vancouver World.

**A Comparison in Decisions**

The Supreme Court's decision giving the Texas negroes the right to vote in primary elections reminds us of Judge Ogden Parson's decision giving a married man the right to spank his wife. He may have the right all right, but he'll probably have to go to considerable trouble getting drunk enough to try it.—Macon Telegraph.

**Public Health Work**

Public health administration has accomplished a great deal for the people in the past and it can accomplish a great deal more if there is proper cooperation on the part of the public. Common sense suggests that that should be willingly given. — Winnipeg Free Press.

**A Family Habit**

The latest press portrait of Miss Edna Mussolini shows her mounted on horseback. This habit seems to run in the family; her celebrated parent has been riding on Italy's back for some years now.—Brantford Expositor.

**"I Hear You Calling Me."**

Reading about the hog-calling contest in Kansas City, in which the winner's voice was audible at a distance of three miles, makes one wish that somebody would start a competition among train announcers in large, resounding railroad stations—a competition not in loudness, but in distinctness.—Brooklyn Eagle.

**And Discovered in the Twentieth**

Stockings were discovered in the eleventh century.—Dry Goods Review.

**Perhaps the Barking of a Hot Dog**

Now that football contests have been broadcast, there is no telling what will next be transmitted by radio.—London Daily Express.

**Literary Note**

Still, when one of these up-to-date realistic novelists is driving, he doesn't think it necessary to hit all the mud holes.—Regina Post.

**So Have His Customers**

Henry Ford, who has accumulated more wealth than any individual ever possessed before him in all history, has his "ups" and "downs."—Brandon Sun.

**The Uses of a Strop**

Maybe one reason for the flaming youth epidemic is that the new-fashioned razors do not require the old-fashioned strop.—Victoria Colonist.

**An Appropriate Expedient**

The Chicago police have begun to adopt armored cars. The rum-runners will have to take to tanks.—Port Arthur News-Chronicle.

**A French Joke on Chicago**

So far, it is understood, Chicago has refused to send representatives to President Coolidge's disarmament conference.—Paris Matin.

**Ye Editor Has Been Fortunate**

We see that counterfeit money is in circulation in certain parts of the country. We have been very lucky in some respects. We have never been given a spurious $500 bill.—Vegreville Observer.

**They Were Pioneers of Progress**

Now that the short skirt is definitely established as the orthodox mode, is it not time to start a movement to preserve the memory of the early pioneers of this great reform?—Toronto Mail and Empire.

**"A Man's a Man, for a' That"**

A bill intended to prohibit the sale of titles in Britain for party purposes, brings to mind that a man named Burns wrote something on rank being but the guinea stamp.—Indian Head News.

**In All Probability, Not**

We don't suppose this country would ever have amounted to much if it hadn't been for the number of men who never learned what a serviette was.—Prince Albert Herald.

**One Editor Who Has Acquired Money**

An Oklahoma editor is about to retire with $100,000, which is due to his industry, faithfulness and ceaseless toil and the fact that he was paid that amount for the oil rights on a piece of worthless land he owned. — Nanaimo Herald.

**Ye Editor's Facetious Suggestion**

Various persons are discussing methods for celebrating Canada's Diamond Jubilee next July 1. How would it be if the Government, as a little souvenir, gave every Canadian citizen a diamond? Just a modest little one of about 50 carats, maybe. Maybe.—Red Deer News.

**This Ought to Help a Great Deal**

It is understood that a new society is being formed in Winnipeg, the object being to agitate against the formation of any more societies in Winnipeg. The charge is that there are already so many organizations that no one has any time to spend at home. The new society will meet three nights a week.—Fort Frances Times.

**The Work a Housewife Does**

On reading the statement that the average woman in a year washes three acres of dishes, a Main Street housewife says she would go even further than that. She estimates she prepares five thousand meals, sweeps 150 acres of floor space and makes twice as many beds as the biggest manufacturers.—Fargo Tribune.